







# merson College Magazine



The Home Number

Boston  
Massachusetts

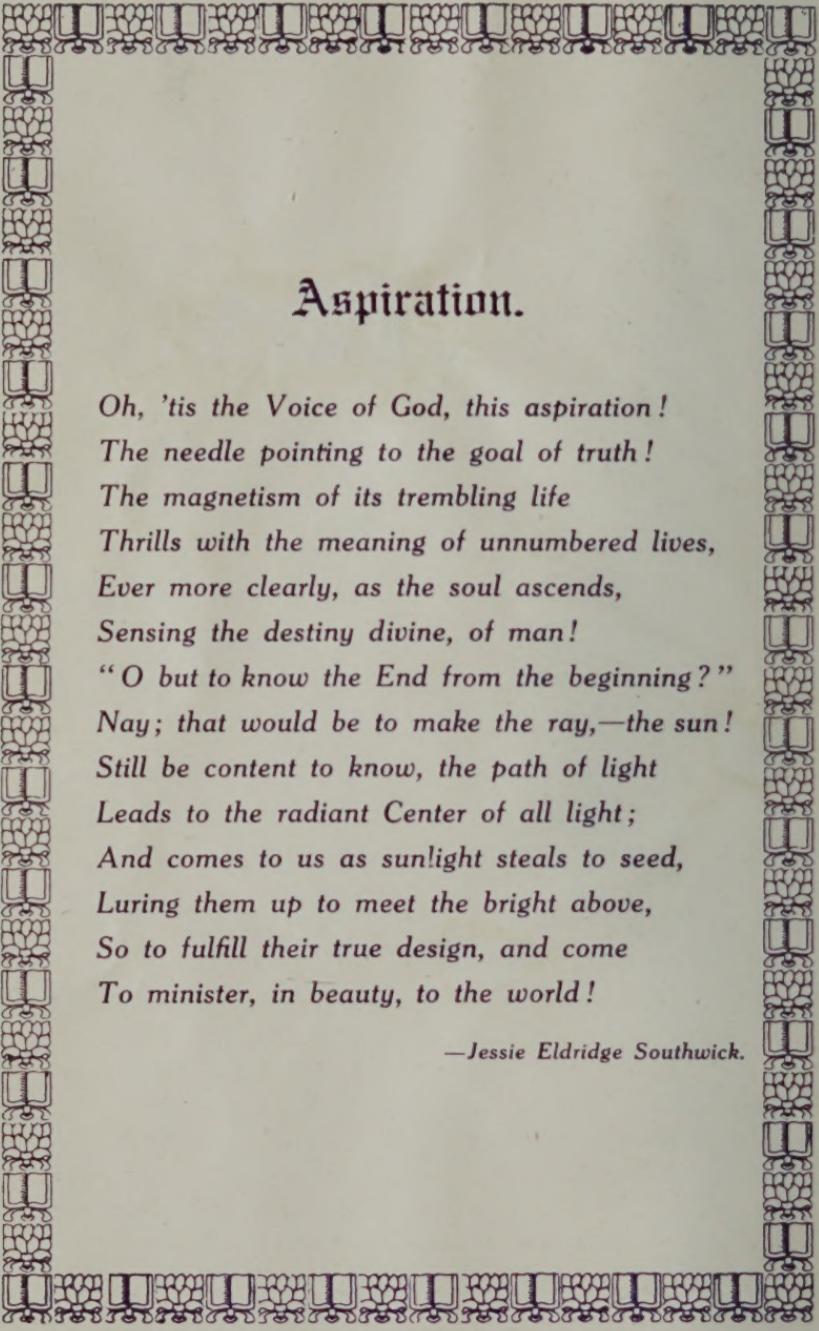


VOL. XXII., : : : No. 1  
November, 1913

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	PAGE
ASPIRATION, Jessie E. Southwick,	Frontispiece
SPEAKER'S DEPARTMENT—	
The Introduction to Series—Elimination of Minor Speech	
Disorder, Dr. Walter B. Swift, . . . . .	1
Scarlet Geranium Hat, Eleanor Hallowell Abbott, . . . . .	3
“Plains and Prairies,” “Life and Laughter,” and “Boys and Girls,” James W. Foley, . . . . .	8
FACULTY DEPARTMENT—	
“A Chance to Grow Up,” President Southwick's Opening Day Address, . . . . .	12
Dramatic Masterpieces, . . . . .	
Thursday Lecture Course, . . . . .	22
Faculty News, . . . . .	22
EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT—	
Frontispiece, . . . . .	23
Editorial Grist, . . . . .	24
Do the Alumni Read the Magazine? . . . . .	24
STUDENT DEPARTMENT—	
Students' Association, . . . . .	25
Summer School Report, . . . . .	26
Y. W. C. A., . . . . .	26
Canadian Club Notes, . . . . .	28
Classes, . . . . .	28
Sororities, . . . . .	31
Fraternity, . . . . .	34
ALUMNI DEPARTMENT—	
The Greek Theater and Modern Drama, Prof. Joseph Richard Taylor, . . . . .	36
Alumni Clubs, . . . . .	44
Alumni Notes, . . . . .	46





## Aspiration.

*Oh, 'tis the Voice of God, this aspiration !  
The needle pointing to the goal of truth !  
The magnetism of its trembling life  
Thrills with the meaning of unnumbered lives,  
Ever more clearly, as the soul ascends,  
Sensing the destiny divine, of man !*  
*"O but to know the End from the beginning ? "*  
*Nay; that would be to make the ray,—the sun !*  
*Still be content to know, the path of light  
Leads to the radiant Center of all light ;  
And comes to us as sunlight steals to seed,  
Luring them up to meet the bright above,  
So to fulfill their true design, and come  
To minister, in beauty, to the world !*

—Jessie Eldridge Southwick.

K845

# The Emerson College Magazine.

VOL. XXII.

NOVEMBER, 1913.

No. 1



## THE ELIMINATION OF MINOR SPEECH DISORDER.

### I. INTRODUCTION: OUTLINE AND AIM.

(BY WALTER B. SWIFT, M. D., E. C. O. '98.)

[Walter B. Swift, M. D., gave a course of lectures upon Speech Defects, in August, at his Voice Clinic at the Psychopathic Hospital, Boston. In the September number of the *Journal for Nervous and Mental Disease* he has an article on "Reflex Frequency," and in the *New England Conservatory Review* for September there appears one of his articles upon "Voice Hygiene."]

The purpose of these notes on minor speech defect is first of all to call the attention of students and teachers of oratory to a field of work and usefulness still by many untrodden.

The usual elocutionist—most of the teachers of oratory—and even singing instructors, confine their efforts mostly to the cultivation and perfection of voices which are already normal. They take the undeveloped but perfect voice and nurture within it the vocal powers of which only the student of oratory knows. This is his special field of usefulness, and yet there is reason for a widening of that field to include the treatment of speech disorder.

The student of oratory can easily enter it, has already much of the knowledge necessary, and needs merely the physician's

dictum to exclude possible physical ailment or other causes of the defect, with frequently hints on the lines of treatment. The nerve specialist in speech defects is the man from whom adequate help can be obtained. The field needs the vocal teacher properly guided by medical advice to avoid, for example, long vocal treatment where an operation was indicated. Therefore to call this field to the attention of the student of oratory and help him enter it is then our first purpose in presenting this series of short articles.

Another aim is to show, as far as possible without personal instruction, how speech defects in their minor forms may be treated. Many methods of treatment cannot here be elaborated, for the personal observation of doctor and patient is the only satisfactory way to give instruction in them. Such instruction requires a course of lectures in a voice clinic, where there is opportunity for practical application. However, outside of such clinical instruction—in the printed word—much can be said to start the teacher in the right direction. Then if interest grows and this subject receives the recognition it deserves, study in a clinic will naturally follow, where the severer forms of defect may be seen and treated.

It is not my purpose to discuss organic speech defects, defective phonetics, the treatment of the mentally defective, or cases of stuttering.

My time is too short, the subjects are too large; some cannot be considered on paper alone, and adequate instruction is already offered in these subjects elsewhere for those who have real interest to enter this field of usefulness.

Neither will it be my purpose to tell all I know. That would baffle the young student and would result in confusion and distaste perhaps for this new field. I shall present a few valuable procedures and methods, enough to be easily understood by and elicit the further interest of the beginner. When the call becomes a cry more discussions and deeper considerations, and more difficult and abstruse subjects will be presented.

With this brief outline is shown the field of speech defect we are to enter, and next time there will be presented a case with discussion and treatment of some common annoying speech disorder.

## THE SCARLET GERANIUM HAT.

BY ELEANOR HALLOWELL ABBOTT.

---

It was just after supper that Faustina came into my room and asked me if I would kindly lend her twenty-five dollars to buy a Scarlet Geranium Hat, which she affirmed she could no longer live without. When I recovered enough breath to speak, I said: "No, you old landscape painter!"

Faustina then went from my room to the rooms of all the other Art Students in the house, made approximately the same request, received approximately the same answer.

That night Faustina killed herself with an overdose of something. To every one of us it was most rationally evident that it wasn't so much the lack of the Scarlet Geranium Hat as the lack of the things which the Scarlet Geranium Hat symbolized that had finally so discouraged Faustina Meade with life.

With the exception of Jane, Hortense, and myself, all the students at the Art School clubbed together immediately and bought wonderful real flowers for Faustina—roses, violets, hyacinths, Easter lilies—fifty dollars' worth. Yet just twenty-five little round dollars invested in a bit of coarse straw and a few artificial geraniums would have tided Faustina completely over her immediate emotional emergency. All of which goes to show that any person is good to you when you're sick or dead, but only a Real Friend will ever make any sacrifice for you when you are perfectly well.

Since then it has always been the custom among Jane, Hortense and me to signalize the passing of any common Friend or Acquaintance or even Unknown Newspaper Hero by delivering over anonymously to some utterly disconnected stranger, the one little gift which seemed most to symbolize the unattained "Heart's Desire" of the Person Who Had Passed.

Thus, when the janitor's little boy died, we, who had never evinced the slightest conceivable interest in the child, sent a shining bright velocipede to an equally saucy small lad whom we met on the way to the Art School every day. And when Jane's giddy music-mad cousin was killed in an automobile accident on the opening night of the opera, we gave a couple

of "Lohengrin" tickets to the tired old singing teacher next door.

Our *first* experience was the most difficult of gift problems. We must find just the right girl to give to Faustina's hat. During my quest for such a girl I met a sort of person whom you almost invariably meet on a day when you've just spent fifty dollars for a hat—a boy who makes every extravagant article of clothing on you *ache*. He was very thin, with the peculiarly harrowing shabbiness of good clothes going to seed; hands in his pockets because there was probably nothing else in his pockets; eyes like a tired old man's; mouth like a half-scared child's—and yet showing a definite air of distinction.

We met in Mrs. Van Carter's apartment. She is the One Woman in Boston whom I Cordially Detest—Somehow to me it never seemed exactly courteous for any mortal woman to go about in public looking so superior. Whenever I saw her I always thought of a mischievous speech of an old gardener of ours who cautioned me if Luck ever made me rich to pray: "Dear God, make me comfortable to work for!—and while your mind is on it, dear God, please make me polite to borrow money of!"

Borrowing Money was exactly the topic that the Shabby Boy and the Superior Lady were discussing as I entered her apartment. The Boy asked her in a whisper—the low, quick, nervous whisper of the fast-driven and much-worried. As I stared from the Boy's humiliation to the Woman's smug complacency, it was borne in upon me that the Boy had at least some remote blood-right to hope that if he really was in a hole the Superior Lady would be willing to help him out.

The Superior Lady was being very nasty to him—plain, hateful, patronizing—nasty. Just as though anybody in your own world ever asked you for money merely for the fun of asking for it!

Maybe the Superior Lady really intended to help him at the last; but it was perfectly evident that she did not intend to help him until she had completely impressed Herself with her own wisdom.

Slinking farther and farther back into his chair, now white with sullenness, now red with humiliation, the Shabby Boy sat watching his tormentor.

"Fifty dollars is a—good deal of money. And—even with a fortune—such as mine, one must give an account of one's stewardship." Still farther the Superior Lady persisted: "How can I tell, if I lend you fifty today, that you won't be around tomorrow and want another fifty, and the day after and want another. And how can I be sure that what you have told me is true?"

For just one horrid second the Shabby Boy lifted his eyes to mine across the room. Then because, when there is so much real Death in the world, it does seem a pity that everybody can't be just a little bit kinder to everybody else, I jumped up and crossed the room with the Scarlet Geranium Hat in one hand and my purse in the other and said:

"I can lend you—fifty dollars—just as well as not! And more than that, I'd *really like to lend it to you!*"

Then I turned and bolted. Somewhere out of the corner of my eye I had a reflection of the Shabby Boy grabbing up his funny leather satchel and plunging after me. I managed to elude him, but just as I tried to take a short cut through the Public Gardens, a voice that sounded pretty sick called out to me:

"Oh, won't you *please* stop and get your purse? I'm all in!"

I looked around just in time to see the Shabby Boy drop his funny leather bag and reel down suddenly on one of the benches, with his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands. I sat on the other end of the bench and thought how funny it was for a person who was being pursued to sit down and wait till the pursuer got his breath again.

What I asked when I actually found my tongue was: "What in creation have you got in that funny looking bag?"

"Nothing but a monkey."

"A *monkey!* Well, considering how pleased we seem to be with each other, it's a pity we couldn't have met earlier in the day—you with a monkey on your hands and I with a 'white elephant'!"

"A white elephant?"

Rustlingly I unwound the twisted tissue-paper and held up the Scarlet Geranium Hat. "Isn't it a *darling?* It cost fifty dollars!"

"Fifty—dollars—for—that?"

"Tell me—about—the—monkey."

The Shabby Boy's head dropped down again into his hands.  
"There's nothing to tell. You can have him."

"Why don't you keep him yourself?"

"Because I'm not going to stay."

"Not going to stay where?"

"Not going to stay—anywhere!"

"Isn't — there — anybody—in—all—the—world—who—likes  
you?"

"My mother likes me." The Boy began quite suddenly to tell me his story. His home was on one of those far southern islands which the Optimist characterizes as white coral perfumed with Easter lilies. The Boy's father was a clergyman, and his mother was an invalid. The Boy had a Voice, and some foolish person had talked Grand Opera to him, and against all the advice and wishes of his people he had come away to try his fortunes. In the opera his southern pride had received a shock, his health had been jarred and his finances had been completely wrecked.

"But, wouldn't you rather fail in Boston than succeed anywhere else? Wouldn't you really rather have had one grim winter in Boston than any amount of sappy summers in that primitive little island of yours 'way off at the ends of the earth?"

"My island isn't at all 'way off at the ends of the earth! Why, the steamers from right down here at your own wharves run regularly to it every Tuesday and Saturday!"

Then suddenly my heart gave a lurch. I began to wrap the tissue paper furiously around the Scarlet Geranium Hat.

"Will you wait right here for me till I get back?"

"Why, y—e—s."

"Will your promise to wait? Do you always keep your promises?"

Then I ran down the soft narrow pathway to the broad brick sidewalk, and on and on through the crowds and over the street crossings till I reached the milliner's shop.

"I've come to return the Scarlet Geranium Hat."

"What's the matter with it?" cried the chief milliner haughtily.

"It's too—large!"

"But you wanted it large."

"It's too red!"

"But you wanted it red."

"It's too expensive!"

"But you wanted it expensive."

"You misunderstand me entirely. The only thing about this Hat that I want is—my money back!"

"Ah, but you can't have your money back."

"If—you—don't—give me my money back, no girl in my Art School will ever—buy a hat of you again! Nor the daughter of an Art School girl!"

"What Art School is it? Not the Vesta E. Dudley Art School—that—that—stingy old man Dudley left his granddaughter instead of a fortune?"

"Yes, I mean that very same school. I'm Vesta E. Dudley. Though I may be short of pocket money now and then, I'm—never—short—of—Art School!"

The fifty-dollar bill that she handed me seemed the biggest buyest money that I had ever touched in my life. I took the bill to a steamship ticket office. Because I knew the Boy's name was Albert, under the name of Albert Albert I saw the clerk register the Shabby Boy on the passenger list.

When I returned to the Public Garden the Boy was sitting just exactly where I had left him.

"Here's your—steamer ticket—home—and a bit of small change! The boat's late sailing tonight, so if we hurry you can make it—all right!"

All along the Shabby Boy's cheekbones the red blood began to flush, and when he lifted his startled eyes to mine I thought that I had never in all my life seen anything so ugly as astonishment and hurt pride and hunger all snarled up absolutely tight in the same face. For just an instant the Boy's drooping shoulders vitalized perceptibly—and then collapsed again.

"Of course, you know, you could take your steamer ticket and everything just as a *loan*," I said.

"Take it 'just as a loan'? Ah! But—I haven't—got—any—security—to give you. Would you take the—monkey—for security?"

"Oh, yes, indeed! I'm perfectly—crazy—about monkeys! It's the one thing in the world I've ever wanted!"

Then we secured a taxicab and dashed off. Before I actually had a chance to realize that much of anything had happened, I found myself standing all alone on the edge of the pier with my left arm sagging down to the weight of the brown leather bag and my right arm waving high in the air to a white-faced figure in the stern of the boat.

You see I didn't give the Hat to a—boy! I gave it to a mother—to little old, white-haired, pale-faced, worried darling mother—and fifty dollars, I tell you, is not one single cent too much to pay for a—mother's Hat!—and though this mother—never sees the Hat—and never even knows that it ever existed, I'll wager that it will be the most becoming thing that ever happened to her in all her life!

[This cutting is arranged through the kind permission of the author, Mrs. Coburn, who sincerely thanks Emerson students for the cordial interest taken in her short stories.]

---

*Copyright by Everybody's Magazine.*

---

#### "PLAINS AND PRAIRIES," "LIFE AND LAUGHTER" AND "BOYS AND GIRLS."

(*By James W. Foley.*)

James W. Foley comes as a fresh singer from the Middle West. His verse teems with the breeze of the prairie and, like all of the prairies' output, it is useful and valuable. He writes from impulse, probably with little conscious technique, about the people and things which he knows. "A second Riley" has been a term applied to him, but although he may admire James Whitcomb Riley's works, yet his own character sketches make his people stand for individual types.

His complete works are in three volumes: "Plains and Prairies" and "Life and Laughter," published by R. D. Hoskins, Bismarck, North Dakota, and "Boys and Girls," published by E. P. Dutton, New York. The following selections are printed with the permission of the author:

#### AN AUTUMN REVERIE.

Autumn, the artist, enters in at the door of September,  
Fields and forests her studios; with the hand of the Master  
Mixes her colors and touches with gold the green of the landscape;  
Down from the whispering trees the gilded leaves rustle and flutter  
Russet and yellow and gold, lying like half-finished sketches;  
Scattered about by the winds. Lies sere and yellow the stubble,

Yellow and russet and red, as were the stripped fields the palettes  
 Whereon she mixes her colors. Down the long hedgerows and copses,  
 Graceful she glides in the twilight and in the night with the shadows  
 Plies all her brushes unthinking, inspired, as the soul of the genius  
 Glowing from unseen flames, glistens and gleams and illumines  
 Darker souls with its light. So Autumn the artist enters,  
 Fields and forests her studios. With the hand of the Master  
 Mixing her colors; and leaves from the whispering tree tops that flutter  
 Lie in the fields and scattered about like half-finished sketches.

—From "Life and Laughter."

#### A LITTLE BIT O' RILEY.

Jes' a little bit o' Riley when th' twilight's growin' dim,  
 You can open of it anywherees an' read a verse from him.  
 It rests me when I'm weary, an' it cheers me when I'm sad,  
 An' sometimes th' pathos in it, while I'm cryin', makes me glad;  
 For I like it 'cause it's human, an' my heart jes' seems t'say  
 That if it could speak, like Riley's, it would talk jes' thataway!

Jes' a little bit o' Riley when th' summer is in bloom,  
 'Cause it sort o' adds a measure to th' fragrance an' perfume;  
 It seems to lend new meanin' to th' chatter an' th' song  
 Of th' birds that cry up yonder an' th' brooks that dance along;  
 An' I like it 'cause it's honest an' my heart jes' seems t'say  
 That if it could speak, like Riley's, it would talk jes' thataway!

Jes' a little bit o' Riley when the shadders fall on me—  
 (An' I know I'll meet my Pilot where th' stream becomes th' sea !)  
 An' I want to meet him honest, as a man should meet a man,  
 An' I want to be clean-hearted an' as decent as I can.  
 So I want a verse o' Riley an' I want to smile an' say:  
 "If my heart could plead for pardon it would talk jes' thataway!"

—From "Plains and Prairies."

#### SOMEBODY DID.\*

Somebody stood up right on top of a chair  
 An' reached in the cooky-jar, way, way up there,  
 W'en nobody's lookin' an' Mamma's asleep,  
 An' all of us chinnern wuz playin' bo-peep  
 Now'eres near the pantry; an' tryin' to get  
 Some cookies, an' someway the jar got upset,  
 An' my! it 'ist busted all over the floor.  
 But John, he ain't scairt; an' he rapped on the door,  
 W'ile all of us chinnern we runned off an' hid,  
 An' en he says: "Ma, see w'at Somebody did!"

An' all of us chinnern we runned off an' hid,  
 'Cuz we don't know who done it—but Somebody did!

Somebody crawled up in the big leather chair  
 By the lib'ary table w'at stood over there  
 W'en we wuz a-playin' now'eres near the ink  
 An' Mamma was sewin'—an' w'at do you think?  
 Somebody upset it and knocked it, 'ist Chug!  
 Right off'n the table an' down on the rug,  
 An' my! it 'ist busted an' run everyw'eres,  
 But John, he ain't scairt; an' he runned right upstairs,

Wile all of us chinnern we runned off an' hid,  
An' 'en he says: "Ma, see w'at Somebody did!"

An all of us chinnern we runned off an' hid,  
'Cuz we don't know who done it—but Somebody did!

An' wunst w'en the kitchen wuz all scrubbed so clean,  
The floor wuz 'ist shiny as ever you seen,  
An' we wuz all playin' outdoors in the street,  
Somebody went in with the muddies' feet  
An' tracked it all over the floor, 'ist a sight;  
An' my! when we seen it we 'ist shook with fright,  
'Cuz none of us chinnern went near it all day,  
But John, he ain't scared; an' he went right away,  
Wile all of us chinnern we runned off an' hid,  
An' 'en he says: "Ma, see w'at Somebody did!"

An' all of us chinnern we runned off an' hid,  
'Cuz we don't know who done it—but Somebody did!

—From "*Boys and Girls.*"

(Copyright, 1905, 1907, 1909, 1910, 1911, by James W. Foley. Copyright, 1913, E. P. Dutton & Co.)

#### THE LEPER AND THE BELL.

And as the leper with the bell,  
So some men through their lives must bear  
Faces that serve the world as well  
To tell the unclean hiding there.  
And though the leper, shunned, conceals  
His bell, and quiets its shrill stroke,  
Some quick, unthinking step reveals  
Its jingling presence, 'neath his cloak.

—From "*Life and Laughter.*"

#### STUBBED HIS TOE.

Did ye ever pass a youngster 'et 'd been an' stubbed his toe,  
An' was crying by the roadside sort o' quiet like an' slow;  
A-holdin' of his dusty foot, all hard an' brown an' bare,  
An' tryin' to keep fr'm his eyes th' tears that's gatherin' there?  
Ye hear him sort o' sobbin' like, an' snufflin' of his nose,  
Ye stop an' pat his head an' some way try t' ease his woes;  
Ye treat him sort o' kind like, an' th' fust thing that y' know  
He's up an' off an' smilin'—clean forgot he stubbed his toe.

'Long th' road o' human life ye' see a fellow travelin' slow,  
An' like as not ye'll find he's some poor chap that's stubbed his toe.  
He was makin' swimmin' headway, but he bumped into a stone,  
An' his friends kep' hurrin' onward an' they left him here alone.  
He ain't sobbin' er ain't snufflin'—he's too old for tears an' cries,  
But he's grievin' jes' as earnest, ef it only comes in sighs;  
An' it does a heap o' good, sometimes, to go a little slow,  
To say a word o' comfort to th' man that's stubbed his toe.

Ye're never sure yerself, an' th' ain't no earthly way t' know  
Jes' when it's goin' t' come yer time t' trip an' stub yer toe;  
Today ye're smilin', happy, in th' bright sun's heat an' glow,  
Tomorrow ye're a' shiverin' as ye're trudgin' through th' snow.

Jes' when ye think ye got th' world th' fastest in yer grip  
 Is th' very time, ye'll find, et ye're th' likeliest t' slip;  
 'N' it's mighty comfortin' t' have some fellow stop, I know,  
 An' speak t' ye an' kind o' help ye when ye've stubbed yer toe.  
 —From "Plains and Prairies."

## ECHO OF A SONG.\*

To my fancy, idly roaming, comes a picture of the gloaming,  
 Comes a fragrance from the blossoms of the lilac and the rose;  
 With the yellow lamplight streaming I am sitting here and dreaming  
 Of a half-forgotten twilight whence a mellow memory flows;  
 To my listening ears come winging vagrant notes of woman's singing:  
 I've a sense of sweet contentment as the sounds are borne along;  
 'Tis a mother who is tuning her fond heart to love and crooning  
 To her laddies such a

Sleepy little,                    Creepy little                    Song.

Ah, how well do I remember when by crackling spark and ember  
 The old-fashioned oaken rocker moved with rhythmic sweep and slow;  
 With her feet upon the fender, in a cadence low and tender,  
 Fleeted forth that slumber anthem of a childhood long ago.  
 There were goblins in the gloaming and the half-closed eyes went roaming  
 Through the twilight for the ghostly shapes of bugaboos along;  
 Now the sandman's slyly creeping and a tired lad half sleeping  
 When she sings to him that

Sleepy little,                    Creepy little                    Song.

I am sitting here and dreaming with the mellow lamplight streaming  
 Through the vine-embowered window in a yellow filigree;  
 On the fragrant air come winging vagrant notes of woman's singing;  
 'Tis the slumber song of childhood that is murmuring to me,  
 And some subtle fancy creeping lulls my senses half to sleeping  
 As the misty shapes of bugaboos go dreamily along,  
 All my sorrows disappearing, as a tired lad I'm hearing  
 Once again my mother's

Sleepy little,                    Creepy little                    Song.

—From "Boys and Girls."

\*(Copyright, 1905, 1907, 1909, 1910, 1911, by James W. Foley. Copyright, 1913, by E. P. Dutton & Co.)



## A CHANCE TO GROW UP.

(President Southwick's Opening Day Address to the Students)

A visitor to a factory where childhood is exploited to our national shame and future reckoning asked a lad of seven, pale and workworn and anemic, what he would like to have most. There came a far look into the lad's eyes as he answered wistfully, "Just a chance to grow up."

A few years ago was graduated from Emerson a woman, rich in life's experience, who knew the only peace this world can give,—the peace that comes to him who pursues a clear and noble purpose—a woman whose example to younger students was an inspiration and whose presence among them a benediction. When she was seventy years old I asked her why she was here. She said, "Because it gives me a chance to grow up." And across the years Seven and Seventy clasp hands in the recognition that the supreme happiness of every earnest soul is a chance to grow up.

Today we are glad, for we have another opportunity for growth. We are to study Expression. All growth is through Expression. For years our schools have insisted that the test of knowing is telling, that what we cannot tell we do not know. This may not be altogether true. It is probable we know and feel things we cannot express!

But certain it is that so far as influence and efficiency are involved—and all we count for in life is measured by our influence—what we cannot express is of little value. Through expression of some kind is our only chance to grow up. We seek self-expression through the spoken word. This means





Oratory, the power to change the thinking of other minds, to stamp them with the impress of our own convictions. We seek also the power to interpret the master-minds of all the ages, the poets and the dramatists, the humorists and the humanists, and through their thought to thrill the soul or smooth away the creases of fear and care and make human hearts glad. And our study of Expression also means pedagogy—which at first is our business only. Later in the course it must be yours, too, if you would be able to unfold the powers of others even as your own unfold. From didactic instruction, as well as through trained observation, we learn those laws, psychological and artistic, that make for effectiveness in the use of the spoken word. Through fidelity in practice of correct technique, and through exercises which strengthen the centers while freeing the surfaces we open the channels of expression that the body may transmit adequately and eloquently the visions of the mind. Nor is this all. Mere facility in revealing what is within does not necessarily make for edification. What have you to express?<sup>11</sup> To grow means to be able to express what you have; it means also to have what you would like to express.

Thus we see that growth through expression includes both freedom and fullness. If it means growth in responsiveness and facility, it means also growth in breadth, depth, vision, and purpose. What are the tests of this kind of growth in oratoric and interpretative power? What gives elevation, convincing reality, and abiding influence? Saul, a Jew of Tarsus, whose thinking, transfused and sublimated in the light of Christian revelation yet held fast to the practical realities of this work-a-day world, named these tests two thousand years ago. He said, "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue and if there be any praise think on these things." Well may all who seek growth through expression think on these things, for they are the index and the measure of our influence and of our art.

"Whatsoever things are true." Your art can get no higher than yourself. Are you true? Do you think on truth, and love truth so sincerely that you really wish it to prevail however it

may affect your personal interests? If this be your attitude your audience will know it. You need not tell them. There are men and women of whose truth we are so sure we do not even think of it, any more than we think whether the sun will rise on the morrow. Their words have the ring of conviction, their art reveals the verities. They have the momentum of utter earnestness; and they are to be feared, for their earnestness is deadly when they attack evil and error. But their love of truth makes duty seem easier, the good more beautiful, and God nearer. Expression reveals character. Truth speaks to truth. The orator who loves truth has weight. He scorns the half truth, that pitfall to so many a reformer or special pleader who thinks that overstatement of what he wishes to be believed, and suppression of facts that might impede his victory, is somehow to redound to the triumph of righteousness. When we discover that some things a man says are not true, we are likely to make a generalization, unjust, perhaps, but natural, that other things he says are untrue; and his power to influence us is gone. There is no religion higher than truth. We are taught to worship "in spirit and in truth." Love of truth is one of the supreme tests of oratoric effectiveness.

Love of truth is one of the supreme tests of artistic effectiveness. Why does Tennyson and many a lesser poet excel the great John Milton when he writes upon nature? Because Milton is less true to nature; not always true to the facts. Here he writes conventionally—is of the books bookish. When he writes of nature he does not convince us, for in this his art is not true. Be true in your art to the facts of character, and of life. Do not forget that humanity has no types. A type is too pale and vague a thing from which to create vivid art. "The average boy" does not exist. Do not afflict your audience with a noted elocutionist's pet pupil's notion of a child. Study the particular child; follow him; know him. Nor must your art be merely photographic. You may combine with his traits and ways those of one or more other children whom you have studied at first hand. Study most carefully the mind of the particular child your author has created, and you will tend to do those things peculiar to the individuality the author has given him, as it reacts upon the circumstances in which he has

placed him, yet faithful, also, to all that is true to childhood. You wish to depict old age. Study old men and women at first hand. Your character, if true, will not be some elocutionist's type of an old man, but a very particular old man, doing what he must in the given situation because he is he. Either your audiences will have from you the truth of nature, not elocutionary or theatrical stock scenery, or they will have none of you. They demand of you the things that are true.

Your audiences will apply the second test—"Whatsoever things are Honest." If you will not study earnestly to meet this test it is useless to study at all, for you will not have any chance to grow up. To grow your work must be honest work. If a music teacher gives a so-called "pupils' recital" at which each pupil plays his selection in precise imitation of his instructor's playing of that composition the pupil's fingers are telling lies. It is not a pupils' recital at all, for the pupils' minds are not expressed in it. If a teacher of painting hangs upon his walls the so-called "work of his students," and every stroke has virtually been directed by the teacher, and the finishing touches added by the teacher's own brush, that is not honest work. A platform reader whose performance is created by a "coach," and injected into him, whose gestures are muscles jerked upon command, and whose inflections are prescriptions, is not doing honest work. At the best it is mimicry; at the worst a blurred photograph suffering from over exposure. The pupil is not himself, nor his teacher; he is nothing. Like a clock, he must be rewound, for he cannot wind himself. And like those trivial, over-gilded, ninety-nine cent clocks he will not last long, for his works are not honest works. No, I am not belittling the guidance of the teacher in painting, music, or platform reading. I know the place of model work in all art education. I know its help in furnishing correct canons of taste, in supplying ideals. I know what it can do even in the realm of pure inspiration and personal encouragement. I do not underestimate its sterling pedagogic value. But woe to him who relies upon it alone, or chiefly. He will never have a chance to grow up. He is trying to express what he has not, to give out what is not there. The skillful replica by an elaborately coached pupil of some famous performance of a well-

known artist is only clever and interesting. There is nothing in it of creative power. It is sure to reflect all the artist's peculiarities; it retains his imaginative and emotional impressions also, but dilutes them. Removed to the third degree, that is to say the imitation by a pupil of a pupil of the artist, we find the performance has pickled all the mannerisms of the artist—these time cannot wither—together with a memory of its imaginative and emotional qualities so faint and anemic as to be a thing for laughter. And when carried to the fourth degree, the imitation of an imitation of an imitation, the exhibit passes the confines of the funny, for it becomes a thing for tears. The work you do may be inspired and guided by others, but unless it be your own work you will not grow up, nor will you even last. Fakery will not answer; the world demands reality.

' But honesty includes more than abstinence from improper proppings. It demands faithfulness in preparation—the mastery of detail—that detail that genius never spurns, that only lazy mediocrity is impatient of. The student who thinks there is a short cut, that luck, or a pretty face, or the inspiration of the audience will pull him through tasks which he has not prepared does not grow up.<sup>11</sup> His voice and body are unreliable, his method inadequate and unsure, his results crude, or feeble, or tricky. He will not last. Your art must reveal those "things which are honest."

What is another of the things St. Paul tells the brethren to think upon? "Whatsoever things are Just." It is thinking upon these things that develops in the orator some of the greatest powers of persuasion—the judicial mind that can act without prejudice, weigh evidence and draw right deductions. It is thinking on these things that develops the magnanimous heart, reverence for the square deal, and gives to the orator the atmosphere of frankness and candor. It is thinking upon these things that develops the fairness, sense of values, correctness of proportion that forges the orator's very statements into arguments. It is said that one of the secrets of Abraham Lincoln's influence over juries was his habit of stating his adversary's case with absolute justice, and often better than he could state it for himself. Other things equal, no opponent

in debate is so dangerous as one who is fair, generous, and courteous.

In your art the study to be true to "whatsoever things are just" raises the level of your characterizations. You present a great play in which are several leading characters. You are tempted to express through your reading your own opinion of them. Your opinion is not desired, nor can it be given without intrusion. Present each character for himself. Hold no brief in anyone's favor, but let him declare himself. This is being just to your art, to the characters you assume to interpret, to the author who created them. If the author has a didactic purpose or lesson of any sort it inheres in his characters and situations, and it will appear if you present them in fullness and in fairness.

It is meeting this test that gives to art true proportion, that leads the orator or artist to rigidly exclude all that is extraneous or merely ornate, all that does not belong. It is meeting this test that gives to public address the influence that inhere in an evolution of an idea, and can never be felt in equal degree in that which is merely an accretion of good material, but not the growth out and up from a seed thought. Hegel tells it all when he says that art is the free and adequate embodiment of an idea in a form peculiarly appropriate to that idea. In true art is only that which belongs, the merely ornamental has no place. Only that which inheres in the idea is seen, and all things are in just balance. This it is that gives that rest and satisfaction we feel in the presence of Greek art. All that is attempted is achieved; all is in true proportion, nothing out of place, nothing too much; all in absolute harmony and satisfying completeness.

"Whatsoever things are Pure." Is this a sentiment merely? Can it have anything to do with oratory and art? Why, it is one of the most intensely practical things the student of expression may think upon. It is the purity of the thought and motive of the artist that determines largely the character of the influence of his work. It is the purity of his concept and intent that gives elevation to his message, that lifts it and lifts us to the plane of spiritual perception. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." It is thinking on these

things out of which is born vision. It is this that lifts us to the stars, and gives to art altitude and radiance and authority. The spoken word, like a falling object, gains momentum and weight according to the height whence it proceeds. Who can measure the power of a white-souled motive to lift us out of ourselves and above the limitations of the petty and the partial and all life's littleness into the higher, purer mountain air where Truth dwells and the beauty of Truth!

And would you clothe your art with the vesture of beauty? Then must you dwell upon "Whatsoever things are Lovely!" I do not mean the things that are pretty, but the things that are perennially beautiful; not the things that are the vogue, for seldom are these things beautiful. There is no beauty in frills and filigree—nothing of it in the mincing nor the posy. There inheres in a truly beautiful thing a dignity, a certain serenity and harmony of appeal that suggests infinite kinship with all things that are beautiful. And what is beautiful in character is beautiful in expression. What is a beautiful voice? It is one in which strength and sweetness are in just balance. Voice or character with strength without sweetness would be brutal, hard, strident, a fearsome thing; and sweetness without sustaining power would be inefficient or insipid. Loveliness implies heart values. To be lovely is to be lovable—to be loved. When you entertain an audience are you more than merely clever? Is your wit caustic, hard, metallic and brittle? Do you awaken more than mere admiration and the laughter that is superficial and has in it no heart? Great artists do far more than this. Would you make your audience happy? Would you make them look forward to your coming as that of a friend? Would you bring to them the sense of the reality of everything good and beautiful and kind, and invest the public place with the gentle atmosphere of home? Would you have that quality that can make an audience sweetly, comfortably glad? Then think upon "Whatsoever things are Lovely," for they are the things that are lovable. And he who can incarnate and make them manifest, and from his own heart beats throb them to other hearts is loved.

Would you magnify your calling, lift up your profession, and not drag it down, broaden its usefulness and make smooth

the pathway for those who must come after you? Then think upon "Whatsoever things are of Good Report." If you think of these things you will not get so busy fussing about your rights that you will forget your duties. You will see the meaning of loyalty to your institution, to your fellow students, and, later, to your associate teachers, and to the maintenance of high professional standards. And thus only can you grow up professionally.

Before the public also remember to be loyal to the things of good report. Be mindful of the character of what you offer in your program. This summer I learned of two teachers in colleges—one of them, I regret to say, an Emerson graduate who had forgotten her teachings—who had been dismissed from their positions for reading trash to the students and public of the college community. Purge your programs of literary rag-time and of literary turkey trots. They are not of good report. "Ah," you say, "but they are applauded, we get encores, boys stamp, and girls giggle, and we are called back to the stage again and again." Yes, you are making the unskillful laugh and the judicious grieve. Aye, and unluckily for you it is the judicious who decide whether you shall appear again before that audience, or whether you shall retain your position upon the faculty whose standards you have lowered. Errors such as these are usually the expression, not of perversity, but of ignorance. The reader argues that her audience has gathered to be entertained; and that, while they do not object to being instructed, they are inclined to consider instruction a by-product. Therefore the program must not be over heavy, and emphasis must be laid upon that which awakens mirth. Thus far she is measurably right. Her trouble begins when she makes her choice of material. If she gets cheap and vulgar inanities it is often because she has no better humor. She does not know literature, and yet her ostensible business is to interpret literature! And literature is the bread of life of the interpreter.

Some years ago, before Emerson's standards were so firmly established, it was often a task of no inconsiderable difficulty to persuade a new student that her activities were not being sidetracked, that she was not being robbed of her opportuni-

ties for studying expression if required to study literature. I recall the wide-eyed wonder of one really bright girl, just from high school, when, after she had crossed off her program all the splendid English courses, and I had told her she should take them, said, "Why should I study these? Why, I have *had* literature." And she said it as she might have announced that she had had the measles, or any other ill that gets hold of one in childhood and is done with. She told me that she wanted to study interpretation. "What do you expect to interpret?" I inquired. "Why—pieces," she said, hesitatingly. She was of the then numerous army who think the study of Expression to be some peculiar magic by which one may take out something that was never there. Perhaps in this year of our Lord 1913 there are people who still have that delusion. But they do not come to Emerson College; they go somewhere else. If you would grow up into artistry, if you would have power and abiding influence as a real interpreter, you must know the things that are of good report.

Have I said enough to clarify the meaning of growing up in expression and through expression? Is it not plain that growing in expression is largely in the ratio of growing in character, because we express what we have, and we influence by what we are? Is it not clear that relatively little depends upon outward conditions and much upon inward conditions, that character is the only indestructible thing, and that perseverance of purpose alone makes us master of circumstances and not their victim?

We are happy today in entering upon a larger opportunity to grow up. We look forward to bright, busy, happy days together. We need not expect them all to be days of peace and end with a sense of triumph and accomplishment. Growth has its "growing pains." These growing pains are discouragement in finding that something we thought we knew is a sad mistake; or, more likely, an insignificant fraction of what is to be known. Those are disconcerting hours when it appears how much better another can do a certain piece of work than we can do it. There is pain in finding out that what we thought the summit of achievement is only a foothill, after all, and in discovering the awful stretch of geography between apprecia-

tion of beauty and the result of our effort to express it, between the conception of a character and our power to adequately embody that character! It is disillusioning to dream perfection and then execute in halting limitation when we match against the ideal the sum of our own restricted capacities! Yes, there are growing pains. But it is the course of growth, and the price of growth is to stumble and fall and jump up again and brush the mud from our coats and hasten on, and through effort make our work better and yet better. And if on the steep hillside we pause for breath and feel discouraged as our eye rests upon some point yet away beyond us, it is satisfactory, too, to look back and see how far we have really climbed, how big the horizon has become, and how much more we can see than we knew before was there. All growth is through effort to express dreams in terms of action. There is no static perfection. It is impossible that there should be and it is undesirable. Earthly growth is an ever-ascending spiral, its victories not so much in achievement as in the achieving. Aye, our very conception of heaven itself has changed. We no longer expect or wish some static bliss. We would tread a path that ascends the heights of being in ways past our imagining. We pray for sublime progression.

And so, fellow-students, let us enter together upon our new opportunity to grow up, and enter it gladly and earnestly and in faith.

---

DRAMATIC MASTERPIECES  
WEDNESDAY EVENING RECITALS

EMERSON COLLEGE HALL  
*Programme*

OCTOBER 15—"The Merchant of Venice"	Jessie Eldridge Southwick	Shakespeare
OCTOBER 22—"Colombe's Birthday"	Gertrude McQuesten	Robert Browning
OCTOBER 29—"Richelieu"	Henry Lawrence Southwick	Bulwer-Lytton
NOVEMBER 5—"The Critic"	Charles Townsend Copeland	Sheridan
NOVEMBER 12—"The Taming of the Shrew"	Walter Bradley Tripp	Shakespeare
NOVEMBER 19—"Pelléas and Mélisande"	Agnes Knox Black	Maeterlinck

THURSDAY MORNING LECTURE COURSE  
HALL, 9:00

- SEPTEMBER 25—"Education of Character Through Expression"  
Jessie E. Southwick
- OCTOBER 2—"Some Hidden Sources of Aesthetic Enjoyment"  
Dr. E. D. Starbuck
- OCTOBER 9—"Michel Angelo"  
Dr. William Ward
- OCTOBER 16—"Hamlet, the Man of Will"  
Henry Lawrence Southwick
- OCTOBER 23—"Barrie, Scottish Wit and Humor"  
Leon H. Vincent
- OCTOBER 30—Metrical Translation of the Book of Job"  
Homer B. Sprague

How some of the Faculty play during vacation may be gleaned from the following clipping:

"President Henry Lawrence Southwick of the Emerson College of Oratory is a great lover of the mountains, and a very short time ago he made his 100th ascension of Mount Chocorua. The event was appropriately celebrated by a house party at the Chocorua Peak house, which is located on top of the mountain. Besides President Southwick there were present Mrs. Jessie Eldridge Southwick, Dean and Mrs. Harry Seymour Ross, Miss Lilia Smith and Mr. Walter Bradley Tripp, all of whom proved themselves to be expert mountain climbers. They remained on top of the mountain two days and nights and were delighted with their trip."

President Southwick left Boston October 30th to make his southern trip. He reports pleasant experiences and good work by our graduates everywhere.

Walter Bradley Tripp introduced his friend "Martin Chuzlewit" to an appreciative audience at Tremont Temple November 6.

---

"We try to grasp Chance, when it is too late;  
And after many trials such as these  
Rest on our oars and where the waters please,  
Drift onward with the tide,—then call this 'Fate.' "



## •BY THE EDITOR'S FIRESIDE•

*"Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,  
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,  
And while the bubbling and loud hissing urn  
Throws up a steady column, and the cups,  
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,  
So let us welcome peaceful evening in."*

—COWPER.

Mrs. Southwick, in the lecture, "*Educa-  
FRONTISPICE tion of Character Through Expression,*"  
revivified to us the aims of Emerson Col-  
lege. In studying the Evolution of Expression we have the  
idea impressed upon us so often that Impression is necessary  
for Expression, and as students we seem to feel this the main  
channel of work. This lecture reiterated the value of the  
course as a *character* builder.

"Expression is necessary to Evolution," Mrs. Southwick  
stated, "because all faculties require some form of expression  
in order to grow." Education draws forth and puts into ac-  
tion powers that would otherwise lie dormant and teaches  
how to use those powers. Without the freedom that one gains  
through education there is danger of mistaking form for re-  
ality. Mrs. Southwick stated further that that which is super-  
ficial will entertain because it is a novelty, but it will not have  
a permanent influence. "Michel Angelo's advice to his pupil,  
'The light of the Public Square will test your statue,' " she  
explained, "might well apply to any art, for it's the appeal to  
the common heart which is the test." Seek ye first the king-  
dom of heaven, which is within you, and the expression will  
show a reality which is the foundation of all true art. "Aim

for truth," she continued, "and beauty will be the inevitable result in the expression." This will react upon the individual, for people are transfigured by the light and aspiration from within. The face which shines cannot be put on technically. The genuine appeal comes through the soul.

Mrs. Southwick said that the impressiveness we want as students of Oratory is impressiveness as to what is pure, lovely, and of good report. We cannot become mighty intellectually without a mighty effort, so how can we expect to become an influence unless we strive to be a character worthy of influence. We want influence that we may fulfill our place in God's plan—that we may do the good that God has given us to do.

In conclusion, Mrs. Southwick read the original poem quoted in the frontispiece.

**EDITORIAL**      Seldom has it been the good fortune of the **GRIST**.      Magazine to present two such sheaves of articles as those in this issue by Dr. Walter B. Swift and Prof. J. R. Taylor. We are grateful to these busy men who have taken such an interest in Emerson and have arranged these helpful articles on two such fundamental phases of our work.

**DO THE ALUMNI  
READ THE MAGAZINE?**      Yes! For unless they have measured the depths, the heights and the breadths of that intellect and compassed that heart which is the life of Emerson College they will be able to find something new in the Magazine which represents their Alma Mater.

To widen this direct avenue of communication we are going to devote the next issue of the Magazine to the Alumni. In it will appear the history of many Emerson Clubs, in fact a whole package of Alumni goods. Tell us your whereabouts and we will tell others. We thank any of the Alumni who have already aided us in this coming issue, and know we shall have occasion to thank many more.





# The Emerson College Magazine.

EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY, BOSTON, MASS.

## EDITORIAL STAFF.

BELLE MCMICHAEL.....Editor-in-Chief

*Post Graduate News*.....DOCIA DODD

*Senior News*.....JEAN WEST

ALBERT F. SMITH, *Business Manager*.

VIRGINIA BERAUD..*College News Editor*

*Junior News*.....EDITH GOODRICH

*Freshman News*....PERCY ALEXANDER

THE EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE is published by the Students' Association of Emerson College of Oratory, 30 Huntington Ave., on the 20th of each month, from November to May inclusive. Send all literary contributions to the Editor-in-Chief. Send all subscriptions and advertising to the Bus. Manager. SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.00 IN ADVANCE.

Entered in the Post Office at Boston, Mass. as second class mail matter.

Copyright, 1913, by Albert F. Smith, Bus. Manager.

VOL. XXII.

NOVEMBER, 1913

No. 1



## MARCH OF EVENTS AT COLLEGE

### STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION

President - - - - - ELSIE GORDON

Vice-President - - - - MARGUERITE GRUNEWALD

Secretary-Treasurer - - - - SADIE O'CONNELL

Under the able leadership of Elsie Gordon, the Association is going on with the splendid enthusiastic work begun by Mary Shambach, '13. At the first meeting it was unanimously decided to adopt the system of the "Mile of Pennies" to raise a necessary fund. Any friends of the cause may help by sending even a foot of coppers. It takes many feet to make a mile, but the Association has many friends.

The Association has still for sale some 1913 Year Books, which are in good condition. The books may be had from Sadie O'Connell, Secretary of the Association.

On October 16th, the students were invited to attend the Students' At Home at Union Church. All enjoyed meeting old acquaintances and making new friends. Mr. Stockdale said he enjoyed reliving his college days with the hundreds of student visitors.

### REPORT OF SUMMER SCHOOL

The Summer Session of 1913 in Boston was an exceedingly interesting one. The attendance was larger than usual, although several of the Summer Schools in Boston were deplored in the falling off in their numbers.

To our Summer Session sixteen States, Canada and Finland sent representatives, all of whom are hoping to return, bringing with them others to enjoy the good things offered by the college. Several have decided to remain and take the regular course.

The work was entered upon with the earnestness and zeal which characterizes Emersonians, even new ones. The course has been enlarged and broadened, and is now progressive, so that students may return and find new and advanced work in each successive year. Miss Smith's Shakespeare class demonstrated most skillful training and careful study in their presentation of scenes from "As You Like It." Mr. Tripp gave a most excellent course in "Methods of Teaching Reading in High Schools," for teachers, which proved of invaluable help in its practical suggestions. The daily lectures on "Modern Drama," also by Mr. Tripp, were exceedingly profitable.

Twice each week a party under the leadership of Helena B. Churchill, '12, visited historic scenes in and about Boston. The Faculty entertained the students at two receptions, on which occasions readings were given by members of the Faculty and several graduates. The students derived enjoyment and profit from the course.

---

### THE QUIET HOUR AT EMERSON

Y. W. C. A.

Fridays, 2:00 to 3:00—Room 510

#### *TO CHRIST*

O Christ! Thou Heaven Born Mystery, whose life  
Was ever sweet with that great love divine,  
Which gave to other souls that still were sick  
With sin, and doubt, and greed and wan despair,—  
A ray of light from the Great Source of all,  
Whose Mighty Purpose they misunderstood:—  
Because they knew not how free-will in man  
Could still be rounded by the Will of God,  
Whose sweep of universal tendency  
Forever makes for good of all; while yet

Permitting individual strength and want  
 Its full indulgence, till it learn, at last,  
 That heaven is love; and hell, love's loss!  
 Those who, like Thee, forgive; are saviors of the world.  
 —Jessie E. Southwick.

## (CABINET, 1913-1914)

<i>President</i>	-	-	-	-	HILDA HARRIS
<i>Vice-President</i>	-	-	-	-	JEAN E. WEST
<i>Treasurer</i>	-	-	-	-	MATTIE LYON
<i>Secretary</i>	-	-	-	-	LOUISE WEST

The Young Women's Christian Association gladly welcomes both old and new girls. The aim of the Association is to bring the students into a closer relationship with the life of Jesus, so that it may touch the life of every girl.

The Association has again the inspiring leadership of Miss George in the field.

Jessie E. Southwick, who led one of our first meetings, and who always brings something helpful and inspiring, read "Christ's Sermon on the Mount" and explained the Master's philosophy. She concluded by reading the poem quoted above, which was so appropriate to her theme.

Mr. Locke, of the Civic Service House, described the settlement work in the "North End." He asked for Emerson students to aid in this splendid work.

Under the auspices of the Extension Committee, the following are teaching at the Civic Service House: Misses Stiles, Grunewald, Risely, Williamson, Smith, Brown and L. West.

Mr. Stockdale, in speaking about "The Unseen Side of Life," made it plain that its reality and significance as a working force far exceeds that of the exterior superficial side of the material world. The college chaplain always gives something so helpful to student life.

Katherine Duffield, national secretary of the Student Volunteer Work, visited the meeting on October 31st, and explained the object of the Convention of Student Workers, to be held in Kansas next January.

On the opening day of college, the Y. W. C. A. informally entertained the new and old girls at a tea.

Alice Brown read at Boston Y. W. C. A. meeting, and Louise West read at the Tremont Church in October.

Hilda Harris and Jean West are coaching a foreign pageant to be given soon.

## CANADIAN CLUB NOTES.

## CABINET

<i>President</i>	- - - - -	MARY CODY
<i>Vice-President</i>	- - - - -	JESSIE HASZARD
<i>Secretary</i>	- - - - -	PERCY ALEXANDER
<i>Treasurer</i>	- - - - -	FRANCES BRADLEY

The club welcomes five new members: Jessie Haszard, Kathryn MacKay, Jessie MacAloney, Percy Alexander and Beth Moir.

The engagement was announced early in the summer, in Halifax, Nova Scotia, of Ethel Kane, '12, to Mr. George Sircum. During the past year Miss Kane has been teaching in Halifax, and this year she is introducing a course of elocution in several of the public schools. This is the first attempt at establishing such a course in the public schools in Halifax, and we wish her all success in her work.

Maude MacLean, 12, is at her home in Prince Edward Island. Miss Amelia Green read for the Woman's Economic Club at Bridgewater.

---

## CLASSES

'13.

## CLASS ROLL

Eighteen strong, the P. G.'s number,  
 Eighteen true and earnest souls  
 Who returned at close of summer  
 That they might attain their goals.  
 Aune heads the list, as usual,  
 Still serene and calm at heart.  
 Brown, forsooth, must follow after,  
 For she plays a comic part.  
 She hath now attained high honors,  
 Secretary for the class.  
 More, some day, we'll say about her  
 But just now we'll let it pass.  
 Next comes Bell, who represents us—  
 In the Students' Council room,  
 Where both weighty laws and statutes  
 Are enacted for our doom.  
 Inez Bassett, Mary Cody,  
 They have joined us once again;  
 Also, Dodd, class correspondent,  
 Who doth love to use her pen.  
 Eva Felker, Car'line Ferris  
 Represent us, short and tall,  
 And Amelia Green, our Pres'dent,  
 Takes the chair on second call.

In the trusty Treasurer's office  
 We have placed Miss Hutchinson,  
 And Miss Hinckley keeps us merry  
 With her jollity and fun.  
 Next comes loyal Ida Leslie  
 Blunt of speech and true of heart,  
 We will miss her words, outspoken,  
 When the time shall come to part.  
 Next Jean Matheson, our standby,  
 Duties she doth never shirk,  
 Always lends a hand that's helpful  
 To some other student work.  
 From the class of Nineteen-Twelve  
 Miss McKoune adds her name;  
 Then comes pretty Olga Newton  
 Who hath won dramatic fame.  
 Also, Nineteen-Twelve class brings us  
 One who leads our cheers, Jane Rae  
 And Miss Whitiker, the faithful  
 With our class concludes to stay.  
 Next, the office of Vice-President  
 Miss Rose Willis occupies.  
 Thus doth end the P. G.'s roll-call,  
 Which we think of goodly size.

## '14.

<i>President</i>	-	-	-	-	MILDRED JOHNSON
<i>Vice-President</i>	-	-	-	-	MATTIE RISELY
<i>Secretary</i>	-	-	-	-	ETHEL BAILEY
<i>Treasurer</i>	-	-	-	-	SADIE O'CONNELL
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	-	-	-	-	RUTH TIMMERMAN

*Representatives for Students' Council*

FLORENCE BEAN

JENNIE WINDSOR

A cordial welcome is extended to all new members of the class of 1914.

The Seniors miss the members of their class who were unable to return to college this year. A hearty greeting is sent out to each absent member by her fellow-mates.

Tuesday morning, October 28th, was Cap and Gown Day. The Seniors celebrated with a march, and songs sung from the platform. The songs were composed by Julia Owen. The other classes responded with cheers and class yells.

Blanche Fisher, who was a member of the Senior Class until last spring, has been in Boston playing in "Joseph and His Brethren."

Since college opened the Seniors have given entertainments on several occasions. The Emerson-Windsor Club gave an evening's program at Hope Chapel.

Jennie Windsor and Leah Thornton read for the Psychopathic Hospital patients. Ida May Somers and Alice Brown gave a program at the Boston Civic Service House. Sadie O'Connell read at her home town, Milford, and at Natick. Hilda Harris gave readings at the People's Temple. Elsie Gordon was away for a week, giving readings in various parts of New York State.

The class welcomes Adelaide Igo back to her place in college, for we missed her during her month of illness.

Ara M. Dishman is teaching at East Texas Normal College, Commerce, Texas.

'15.

CLASS OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	-	-	-	-	-	JEAN McDONALD
<i>Vice-President</i>	-	-	-	-	-	GRACE BIGLER
<i>Secretary</i>	-	-	-	-	-	ALBERT LOVEJOY
<i>Treasurer</i>	-	-	-	-	-	ALBERT SMITH

There are fifty-four members of the class, of whom eighteen are specials.

The Juniors gave an informal dancing party for the Freshmen in Richard's Hall. Miss McQuesten acted as chaperone. Jean McDonald and Caroline Jones, dressed as ghosts, greeted the guests. Mrs. Towne read palms during the evening. The idea of Hallowe'en was carried out in the hall decorations and programs.

Concerning the members of last year's Freshman class who have not returned this year we have the following items: Hazel Call is attending Normal School at Fitchburg, Mass.; Theodosia Peak is teaching in Redding, Ark.; and Helen Smith is attending Kiddakee College in Texas.

Albert Smith read during the summer at Westchester, East Haddam and Hamburg, Conn.; Ruth Southwick read at Dorchester Baptist Church; Ethel Hawkins read recently at New England Lodge in Jamaica Plain.

'16.

OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	-	-	-	-	-	FREDA L. WALKER
<i>Vice-President</i>	-	-	-	-	-	STELLA ROTHWELL
<i>Treasurer</i>	-	-	-	-	-	ELIZABETH TACK
<i>Secretary</i>	-	-	-	-	-	RHEA OLIN
<i>Representatives for Students' Council</i>						
HELEN REED						ETHEL DELANEY

Miss Hazel Barney, who was obliged to discontinue her work in the Freshman class on account of ill health, is at the Deaconess Hospital, but has happily so far recovered that she is soon to return, with her mother, to her home in Colorado.

On September 27th, the Freshmen were the guests of the Senior class on a sight-seeing tour of the city. This delightful and rather unusual form of initiation was of great interest to the Freshmen, who were introduced by their hosts to the most illustrious scenes of historic Boston.

---

### SORORITIES

#### DELTA DELTA PHI

The Delta Delta Phi Sorority has moved its Chapter House to 74 Westland Avenue. Mattie Risely, Julie Owen, Gertrude Chapman, Helen Leavitt, Lillian Aune, Beulah Bachelor, and Ruth Southwick cordially invite all their friends to call at any time.

Misses Rhea Ashley and Vera MacDonald are attending the Museum of Fine Arts School in Boston this year.

The Delta Delta Phi entertained at tea on the afternoon of October 4th at the Chapter House.

Geraldine Jacobi is teaching in Grand Forks, N. D.

#### ZETA PHI ETA

Zeta Phi Eta welcomes back Rose Willis, '13; Olga Newton, '13; Bessie Bell, '13; Florence Hinckley, '13; Marion John, Theresa Cogswell, Laura Curtis, Jean West, Jennie Windsor, Marion Grant, Florence Bean, Virginia Beraud, Louise West and Jean McDonald. The Sorority House is at the Hemenway again this year.

One of our first "reunions" was a birthday party given in honor of Jean West. It was an informal affair—with a real birthday cake, on top of which were *several* candles.

Bessie Bell entertained Laura Curtis and Virginia Beraud in remembrance of their birthdays, which occurred on the same day.

Miss Pauline Frederick entertained Laura Curtis and Marion John at tea at the Copley Plaza Hotel, October 13th.

Marion John has just returned from a four days' visit in

Philadelphia, where she went to act as bridesmaid in the wedding of a friend. As a result all the Zetas are sleeping on wedding cake.

Anne Keck, '12, '13, is teaching Expression and Physical Culture in Fort Smith, Ark.

Grace Rosaaen, '12, is teaching oratory in Oregon Agricultural College, Cowallis, Ore.

Mrs. Curtis returned to Boston with her daughter, Laura, where she remained for several weeks.

Winifred Bent, '12, '13, is studying music and doing local work for the White Bureau.

Lois Beil, '12, is studying at the Boston University.

Dr. and Mrs. H. B. Reimer and little daughter Jeanette returned in September from an extended visit in Germany. Mrs. Riemer will be remembered as Lucile Warner.

Mary Persinger, '13, is teaching at Bellhaven Collegiate Institute, Jacksonville, Miss.

The marriage of Miss Lou Goyne to Mr. Charles Jones took place at the Hemenway Hotel in August. They have made their home in Chicago.

Nellie Burke, '12, has received a reappointment as director of the English department in the Ellensburg High School in Washington.

Margaret Davidson, '12, is continuing in her position as teacher of Expression in the Ellensburg High School, Washington.

Dorothea Elderdice, '13, has just completed a successfully conducted reading tour through Eastern Maryland.

Marion L. Colby, '12, has started her second year of teaching in the English department of the Manual Training School, New London, Conn.

Sheila B. McLain coached, with great success, a Fourth of July pageant given by the residents of Highland Park at her home in Holyoke, Mass.

Due to the illness of her mother, Mary Louise Carter was unable to return to College this year. We also regret the absence of Hazel Call.

The Boston Alumnae Chapter of the Zeta Phi Eta Sorority held a luncheon at the Delft Tea Rooms on Wednesday, Oc-

tober 22nd. Those present were Miss Laurel Hardy, '08; Mrs. Oscar Baker, '08; Mrs. Amy Fisher, '09; Mrs. E. P. Lingham, '09; Mrs. Robert Thayer, '09; Miss Helen Hammond, '07; Mrs. H. Winthrop Taylor, '08; Miss Vashti Bitler, '10.

Mrs. Oscar Baker of Wollaston, Mass., entertained the Alumnae Chapter at luncheon on Thursday, October 30th.

#### KAPPA GAMMA CHI

Kappa Gamma Chi extends a hearty welcome and best wishes to all new Emersonians.

We are glad to welcome back the following: Marguerite Grunewald, Elizabeth Beattie, Georgette Jetté, Minnie Frazine, Madeline Tarrant, Stacia Scribner, Fern Stevenson, Florence Stiles, Mildred Johnson, Laura Meredith and Genevieve MacGill.

Kappa entertained at tea on October 24th in honor of Blanche Fisher, who is traveling with the Lieben production, "Joseph and His Brethren."

Dr. and Mrs. F. E. Smith announce the marriage of their daughter, Elizabeth, to Mr. Warren B. Brigham, June 18th, 1913.

Announcement has been made of the marriage of Christina, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hodgdon, to Mr. Ralph Oliver.

A number of the girls are teaching this year: Ruth Roane at Spelman Seminary, Atlanta, Ga.; Evelyn Oelkers in Hackensack, N. J.; Alice Faulkner at the Wyoming Seminary, Kingston, Pa., and Rose Boynton, who is teaching Expression at Ponce, Porto Rico.

Miss Jean Fowler, who has been engaged in concert work under the management of the White Bureau, will continue her work. This year her travels will include the Southern and Western States.

Stacia Scribner coached the pupils for Commencement exercises at the Bangor, Maine, High School.

Minnie Frazine directed the expressive work in the High School play at her home, Kane, Pa.

We regret to say that Laura Meredith has been obliged to return to her home on account of illness. We hope she will be with us after Thanksgiving.

Mr. and Mrs. Jetté motored from Danielson, Conn., and were guests of their daughter Georgette.

Mr. and Mrs. Tarrant spent a few days during the past month with their daughter Madeline.

Mrs. Robert Stanley was a guest at the Chapter House recently.

---

### FRATERNITY

Alpha Chapter, Phi Alpha Tau, has organized with the following officers:

<i>President</i>	- - - - -	JOHN J. ROY
<i>Vice-President</i>	- - - - -	STEPHEN LANG
<i>Secretary</i>	- - - - -	ALBERT LOVEJOY
<i>Treasurer</i>	- - - - -	WALTER B. TRIPP

The national convention will be held in Lincoln, Neb., in December. Delegates will attend from Alpha Chapter.

Wayne Putnam is doing newspaper work in Wooster, Ohio. Frederick Dixon has entered Bangor Theological Seminary.

### PHI MU GAMMA

Phi Mu Gamma is at home to friends at 43 St. Stephen St., and welcomes back Dorothea Deming, Sue Riddick, Florence Newbold, Katurah Stokes, Doris Sparrell, Emily Brown, Jane Rae, Hazel Hammond, Carolyn Jones, Beatrice Perry, Marion Vincent, and Bertha McDonough.

Mr. and Mrs. John Prouty (Frances Riorden) have taken permanent residence in Wollaston.

Miss Janet Chesney is booked as star reader with the White Lyceum Bureau for the coming winter.

Florence Newbold coached several plays during the summer vacation.

Iota Chapter entertained Eta Chapter of the New England Conservatory of Music at a spread on October 6th.

Readings were given by Doris Sparrell at Norwell and Scituate during the month.

Iota and Eta Chapters celebrated Founder's Day by a banquet at the Chapter House, October 17.

Eva Churchill lately visited the Chapter House for the week end.

Lucy Roberts of the Brenau Chapter is with us for the winter.

Marguerite Weaver recently spent a few weeks in Boston visiting friends.

Leila Harris is teaching Physical Culture in Chicago, and Marguerite Albertson is teaching in Montpelier, Vt., this winter.

Mrs. Dailey (Lucy House) was a recent guest at the Chapter House.

Jane Rae successfully coached a play in Newton during the past month.

---

#### HEARD ABOUT CLASSROOM AND CORRIDOR.

*"There's many a true word said in jest."*

Heard in Prof. Tripp's Dramatic Art Class:

"When is an 'elevator' not an 'elevator'?"

"When he is 'stage struck.' "

In Senior Normal:

*Instructor*—What are we working for this morning?

*Pupil*—To cover Smoothness.

*Instructor*—To cover or uncover?

*Pupil*—To discover, I guess!

In Voice class:

*Pupil*—Mrs. Southwick?

*Mrs. Southwick*—Oh! Pardon me, Miss —, but I thought Mr. — was still humming. I see, it is the fog-horn I hear instead.

*Student*—What do we have in Evolution tomorrow?

*Room-mate*—The chapter on "Moving Pictures."

Emersonian, sightseeing in Boston, visited Faneuil Hall and inquired of her companion: "Now *where* do we see the cradle?"



# ALUMNI

## SERIES OF DRAMA STUDIES SUITABLE FOR EMERSON CLUB STUDY.

### THE GREEK THEATER AND MODERN DRAMA

(PROFESSOR JOSEPH RICHARD TAYLOR, A. M.)

The series of articles of which this is the first is designed to trace in outline the history of the drama and to show the origin of some of the most characteristic features of the drama of today. Such a study, if properly conducted, should prove of great value to the earnest student of drama. Indeed, without such a study no student, however earnest, is in a position adequately to judge or criticise a modern play. Many of the dramatic conventions and usages which are regarded as purely modern can easily be shown to date from the very earliest period of the drama of the Greeks and Romans. So important a question as that of the function of scenery can best be answered by the student of the history of the theater: the problem has existed ever since the drama began; if the question was not actually debated in the time of Aeschylus or Shakespeare, the dramatists of these periods were at least obliged to consider the question of what they could do or could not do in the entire or partial absence of scenery. So, too, the question of the number of acts in a play is of historical as well as of practical interest. The troublesome problem of how to bring about the "exposition,"—that is, how to get before the audience the information which is absolutely necessary for a proper understanding of the play becomes greatly simplified if one is familiar with the methods which dramatists have employed at various periods of the history of the stage.

We begin this series of articles with the drama of the Greeks. When we mention Greek drama, a flood of reminiscences is instantly released; at once we begin to think of the enormous influence which Greek drama has exerted upon the modern theater in an almost unbroken continuity from the time of Aeschylus, through Seneca, through the Elizabethan dramatists, through the "classic" drama of Italy, of France, of Germany. If today we seem definitely to have broken with the "classic" influence of Greece, the fact remains that in every drama, however "modern," the student of the theater can find evidences of the indelible influence which Greek drama has left for all time. It is true that a modern drama as presented on the stage is in many respects radically different from a play as presented in the theater at Athens, but the traces of Greek influence are discernible and they will probably ever remain. We cannot obliterate the Greek nomenclature; the very words "orchestra," "scene," "chorus," "prologue" are reminiscent of the Greek theater. From the purely practical side, the modern theater is a direct descendant of the Greek theater. Even greater is the indebtedness of the modern theater from the standpoint of the theory of the drama. Aristotle's "Poetics," a book on the theater, has for centuries been the foundation of every textbook on dramatic criticism. We can scarcely read an adequate dramatic critique in a modern newspaper without recognizing the penetrating insight of Aristotle as set forth in his "Poetics." The very fact that in many cases these dramatic critics are utterly unconscious that they are indebted to Aristotle is an eloquent indication of the extent to which his theories have become woven into the very fiber of modern dramatic criticism. From the standpoint, therefore, of both dramatic theory and dramatic practice, we should begin with the Greek theater.

The word "orchestra" is a case in point. Today the word means either the band of musicians seated within a semi-circular enclosure just under the stage or the space which they occupy or the forward part of the main floor, sometimes all of the main floor. There was an "orchestra" in a Greek theater; as in modern theaters it was a circular or semi-circular space just under the stage at a period when the Greek theater had a stage.

The word really means "the dancing place for the chorus of dancers." In the early days, before the stage had become evolved in the Greek theater, this "dancing place" was jointly occupied by actors and chorus. The Greek "orchestra" had nothing whatever to do with instrumental music or players of instrumental music.

The Greek chorus was a combination of singing and dancing; by this we mean that a group of men danced while they sang. Their song and dance was a portion of the ritualistic worship of the god Dionysius, or Bacchus, as the Romans called him. The question is sometimes asked, "Why and when did the Greeks introduce into their tragedy singing and dancing by a chorus?" Rather should we ask, "When did the Greeks introduce dialogue into their song and dance?" The historic fact is that at first the worship of the god Dionysius consisted entirely of a song and dance by a chorus; at a later stage one of the chorus, the leader, differentiated himself so far from the chorus as to carry on a dialogue with them; in this crude dialogue we have the germ of drama in the modern sense; the tragic poet Aeschylus introduced a second actor; by this innovation he made a real drama possible, inasmuch as the two characters could carry on a dialogue independently of the chorus; still later Sophocles introduced a third actor; by this addition of a third actor the dramatic action was made still more independent of the chorus; little by little the importance of the chorus diminished, until finally it disappeared. In the time of Aeschylus, the chorus was still of preëminent importance, occupying about one-third of the time of the entire play and taking an integral part in the action. Sophocles diminished the importance of the chorus, but it still took an important part in the action, warning and advising the characters; it not only participated in the action, but assumed also the place of an ideal spectator, putting into words the thoughts which the spectator in his seat must have formed, but from the nature of the case was unable vocally to express. With Euripides, the chorus assumed a purely ornamental function, singing beautiful odes suggested by some action or mere allusion in the play; so far are these choruses of Euripides from being necessary that they could easily be spared, beautiful as they are. A chorus

thus ornamental rather than useful was evidently doomed to ultimate disappearance. When the Elizabethan dramatists revived the chorus, it was in obedience to the tradition which had come down from the classical Greek tragedians. In a later article we shall see how much the Elizabethan dramatists were influenced by the ancient tragic models, and particularly by the Roman dramatist Seneca, who preferred for his themes the very plots which the Greek tragedians had handled before him.

The story of the rise and decline of the Greek chorus enables us to see how far the chorus in a modern musical comedy has departed from the original Greek model. It would take a bold imagination to fancy that the chorus of a modern musical comedy is part of a religious ritual; it would take a dramatic expert to determine how integral a part of the plot are the songs of such a chorus; indeed it would be necessary to determine whether or not such a combination of song and dialogue deserves so dignified a name as "plot."

The Greek theater had no curtain. The absence of a curtain powerfully affected the action of the opening and the closing of a play. When we remember that the theater of Shakespeare's day also had no curtain, it becomes evident that the Elizabethan dramatists were subjected to precisely the same limitations as were the Greeks. This consideration will enable us to study with renewed interest the opening and the closing scenes of the plays of Marlowe and of Shakespeare. It is evident that neither at the instant of beginning nor at the close of such a play can we have a massing of characters in a tableau. When the spectators entered the theater there was nothing visible on the stage except the background. The play begins with the entrance of one or more characters; with their entrance the action begins. When the curtain rises on a modern play we usually find one or more characters already on the stage; in some plays we actually hear them singing or speaking before the rise of the curtain. At the close of a Greek or an Elizabethan play there was no curtain to fall upon an impressive stage picture as in our modern theaters; at the conclusion of such a play the stage was empty; after the final emptying of the stage the spectators left the theater. All this

necessarily influenced the conduct of the plot. The closing effect might however be fully as impressive as that in a modern theater, where the curtain falls upon a striking group or tableau. The gradual exit of the characters may produce an effect as profound as that in a modern ritualistic church service where the recessional, with the gradual dying away of the voices, produces a feeling of awe. Among the most recent tendencies of the theater may be noted the increasing custom of having the curtain fall upon a simple scene or group with no attempt to produce a "theatrical effect." This is an unconscious and partial reversion to the early Greek and the Elizabethan type of play.

The size of the theater greatly affected the manner of presentation in ancient Greece. Even in modern times the dimensions of the theater determine, in part, the selection of the plays. The Boston Theater, with its enormous stage, is devoted to more spectacular plays; it is recognized that the "Toy Theater" demands a kind of play quite distinct from that of a great auditorium. One of the newest theaters in Boston is to contain a relatively small number of seats; this will inevitably exercise a marked influence upon the repertoire of the theater. The Dionysiac theater at Athens seated many thousands, and the spectators in the rear were at a serious disadvantage as regards both seeing and hearing, especially as the theater was not roofed. To render the actor visible to the great swarm of spectators, he was padded and he wore very thick soled boots; this increase of stature and bulk made him visible to all the spectators, but the padding prevented all but the most schematic gestures. The custom of wearing a mask made all facial play impossible. This mask was a serious disadvantage to the actor. In a modern theater we may trace upon the face of a skilled actor the conflict of emotion as it goes on in his soul; in the ancient theater this was absolutely impossible; the author was under the stern necessity of putting into his dictation all that which may now be expressed by the lights and shadows of the countenance and by the skilful use of the body.

We should remember, also, that the Greeks' drama kept absolutely distinct the serious and the comic. There was no such thing known to the Greeks as a "comedy drama"; a play was

either a tragedy or it was a comedy; at the most we find in a few plays some homely talk by an old nurse or some privileged old man which relieves for an instant the severity of the tension. But all this is very sparingly used, and in most of the tragedies the tension continues until near the end, with a few soothing words or a moral reflection to relieve the strain at the very close of the play. A Greek audience listened to three tragedies in succession, either on the same theme which formed a real trilogy after the manner of Wagner's Ring of the Nibelung, or on three tragedies upon unconnected themes. After so long-continued a strain the spirit of the spectator demanded some relief, and this was given in the form of a "satyr drama," as it was called, but the characters in this bit of buffoonery or farce were still mythological, and in harmony with the general tone of the previous performances. Comedy and tragedy were distinct throughout the whole history of the Greek drama. Indeed Aristotle, reflecting no doubt the theory of his day, insists that no man could possibly produce both tragedy and comedy; the two kinds of composition require, in his judgment, an entirely different kind of ability. To show how completely we have abandoned this point of view, we need but to refer to Shakespeare, leaving to professional critics the question as to whether Shakespeare was equally great in tragedy and comedy.

Another limitation upon the Athenian dramatist was the lack of scenery and the scantiness of the stage properties. Here we have another parallel with the Elizabethan dramatist; both the Greek and the Elizabethan playwright were called upon to indicate a change of locality without a complete change of scenery. It is evident that in the absence of a painted scene verbal description must make up for the lack of scenery. Accordingly we find elaborate descriptions which would be worse than useless were the painted scene before the eyes of the spectators. The lack of scenery is not so great a disadvantage as it might at first appear. Painted scenery is really of but secondary value in enabling the spectator to change his mental position from one place to another. While in the theater the spectator never for a moment deludes himself with the notion that he is witnessing a scene from real life; it is a fair question

whether it would be dramatically permissible to depict any scene exactly as it occurs in real life. The theater is a world of illusion, and the spectator frankly accepts it as such; he is therefore ready at a moment's notice to pick himself up and travel across mountains or pass through years in a second of time if the playwright demand such a journey. All the spectator asks in return is that the playwright shall treat him fairly, asking him to accept nothing that violates the law of the necessary or the probable. Every action in the play must follow that which preceded, either as an absolute and logical necessity or it must appear to the absorbed spectator as at least possible. The spectator really cares little for scenic assistance in his journeys from place to place; a hint from the dramatist will suffice. In both Greek and Elizabethan times the spectators got on very well without painted scenery to indicate a change of place.

Three other notable features of the old Greek theater should be carefully kept in mind:

The first is that no women were allowed to take part in the performance in a Greek theater; here we have another parallel with the Shakespearean stage; many centuries elapsed before women were tolerated on the stage. The modern professional woman can never be too grateful to such actresses as Charlotte Cushman and Maude Adams and the host of noble women who have forever crushed the shameful old libel which asserted the impossibility of a good woman appearing on the stage.

Another thing to be remembered is that male actors in Greece were held in high regard socially; indeed it was usual for great dramatists to take part in the performance of their own plays; Sophocles was famous as an actor as well as a dramatist; here we have still another parallel with Shakespeare and with Molière the actor playwrights; in Germany we find Goethe playing a leading role in some of his greatest plays while he was manager of the theater at Weimar.

Still another dictum of the Greek theater was that no murder should be perpetrated on the stage; all such grawsome occurrences must be reported by messenger. In this we find a radical divergence between the Greek theater and that of the Elizabethan period. We need only call attention to the "trag-

edy of blood" in which the Elizabethans took such delight. Such a slaughterhouse as "Titus Andronicus" or "The Jew of Malta" is inconceivable on the Greek stage. When we reach the period of Seneca, the Roman, we shall find ourselves amid a strong stomached sanguinary fighting populace which greatly preferred the bloody combats of the amphitheater to the mimic scenes of the theater. The Londoners of Shakespeare's day and of Marlowe's period were indeed less brutal and gore thirsting than the degenerate Romans of Seneca's day, but they were deep drinkers, great eaters, hard fighters, and the groundlings at a Shakespearean performance were not men to whom a "Lady Windermere's Fan" or a "Let's Go a Gardening" could for a moment appeal.

As we sum up the facts and parallels thus presented, we cannot help being struck with the constant resemblances between the Greek theater and that of Shakespeare's times; indeed we have by no means exhausted the parallels; for instance, both the Greek theater and the Elizabethan theater were open to the sky and were unlighted by artificial means; this had a vital bearing upon the time of day at which a play could be performed. It is not the purpose of this article to treat of the Elizabethan theater *per se*; this topic will be adequately discussed by the specialist to whom this topic has been assigned. It has been our purpose simply to show some of the essential features of the ancient Greek theater which survived until modern times; if we find a preponderating number of these survivals in the Elizabethan theater, this is owing partly to the fact that the theater of Shakespeare was medieval rather than modern, and partly to the fact that Greek influence percolating through the refracting and distorting medium of the Roman Seneca exerted an enormous influence over the Elizabethan dramatists. In the second paper of this series we shall endeavor to trace the potent but baneful influence of Seneca.

Boston University.

# ALUMNI



## FRIENDS.

The's a little touch o' winter in th' air,  
The's leaves a-droppin', droppin' everywhere,  
The's gusts o' snow a-blowin',  
But the's evergreen a-growin',  
Lookin' fresher 'n brighter 'n ever,  
Jes' to show 'et th' ain't never  
Any time when all th' trees is stripped an' bare.

The's a little touch o' trouble in th' air,  
The's friends a-droppin', droppin' everywhere,  
But the's some'et's clingin' faster,  
Even when ye've met disaster,  
Jes' to show 'et th' ain't ever  
Any trouble 'et can sever

Friends 'et's evergreen—th' kind o' friends 'et's rare.

—From "Plains and Prairies."  
*James W. Foley.*

## EMERSON COLLEGE CLUB OF BOSTON

The Emerson College Club of Boston held its first meeting of the season of 1913-14 in Faelten Hall on Tuesday, November 4th, at 8 o'clock, with a large attendance.

The president, Mrs. Moody, conducted a short business meeting, and by unanimous consent an amendment to the constitution was adopted, so that henceforth we meet on the second Tuesday of the month instead of the first. Violin solos by Mrs. William Dole, Jr., and piano selections by Miss Bernice Batcheldor opened the entertainment.

"The Lion and the Mouse," by Charles Klein, was presented by Mrs. Foss Lamprell Whitney, whose sympathetic portrayal of the story and characters bound old friends by one more chord of admiration and won new friends among our guests.

A social hour followed, with Mrs. Martha Mason Currey as hostess.

### EMERSON COLLEGE CLUB OF HARTFORD

The first meeting of the year was held at the home of Miss Ruth V. Adams, on Saturday afternoon, October 4th.

The officers elected for the ensuing year are:

<i>President</i>	- - - - -	MISS CLARA M. COE
<i>Vice-President</i>	- - - - -	MRS. GOLDA TILLIPANDE CURTISS
<i>Treasurer</i>	- - - - -	MRS. MARION BLAKE CAMPBELL
<i>Secretary</i>	- - - - -	MISS BERNICE LOVELAND

#### *Executive Committee*

MISS RUTH ADAMS	MRS. CLARE PLUMMER DRESSER
-----------------	----------------------------

We have decided to spend the first part of the winter in the study of parliamentary law. Mrs. Campbell has been chosen as our leader.

We are very happy to welcome Ethel Stoddard Denison, '06, and Miss F. G. Parraw, into our midst.

### EMERSON CLUB OF NEW YORK CITY

#### OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	- - - - -	MRS. W. H. PURDY
<i>First Vice-President</i>	- - - - -	MRS. H. R. HANSEN
<i>Second Vice-President</i>	- - - - -	MISS LOTTIE R. GRAINGER
<i>Recording Secretary</i>	- - - - -	MRS. L. T. ARVIDSON
<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>	- - - - -	MRS. F. H. CARMODY
<i>Treasurer</i>	- - - - -	MISS ANNA T. MCINTYRE

#### PROGRAM 1913-1914

NOVEMBER 8—Mme. Pilar Morin as "Madam Cho-Yo-San"

"Madam Cho-Yo-San" is based on the story of "Madam Butterfly," and is spoken in English, but with Japanese dialect. Mme. Pilar Morin, by her Pantomime, will convey to the imagination, the presence of the principal characters of this drama.

"I Don't Know You, But I'd Like To"

C. T. Warne

DECEMBER 13—Hon. John H. Light, Attorney-General of the State of Connecticut. Address, "The Women of Shakespeare." Music

JANUARY 10—Reception to our Honorary Members.

#### PROGRAM

"Our Alma Mater"

Mrs. H. R. Hansen

"The Teaching of Oral English"

Mr. W. Palmer Smith

Readings—

a. "Little Joe".

T. A. Daley

b. "The Blossoming Wheelbarrow"

T. A. Daley

c. "The Street Piano"

Wallace Irwin

Miss Allene Buckhout

FEBRUARY 14—Readings by Members of the Emerson Alumni Club.

#### Music

MARCH 14—"Clyde Fitch as a Dramatist"

Mrs. Elsie West Quaife

"Irish and Scotch Selections"

Miss Anna Tone McIntyre

APRIL 11—Annual Banquet.

## ALUMNI NOTES

POST GRADUATES, '13

The following are among those engaged in teaching:

Margaret Ray Albertson, Montpelier Seminary, Montpelier, Vt.; Abbie A. Ball, Houghton Seminary, Houghton, N. Y.; Edna Case, State Normal College, Livingston, Ala.; Helena B. Churchill, Dickinson Seminary, Williamsport, Pa.; Anna M. Keck (Expression and Physical Culture), Fort Smith, Ark.; Laura V. MacKenzie, Southern Female College, Petersburg, Va.; Adelaide Stallings, Industrial Institute and College, Columbus, Miss.; Mary Sullivan, 34 Pearl Street, Westerly, R. I.; Neva Walker, Northland College, Ashland, Wis.; Alberta Black, Principal Centre School, Stratford, Conn.

## SENIOR CLASS, '13

M. Lela Carey, Upper Grammar and High Schools, Westfield, N. J.; Alice M. Faulkner, Wyoming Seminary, Kingston, Pa.; Hazel P. Hammond, teaching at Block Island, R. I.; Leila D. Harris, High School, Harvey, Ill.; Allie Kanaar, Public Schools, Kenosha, Wis.; Nella Kingsbury, Wesley College, University, N. D.; Clara MacDonald, Uxbridge, Mass.; Phyllis Moorhead, Daniel Baker College, Brownwood, Tex.; Evelyn Rees Norcross, Athens College, Athens, Ala.; Pearl Parsley, Littleton College, Littleton, N. C.; Margarette J. Penick, Arcadia, Fla.; Mary Persinger, Belhaven Collegiate and Industrial Institute, Jackson, Miss.; Wayne W. Putnam, doing public work for the National Cash Register Co., Dayton, Ohio; Allie Rice, Hawkinsville, Ga.; Mary Shambach, High School, Berwick, Pa.; Clara M. Theisen, conducting course at State Normal School, Winona, Minn.; Ruth M. West, Syosset, Long Island, N. Y.; Julia J. Wiggins, Washington.

Clara Gunderson is doing studio work in Huron, S. D.

Bertha Gorman is filling numerous reading engagements in Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Isabel MacGregor has appeared in recital work in Riverport, N. S.

'95. Mrs. Frank Lincoln Howes of 26 Still Street, Brookline, after a month at her country place, "Riverdale," in Grafton, sailed on the Franconia, meeting friends in Liverpool. After a stay in London, she will motor through the Château country, then through Switzerland, Germany and Belgium.

September 14th, 1913, Rev. Merrill C. Ward, Spt. '95-'99, began the pastorate of St. Paul's Church (Universalist) of Jamaica Plain, Boston.

- '99. H. G. Dagistan is teaching at Kalamazoo College, Michigan.
- '06. Mrs. Lena Budd Powers has reopened her School of Expression and Dramatic Art at San Antonio, Tex.
- '07. The marriage of Miss Verna Moore to Mr. Oliver Arthur Harper has been announced.
- '10. Ruby Page Ferguson is teaching at the State Normal School, Peru, Neb.
- '12. Harriet C. Palmer is teaching at Bristol School, Washington, D. C.

Mary C. Edwards, 520 West Vance St., Wilson, N. C., announces selections for sale. List may be had on application.

The Owensboro, Ky., *Inquirer* prints the following:

"An unusually artistic achievement, most artistically rendered and appreciated by a large audience, was Miss Catrell's reading of Tennyson's "Enoch Arden." The exquisite word painting and pathetic story, with a sympathetic interpretation, was rendered most effective by the wonderful music of Richard Strauss, played by Miss Fair at the piano."

#### SOME QUESTIONS FOR YOU.

Do you come nearer day by day  
To the port where your dreams all anchored lie?  
Or do you sail farther and far away  
In an angry sea with a sullen sky?  
Do you come nearer the Ought-to-be  
In the wagon you hitched to a distant star?  
Or do you drift on hopelessly,  
Content to bide with the Things-that-are?

Are you a Drone or a Do-it-now?  
A Hurry-up or a Wait-a-while?  
A Do-it-so or an Anyhow?  
A Cheer-up-boys or a Never-smile?  
It's none of my business, that I know,  
For you are the captain and mate and crew  
Of that ship of yours, but Where-you-go  
Depends on the What-and-how-you-do.

Are you a Yes or Maybe-so?  
Are you a Will or a Guess-you'll-be?  
A Come-on-lads or a Let's-not-go?  
A Yes-I-will or an Oh-I'll-see?  
It isn't the least concern of mine,  
I know that well, but as time endures,  
When they thresh the wheat and store the wine,  
You'll find it a big concern of yours.

—From "Life and Laughter"  
James W. Foley.

## CRUMBS FROM THE AUTOCRAT'S BREAKFAST TABLE.

Most lives, though their stream is loaded with sand and turbid with alluvial waste, drop a few golden grains of wisdom as they flow along.

I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand, as in what direction we are moving: To reach the port of heaven, we must sail sometimes with the wind and sometimes against it—but we must sail and not drift nor lie at anchor.

Beware of making your moral staple consist of the negative virtues. It is good to abstain and teach others to abstain from all that is sinful or hurtful. But making a business of it leads to emaciation of character.

What would be the state of the highways of life, if we did not drive our *thought-sprinklers* through them with the valves open sometimes?

Books are the negative pictures of thought, and the more sensitive the mind that receives their images the more nicely the finest lines are reproduced.

Memory is a net; one finds it full of fish when he takes it from the hook; but a dozen miles of water have run through it without sticking.

---

LIFE, LOVE AND DEATH.

---

Living and loving and dying,  
Life is complete in the three.  
Smiling or sobbing or sighing,  
Which is for you or for me?  
Hoping and struggling and striving,  
Dreaming success by and by;  
But whether we're driven or driving,  
We live and we love and we die.

Aiming and hitting and missing,  
Life is complete in the three.  
The fickle world praising or hissing,  
Which is for you or for me?  
Striding or limping or creeping,  
Time drives us heartlessly by;  
Meeting and parting and weeping,  
We live and we love and we die.

Yearning, rejoicing, and mourning,  
Life is complete in the three.  
Sackcloth or garland adorning,  
Which is for you or for me?  
The web of our little day, stretched,  
Meshes a sob or a sigh;  
Joyful or joyless or wretched,  
We live and we love and we die.

Wishing and fearing and fretting,  
Life is complete in the three.  
The world's remembrance or forgetting,  
Which is for you or for me?  
Gnarled and knotted and tangled  
The skeins of our little lives lie;  
Mud-splattered or jewel-bespangled,  
We live and we love and we die.

—From "Life and Laughter."  
J. W. Foley.



# The Secret of Power

ELBERT HUBBARD



AN is a transformer of energy. This energy plays through him. In degree he can control it, manipulate it, use it, transmit it. And the secret of being a good transmitter is to allow motion to equal emotion.

To be healthy and sane and well and happy you must work with your hands as well as your head. The cure for grief is motion. The recipe for strength is action. To have a body that is free from disease and toxins you must let motion equal emotion.

Love for love's sake creates a current so hot that it burns out the fuse. But love that finds form in music, sculpture, painting, poetry, and work is divine and beneficent beyond words. That is, love is an inward emotion, and if stifled, thwarted, and turned back upon itself tends to gloom, melancholy, brooding, jealousy, rage, disease, death.

But love that finds form in music, sculpture, painting, poetry, and work is benign and beneficent beyond words. That is, love is an inward emotion, and if stifled, thwarted, and turned back upon itself tends to gloom, melancholy, brooding, jealousy, rage, disease, death.

But love that is liberated in human effort attracts love; so a current is created and excess emotion is utilized for the good not only of the beloved, but of the race. Art is the utilization of love's exhaust.

Safety lies in service. All emotion that takes the form of ecstasy with no outlet in the way of work is dangerous. This way horror lies. Emotion without motion tends to madness and despair. Expression must equal impression. If you study you must also create, write, teach, give out. If great joy has come to you, pass it along, and thus do you double it. You are the steward of the gifts the gods have given you, and you answer for their use with your life. Do not obstruct the divine current.

The college that imparts knowledge but supplies no opportunity for work is faulty in the extreme. A school that does not supply work as well as facts is false in theory and wrong in practice. Its pupils do not possess health, happiness, or power, except on a fluke.

Emotion balanced by motion eliminates dead tissue and preserves sanity. For lack of motion congestion follows. All sickness comes from a failure to make motion balance emotion. Impress and express; inhale and exhale; work and play; study and laugh; love and labor; exercise and rest. Study your own case and decide to get the most out of life. Sickness, unhappiness, ignorance, all tend to inefficiency. And inefficiency is a sin.

Realize that you are a divine transformer. Make motion equal emotion and you will eliminate fear, round out the century run, and be efficient to the last. And to live long and well is to accept life in every phase — even death itself — and find it good.

# The Emerson College Magazine.

VOL. XXII.

DECEMBER, 1913.

No. 2



## THE ELIMINATION OF MINOR SPEECH DISORDER.

### II. NASALITY.

BY WALTER B. SWIFT, M. D.  
E. C. O. '98.

*A Definition:* Nasality is the so-called nasal tone in the voice caused by the prevention of the air from escaping through the nasal passages.

In normal utterances where m, n and ng are used, the exit for air through the mouth is blocked and the stream of air must then find its only way of escape through the nose. Thus the nares are normally used in the utterances of these sounds and when for any reason the air cannot pass out here an imperfect enunciation of these sounds results. They are not stopped, or even changed to other sounds, but are slightly varied, and this change in vocal utterance is called nasality.

*Cause:* This blocking of the nasal passages is caused by many different kinds of obstruction. The simplest form is where one holds his own nose during the utterance of the sounds needing the nasal air passages for their free expression. For those to whom nasality is not clear, this is a good way to see how they can be made to hear it, and thus get used to its detection. Hold the nose and say m, n, ng, and then say

them with the nose free, or better, put these sounds into some sentence and say the sentence with and without obstruction, thus: I am going to Manila.

Another cause of nasal obstruction may be found in the ordinary "cold." This obstruction usually extends for some distance into the nasal orifice and in this way causes a more complete block than when one merely holds his nose with finger and thumb. When the air is obstructed merely at the exit, that air can reach to the end of the nose and swell it out to some extent. But when the secretions of a cold in the nose prevent this, the nasality has a more marked form. So it is in cases that are to come, the more obstruction the more the nasality.

Another form of nasal obstruction is an abnormal growth in the nasal passages. This may come from accident, the growth of a tumor or the overgrowth of normal tissue. The first two can be left undiscussed, as they belong exclusively to the province of the medical specialist. The latter is so common and so often overlooked while treatment for nasality is still continued, that a word about it here will be apropos. The overgrowths referred to are called adenoids. Normally they are small unobstructing glands in the posterior nares and offer no hindrance to health or breathing. But in certain individuals, mostly young children, the adenoids hypertrophy and obstruct the nasal passage of air completely. There results not only nasality but constant mouth breathing, the adenoid facies, and other constitutional, vocal and mental anomalies that cannot be discussed here. Suffice it to say that adenoids form a permanent, complete and serious nasal obstruction that shows definite physical signs to the physician and a marked vocal sign—nasality—to the voice expert.

*Treatment:* In all these cases and others unnecessary to mention here there is one cause and only one treatment. The removal of the fingers from the nose in our experimental way of causing nasality illustrates them. The cause is always obstruction and the treatment is uniformly removal of obstruction. The nasality of coryza or the ordinary cold passes with the cure of the cold. With adenoids the indication is removal by operation. This frees the passage and if no bad

---

habits have intervened articulation assumes its proper form immediately. If bad habits persist, they need treatment.

It is clear from this brief consideration that nasality due to mechanical obstruction is mostly a medical affair requiring the physician to remove the obstruction. It therefore may well be asked, "Where is the teacher or vocal expert needed in nasality?" There is more room perhaps for the teacher than for the doctor, as the latter often can do no more than prepare the ground roughly for the finishing touches of the latter.

During the years of talking with vocal obstruction, bad habits of enunciation are formed, that last after the obstruction has been removed and cannot be corrected by the patient himself without help. Here is the opportunity of the vocal trainer to complete the picture. The training after adenoid operations occupies a large field and naturally comes under another heading to be considered elsewhere. Suffice it here to say that these bad habits of voice consist in poor breathing, faulty articulation and lack of vocal flexibility. These will receive consideration in their proper place.

The two points for the teacher and voice trainer under the subject of nasality, then, are (1) a precaution—not to treat in a vocal way the nasality that is caused by obstruction but have that obstruction first excised, and (2) devote the effort to obliteration of the bad habits of speech that persist after such nasal obstructions have been removed.

---

#### PEG WOFFINGTON.

CHARLES READE.

Mrs. Woffington sat in Triplet's apartments and Triplet, palette in hand, painted away upon her portrait.

"I think you are master of this art, you paint so rapidly" said Mrs. Woffington very languidly.

"Yes, madam; confound this shadow," added Triplet, and he painted on.

His soul was clouded. Mrs. Woffington yawning in his face had told him she had invited all Mr. Vanes' company to come and praise his work.

"You are fortunate, it is so difficult to make execution keep pace with conception."

"Yes, ma'am," and he painted on.

"You are satisfied with it?"

"Anything but, ma'am," and he painted on.

"Cheerful soul!—then I presume it is like?"

"Not a bit, ma'am;" and he painted on.

"Oh, you can't yawn, ma'am—you can't yawn."

"Oh yes, I can. You are such good company;" and she stretched again.

"I was just about to catch the turn of the lip."

"Well, catch it—it won't run away."

"I'll try, ma'am. A pleasant half-hour it will be for me, when they all come here. Head a little more that way. I suppose you *can't* sit quiet, ma'am?—then never mind! Mr. Cibber, with his sneering snuff-box! Mr. Quin, with his humorous bludgeon! Mrs. Clise, with her tongue! Mr. Snarl, with his abuse! And Mr. Soaper, with his praise! But there, I deserve it all, for look at this picture, and on this!"

"Meaning, I am painted as well as my picture!"

"Oh no, no, no! But to turn from your face, madam—on which the lightning of expression plays continually—to this stony, detestable, dead daub!—I could—and I will, too! Imposture! dead caricature of life and beauty, take that!" and he dashed his palette-knife through the canvas. "Libelous lie against nature and Mrs. Woffington, take that!" and he stabbed the canvas again.

"Right through my pet dimple! Well, now I suppose I may yawn, or do what I like?" said Mrs. Woffington with perfect nonchalance.

"You may, madam. I have forfeited what little control I had over you, madam."

"Triplet, the picture is quite ruined!"

"Yes, madam, and a coach-load of criticism coming."

"Triplet, we actors and actresses have often bright ideas."

"Yes, ma'am."

"When we take other people's! Well, sir, I have got a bright idea. When I was in France, taking lessons of Dumesnil, one of the actors of the Théâtre Français had his

portrait painted by a rising artist. The others were to come and see it. They determined, beforehand, to mortify the painter and the sitter, by abusing the work in good set terms. But somehow this got wind, and the patients resolved to be the physicians. They put their heads together, and contrived that the living face should be in the canvas surrounded by the accessories; these, of course, were painted. Enter the actors, who played their little prearranged farce; and when they had each given the picture a slap, the picture rose and laughed in their faces and discomfited them! By-the-bye, the painter did not stop there; he was not content with a short laugh—he laughed at them five hundred years!"

"Good gracious, Mrs. Woffington!"

"He painted a picture of the whole thing; and as his work is immortal, ours an April snow-flake, he has got tremendously the better of those rash little satirists. Well, Trip, what is sauce for the gander is sauce for the goose; so give me the sharpest knife in the house."

Triplet gave her a knife, and looked confused while she cut away the face of the picture, and by dint of scraping, cutting, and measuring, got her face two parts through the canvas. She then made him take his brush and paint all around her face, so that the transition might not be too abrupt. Several yards of green baize were also produced. This was to be disposed behind the easel, so as to conceal her.

Triplet painted here, and touched and retouched there. Whilst thus occupied, he said, in his calm, resigned way: "It won't do, madam. I suppose you know that?"

"I know nothing. When people have once begun to see by prejudice and judge by jargon, what can't be done with them? Who knows? Do you? I don't; so let us try."

"I beg your pardon, madam; my brush touched your face."

"No offence, sir, I am used to that, and I beg, if you can't tone the rest of the picture up to me, that you will instantly tone me down to the rest."

"They will know by its beauty I never did it."

"That is a sensible remark, Trip. But I think they will rather argue backwards; that as you did it, it cannot be beautiful, and so cannot be me."

At this moment the pair were startled by the sound of a coach. Triplet turned as pale as ashes. Mrs. Woffington had her misgivings.

"Lock the door, and don't be silly. Now hold up my green baize petticoat and let me be in a half light. Now put that table and those chairs before me, so that they can't come right up to me; and, Triplet, don't let them come within six yards, if you can help it. Say it is unfinished, and so must be seen from a focus."

"A focus! I don't know what you mean."

"No more do I; no more will they, perhaps; and if they don't, they will swallow it directly. Unlock the door; are they coming? Mr. Triplet, your face is a book, where one may read strange matters. For Heaven's sake, compose yourself."

"Madam, madam, how your tongue goes! I hear them on the stairs; pray don't speak. Hush! hush!"

A grampus was heard outside the door, and Triplet opened it. There was Quin leading the band. Triplet's heart sank. Then there was Snarl, who wrote critiques on paintings, and guided the national taste. The unlucky exhibitor was in a cold sweat. He led the way like a thief going to the gallows.

"The picture being unfinished, gentlemen, must, if you would do me justice, be seen from a—a focus; must be judged from here I mean."

"Where, sir?" said Mr. Cibber.

"About here, sir, if you please."

"It looks like a finished picture from here," said Mrs. Clise.

"Yes madam."

They all took up a position, and Triplet timidly raised his eyes along with the rest; he was a little surprised. The actress had flattened her face! She had done all that could be done, and more than he had conceived possible, in the way of extracting life and the atmosphere of expression from her countenance. She was "dead still!"

There was a pause.

Triplet fluttered. At last some of them spoke.

Soaper—"Ah!"

Quin—"Ho!"

Clise—"Eh!"

Cibber—"Humph!"

Soaper—"Well!"

Then the fun began.

"May I be permitted to ask whose portrait this is?" said Mr. Cibber.

"I distinctly told you, it was to be Peg Woffington's," said Mrs. Clise.

"It is not like Peggy's beauty! Eh?" rejoined Quin.

"I can't agree with you. I think it a very pretty face, and not at all like Peg Woffington's," said Kitty Clise.

"Compare paint with paint. Are you sure you ever saw down—to Peggy's real face?"

Triplet had seen with alarm that Mr. Snarl spoke not; many satirical expressions crossed his face, but he said nothing.

"Now I call it beautiful. So calm and reposed, no particular expression," said traitor Soaper.

"None whatever," said Snarl.

"Gentlemen, does it never occur to you that the fine arts are tender violets, and cannot blow when the north winds—are so cursed cutting?"

"My good sir, I am never cutting. My dear Snarl, give us the benefit of your practised judgment. Do justice to this admirable work of art."

Mr. Snarl placed himself before the picture. "I will. Humph. Your brush is by no means destitute of talent. But you are somewhat deficient, at present, in the great principles of your art; the first of which is a loyal adherence to truth. Beauty itself is but one of the forms of truth, and nature is our finite exponent of infinite truth. Now in nature, a woman's face at this distance—ay, even at this short distance—melts into the air. There is none of that sharpness; but on the contrary, a softness of outline."

He made a lorgnette of his two hands; the others did so too, and found they saw much better—oh, ever so much better! "Whereas yours is hard, and, forgive me, rather tea-board like; for instance, in nature, the nose intercepting the light on one side the face throws, of necessity, a shadow under the eye. Caravaggio, Venetians generally, and the Bolognese mas-

ters, do particular justice to this. No such shade appears in this portrait."

"But, my dear Snarl, if there are no shades, there are lights, loads of lights."

"There are, only they are impossible, that is all. You have, however, succeeded in the mechanical parts; the hair and the dress are well, Mr. Triplet; but *your Woffington* is not a woman, nor nature."

They all nodded and waggled assent, but this sagacious motion was arrested by an earthquake.

"The picture rang out, in the voice of a clarion, an answer that outlived the speaker: "She's a woman! for she has taken four men in! She's nature! for a fluent dunce doesn't know her when he sees her!"

Imagine the tableau! It was charming. Such opening of eyes and mouths! All were rooted where they stood, with surprise and incipient mortification. Peg Woffington slipped out of the green baize and, coming round from the back of the late picture, stood in person before them.

---

#### "VOICES FROM ERIN" AND "A ROUND OF RIMES."

DENIS A. McCARTHY.

(*Among America's sweet singers today comes an Irish-American from Boston, who is one of the most melodious of lyric poets. Denis McCarthy not only portrays the simple and unpretentious spirit of his home country, but is also a patriotic exponent of American ideals. His poems are collected in the two volumes, "Voices from Erin" and "A Round of Rimes," published by Little, Brown & Co.*

*"Within the hearts of far more than those 'who in their love of the new land have not forgotten the old' will leap a response to the haunting melody, the charm, and the sympathy of the poems collected in these two volumes. Mr. McCarthy possesses the rare lyrical quality which sings itself straight from his heart to ours. Seldom in these days is verse written the lilt of whose measures is so spontaneous." (The following poems are printed by permission of the author.)*

#### THE POET.

The poet sees the tragedy that lies  
Concealed within the heart from other eyes.  
Behind the mask, behind the surface smile  
He sees the gnawing canker-grief the while,  
Beneath the word he sees the deeper thought,  
And, deeper still, the soul with sorrow fraught,  
All things reveal themselves unto his ken.

His chart is human life, his books are men.  
 And this the secret is of all his art,  
 He sees life wholly, others but in part.  
 A godlike gift is this the gods bestow  
 To see the truth, to feel it and to know.  
 And thus because he pierces the pretence  
 Of shallow smiles and words disguising sense,  
 The poet may not follow others' lead  
 And lightly write what some may lightly read.  
 But true to life his lines some trace must bear  
 Of life's mysterious sorrow and despair.  
 The sweetest music breathes a minor strain,  
 And life would not be perfect but for pain.  
 And so the poet sings of grief and strife,  
 And tears and fears, because of such is life.

—From "A Round of Rimes."

#### THE GREEN O' THE SPRING

Sure, afther all the winther,  
 An' afther all the snow,  
 'T is fine to see the sunshine,  
 'T is fine to feel its glow;  
 'T is fine to see the buds break  
 On boughs that bare have been—  
 But best of all to Irish eyes  
 'T is grand to see the green!

Sure, afther all the winther,  
 An' afther all the snow,  
 'T is fine to hear the brooks sing  
 As on their way they go;  
 'Tis fine to hear at mornin'  
 The voice of robineen,  
 But best of all to Irish eyes  
 'T is grand to see the green!

Sure, here in grim New England  
 The spring is always slow,  
 An' every bit o' green grass  
 Is kilt wid frost and snow;  
 Ah, many a heart is weary  
 The winther days, I ween  
 But, oh, the joy when springtime comes  
 An' brings the blessed green!

—From "Voices from Erin."

#### IF LOVE ONLY WAIT.

Ah me, but the day is so long!  
 And the toil is so hard, and the brain  
 So weary of weighing the right and the wrong,  
 So tired of the stress and the strain!  
 What dream of delight can endure  
 The noise and the dust of the street?—  
 Yet if Love only wait at the end of the day  
 The toil and the trouble are sweet!

The heart would be roaming afar,  
 These sunshiny days, to the green  
 Delights of the grove where the singing birds are,  
 And the flash of the river is seen;  
 But here are a desk and a chair,  
 And a task for a poet unmeet—  
 Yet if Love only wait at the end of the day  
 The toil and the trouble are sweet!

—From "Voices from Erin."

#### A SONG OF DUTY.

Sorrow comes and sorrow goes,  
 Life is flecked with shine and shower,  
 Now the tear of grieving flows,  
 Now we smile in happy hour;  
 Death awaits us every one,  
 Toiler, dreamer, preacher, writer,  
 Let us, then, ere life be done,  
 Make the world a little brighter.

Burdens that our neighbors bear,  
 Easier let us try to make them,  
 Chains, perhaps, our neighbors wear,  
 Let us do our best to break them;  
 From the straitened hand and mind  
 Let us loose the binding fetter,  
 Let us, as the Lord designed,  
 Make the world a little better.

Selfish brooding sears the soul,  
 Fills the mind with clouds of sorrow,  
 Darkens all the shining goal  
 Of the sun-illumined morrow.  
 Wherefore should our lives be spent  
 Daily growing blind and blinder—  
 Let us, as the Master meant,  
 Make the world a little kinder!

—From "Voices from Erin."

#### DEAREST THING IN ERIN.

The dearest thing in Erin, the dearest thing to me—  
 It isn't field or streamlet, it isn't vale or lea,  
 It isn't lake of beauty or river running free,  
 But a green grave in Erin is the dearest thing to me!

Ah, there are fields in Erin wherein I'd like to roam,  
 And hills whereon I'd like to stand and breathe the air of home,  
 And woods wherein I'd like to lie beneath some hoary tree—  
 But a green grave in Erin is the dearest thing to me!

Ah, dear is every foot of the blessed Irish earth,  
 But dearest is the place *she* lies—the one who gave me birth,  
 Who died before my heart had learned how lonely life could be—  
 Ah, her green grave in Erin is the dearest thing to me!

—From "Voices from Erin."

## THE POET'S HEART.

The poet's heart's a crucible wherein  
 The baser metals of life's grief and wrong  
 Are by the subtle alchemy of pain  
 Transmuted straight into the gold of song.

—*From "A Round of Rimes."*

## "IN THE TUMULT OF THE CITY."

In the tumult of the city there is neither rest nor peace,  
 Of the hurry and the worry we may never know surcease,  
 For, before one trouble's ended there's another all begun,  
 And before one race is over there's another to run.  
 But I know a land of quiet, but I know a place of dreams,  
 By a softly-flowing river that's the pleasantest of streams,  
 Where a soothing wind is sighing through the meadows all the day,  
 In my own dear native valley far away!

In the tumult of the city there is glory to be won,  
 And the promptings of ambition at one's heart are never done;  
 But I'm weary of the struggle and I'm fain again to lie  
 In the long, luxuriant grasses where the river wanders by.  
 Let them fight for fame who want it, I had rather sit and dream  
 In the pleasant fields of Erin with the sunlight on the stream;  
 What's the good of gold and glory when your life is dull and gray,  
 And you're sighing for a valley far away!

But the tumult of the city, howsoever loud it be,  
 Can not drown the robin's singing in the fields of memory;  
 And the clouds of care that hover, can not mar the mental view  
 Of the smiling Irish meadows with the river flowing through;  
 So I'll face, again, the battle, though the odds be ten to one,  
 For the future can not rob me of the happiness that's gone;  
 And I'll gird my soul in patience, though I nevermore may stray  
 Through my own dear native valley far away!

—*From "A Round of Rimes."*

## AH, SWEET IS TIPPERARY.

Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the springtime of the year,  
 When the hawthorn's whiter than the snow,  
 When the feathered folk assemble and the air is all a-tremble  
 With their singing and their winging to and fro;  
 When queenly Slievenamon puts her verdant vesture on,  
 And smiles to hear the news the breezes bring;  
 When the sun begins to glance on the rivulets that dance—  
 Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the spring!

Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the springtime of the year,  
 When the mists are rising from the lea,  
 When the Golden Vale is smiling with a beauty all beguiling  
 And the Suir goes crooning to the sea;  
 When the shadows and the showers only multiply the flowers  
 That the lavish hand of May will fling;  
 When in unfrequented ways, fairy music softly plays—  
 Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the spring!

Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the springtime of the year,  
When life like the year is young,  
When the soul is just awaking like a lily blossom breaking,  
And love words linger on the tongue;  
When the blue of Irish skies is the hue of Irish eyes,  
And love dreams cluster and cling  
Round the heart and round the brain half of pleasure, half of pain—  
Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the spring!

—From "A Round of Rimes."

---

#### JOY AND PAIN.

*If there was never any storm nor rain,  
Fair days would cease to be so rare and sweet;  
It is when fainting on the dusty street  
We mind us of the woods, ah! then we fain  
Would rest among the shadows once again.  
We long for winter—when the wild storms beat  
Upon our heads, we pine for summer's heat;—  
There is no joy without some loss or pain.*

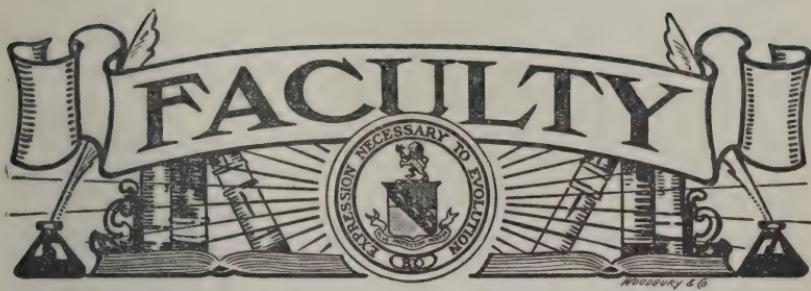
*To take life as we find it, is the art  
Of living well. Ah! let us not forget  
Though life be dark today, there may be yet  
When summer comes, much joy for each sad heart.  
Perhaps God sends us trouble as a test,  
To see if it will prove us at our best.*

—HENRY COYLE.





WALTER BRADLEY TRIPP



## FOUNDERS' DAY ADDRESS GIVEN BEFORE THE STUDENTS.

WALTER BRADLEY TRIPP.

Apart from the magnetic qualities of Dr. Emerson as a man, and his great powers as a teacher, one of the things which has impressed me most is the work which he accomplished as a pioneer in all phases of the art of Oratory or Expression. Not that Dr. Emerson was alone in the field, but that he above all others directed the ripe powers of his understanding to bring order out of chaos, and to crystalize his observation and experience into a philosophy which could be applied in the teaching of Oratory and all that pertains to it, a philosophy which has stood the test of over thirty years under the severest fire of adverse criticism.

Previous to 1880, Elocution, as it was invariably called at that time, had fallen into great disrepute. No educator of importance would give it a place on his curriculum, unless as an extra without consideration or standing. To some extent this prejudice still holds, but at that time it was general, and it must be confessed that there was much reason for this attitude. There is no doubt that *form* had taken precedence over *matter* or *substance*, and that there had arisen a number of systems based solely on the mechanics of the art. The result was the development of an artificial style of speech and action, which in many instances was so pronounced as to be ridiculous, and it is not difficult to see how these exaggerated cases became in the mind of the public indicative of the whole.

Once in a while today we see the evidences of this past training with all its faults, and we wonder in our present enlightenment that such things could have been. Not but what the old had its good points. I had a thorough training in that work, and I have never regretted it, for in much of the mechanics of the art there was a definiteness and precision which has not always held in the more modern methods. Today we use much of the old, though under different names and with a distinctly improved method of getting at the result. There were good teachers, too, as there always will be, but when effective results were obtained it was in spite of the method rather than because of it. Then, too, many a teacher builds better than he knows because of an inherent instinct to do the right thing in any case, and because of an unconscious insight into a method which is beyond conscious knowledge.

From all this there was bound to come a reaction, and the names of several men can be mentioned who were among the first to recognize the need of something different. Dr. Emerson, Lewis B. Monroe, Moses True Brown, S. S. Curry, and certainly one woman to whom I should be indeed ungrateful did I not pay my tribute to her disinterested efforts in my own oratorical welfare, Mrs. Katherine Westendorf. These teachers saw the absurdities of the old methods and sought to modify or change them to meet the new conditions. It was seen that *manner* and *form* were no longer the end of all teaching, but merely a means to an end, which was to express naturally and truly the *content* of an idea, and that without *matter* there could be no real expression.

But as is frequently the case in matters of reform, in abandoning the past and its wrong ideals, the reformers were left without any solid foundation and groped their way, at first, hesitatingly and aimlessly. There came a time, consequently, when we find worse chaos than before, because of a lack of coherence and a basis of common knowledge of well-confirmed technique. In breaking away from the old order nothing was substituted as a rallying point, and the tendency was to drift further and further apart as each teacher strove to find some correct interpretation of the laws which were felt rather than proven. The cry was to *express*, no matter how, so long as real

thought and feeling were made the object of endeavor. The sudden reaction brought the inevitable consequences of a vital and truly expressive abandon, but without that artistic restraint which renders all true expression authoritative and convincing.

It is at this point that Dr. Emerson steps in to give a new impetus to the movement by declaring that for true artistic expression there must be an absolute co-ordination of *matter* and *manner*—of substance and form. That technique must *serve* to be sure, but just as surely there must be technique well defined and absolute. In his own words:

"If by technique we are to include all such preliminary training as gives freedom to the various agents of expression, both vocal and physical, then technique should precede mere formless abandon, or at best should go hand in hand with it; but if technique is meant to include purely the scientific and artistic *use* of the different agents (and by scientific I mean a comprehension of this *use*), after such have been made responsive by means of preliminary training; then by all means work for the complete surrender of the pupil to the complete expression of the spirit of the thought and work for conscious technique as defined only after entire surrender to the idea has been achieved."

This was a new idea, and he set out to compass it in his teaching. All does not come at once, and it is not until 1889 that we see the results of the years of preliminary study and teaching in the Evolution of Expression.

It is not for me at this time to enter upon a detailed analysis of the philosophy of the Evolution, but to point out to you what this work really stands for. In its present form we have clearly presented to us a correlated system of artistic and pedagogic training. The theory of the Whole, the Parts, etc., was not new, but its application to the teaching of Oratory was. Not only this, but in most of the manuals on Education of the time though these principles were thoroughly recognized, yet there was little clear discrimination between the Relationship of the Part to the Whole, and the Relationship of the Parts to each other. Many of the textbooks used the phrases without clear distinction, and it remained for Dr. Emerson to differentiate

between them, not only as pedagogic principles, but as actually applied to expression itself. Perhaps it was in the application he saw the light, for after all the spoken word is the living thing and not a dead issue.

Not only did Dr. Emerson perceive the value of the pedagogic principle in the teaching of Oratory, but it will be found that the laws of psychology are followed absolutely in the development of the system. So far is this true that in taking up some of the most recent works on experimental and physiological psychology facts are presented as new which have been taught in Emerson College for twenty years at least.

Again, not only is there a true mental development implied at every stage of the work, but Dr. Emerson recognized that there must also be an artistic evolution as well, and in the introduction to the Evolution of Expression will be found a careful statement of the laws underlying the progress and evolution of the art of the world. Through the art of Egypt, Assyria, and Greece, is to be found a specific development which is expressed in the types of Colossal, Effective, Realistic and Suggestive, and Dr. Emerson has formulated the correspondence of the forms of art expression in the artistic evolution of the individual.

In the Evolution of Expression this artistic sequence goes hand in hand with the psychological and pedagogic progression. That we may appreciate what this means is but to glance at the various so-called systems or methods of teaching Oratory; methods which, of course, possess much of good, but fall short of the highest ideal in educational values because of the failure to present a clearly defined, logical progression in their scope.

What has been said of the Evolution of Expression applies largely to vocal expression. Has Dr. Emerson neglected to apply his philosophy in the education of the body? Decidedly no. In the system of exercises of physical training the same principles have been applied and the results which may be obtained through a conscientious and persistent practice of the exercises given in the chapel every morning will astonish and convince the most skeptical in a short time. I speak of and emphasize the matter of *persistent* practice, and Dr. Emerson

himself used to lay particular stress upon this point. He used to say that five minutes once a day given to the practice would accomplish more and in a shorter time than one hour or more once a week. He used to insist on the value of *conscientious* practice as well—the thinking the exercise while it was being taken. He was most severe in his condemnation of the careless, mechanical or perfunctory practice, and I have known him to reprimand an offending student most sharply and publicly in the midst of the morning exercises.

The exercises follow consistently the pedagogic plan of the Evolution, as well as being based on sound physiological laws, and again is seen Dr. Emerson's desire to make natural expression correspond with the principles and rules of art. To sum up the points of the Emerson exercises, almost in Dr. Emerson's words:

1. It is a system which will make the continuance of physical training possible. We can not exercise enough in a given time to last for years, it is constant exercise alone which counts. In this system we have one in which the exercises may be taken at any time and in any place.
2. The system appeals directly to the vital organs by strengthening the centres and freeing the surfaces. Gymnasium work tends to stiffen the surfaces, and does not make the centres correspondingly strong.
3. All muscles are more uniformly exercised; *all* the muscles are used.
4. They are arranged in obedience to the law of *unity*. Nature works by unities, not in the parts alone.
5. It is the only system which obeys the law of reflex action, which in itself tends to strengthen the nerve centres.
6. A system in which all the exercises are in curves. Nature moves in curves and spirals—this develops grace and harmony in action.
7. It makes the revelation of the soul its all-absorbing purpose. The body should *reveal* as well as the voice.

This brings us to Dr. Emerson's attitude towards Gesture. He recognized that gesture is governed by infallible laws, and that we must put ourselves in right relations to these laws to be able to expressively reveal thought and feeling,

which is the purpose of gesture. Gesture is the result of a physiological action. Thought and feeling are communicated through the nerve centres and the reflex ensuing from such stimulus is voice or gesture, according to the agents used. Now these reflexes are always spontaneous when the individual is left to himself; but in saying this it would not be right to leave the impression that all such spontaneous movements would adequately reveal as gesture, the thought and feeling. There may be certain idiosyncracies of manner, certain habits of movement which entirely conceal the real state of mind, and this to such an extent that these movements actually belie what is in the mind. Shall such mannerism be overcome by mechanical exercises? No. What is needed first is a system of physical culture which will render the whole body responsive—a freeing of the muscular system so as to allow the natural reflexes to follow under right conditions.

From this concept as to what gesture should be as a natural expression of the individual, Dr. Emerson called attention to the fact that such purely natural responses might not be artistic in form. Particularly would this apply in any form of public expression. There different conditions are established, and consideration must be given to the idea as to what will be effective in perspective. The way in which a man speaks when alone may be far from effective when on the platform.

There are certain criteria that govern gesture which the teacher must know. Obedience to these laws is not an artificial performance, but a natural act; however, any rule which may tend to *restrict* the natural tendencies of the individual is a limitation. But, as Dr. Emerson used to impress upon us, everything lies in the purpose after all. If there is exercise of the muscular organism to the end of rendering it free and responsive to the dictates of the vital centres, well and good; but if there is manipulation only to give *form*, the response will not be vital, and no power is gained. He taught that much allowance must be made for temperament also. This person is not demonstrative and makes few gestures; here is another who is quick, impulsive and full of action. Now in what way shall we lay down an absolute rule which will give the same number of gestures to all alike, irrespective of what each may

see and feel? The power of thought in each may be the same, but it is only by appealing to the elements peculiar to the character of each that anything like uniformity may be attained. The personality must be given the right of way, and criticism only applied to the comparative degree of expressiveness in relation to that personality.

Teaching Elocution to Dr. Emerson was not a desire to add merely an accomplishment, but a means to build up character. Such a work must partake of the nature of true culture, and Dr. Emerson's attitude is expressed as follows:

"For culture, instead of being an artificial or superficial accomplishment, is the natural and inevitable process by which a man comes into possession of his own nature and into real and fruitful relations with the world about him. It is never a taking on from without of some grace or skill or knowledge; it is always an unfolding from within into some new power; the flowering of some quality hitherto dormant; the absorption of some knowledge hitherto unappropriated."

No words could better express the purpose of our work, but on one point Dr. Emerson insisted strongly, that true results were not to be attained without positive exertion and a right mental attitude. He taught that the orator is the man, and the development of the man should be our aim—to awaken those powers in him, which often for lack of an impetus afforded him to reveal himself to some purpose, results in immaturity and a failure to ripen those qualities which might render him truly great. This is, as I believe all will agree, a high ideal, and how to accomplish this in a way which will develop us in our chosen profession? We might say that all education is toward that end, but yet in reality is it true? Much of our present education seems for the purpose of accumulating facts which however valuable they may be in themselves, are forced upon the pupil in such a way as to create merely a passing impression. So much teaching is perfunctory that it is remarkable that children, or older students, remember as much as they do.

The methods of the Emerson College are well enough known by this time, at least in a general way, that I may say without qualification that we teach, as one of our confreres in the profession has worded it, "from the mind side," as if indeed there

were any other way. Moreover Dr. Emerson believed most strongly in technical training, but this not in any haphazard way, with a sort of implicit belief that the pupil will come out all right in the end so long as we appeal to his mind, without any distinct path by which to indicate his progress. There must be definite avenues in which to direct the thought, certain progressive modes of thinking which will lead the mind by natural and easy stages in stated lines, with a definite result in view. Rules, which though broad, are at least clearly defined. In other words, without in any way circumscribing the individuality of the student, to educate him to do the thing the best way,—that is, to use the greatest amount of energy with the least expenditure of effort.

I have said this much about Dr. Emerson's attitude towards technique, as many have not understood his teaching in the matter, and one thing I have to show in this brief talk is the fact that his greatest achievement perhaps was in the development of a perfect technique as based on the laws of psychology, the principles of pedagogy, and back of it all a recognition of the artistic purpose which should be the end of all public speech. It is as we get a truer perspective of Dr. Emerson's teaching that we are impressed more deeply by the vastness of his scheme in planning a method which has stood the test of thirty years, and which today represents the very latest thought in educational and scientific circles. He was ahead of his time in the application of these principles to the teaching of Oratory and that his ideas have revolutionized the attitude in regard to the subject cannot be denied.

*"Our nearness value lends to trivial things and slight,  
But only distance gives to lofty ones their height.  
The pyramids to those beneath them look not high,  
But as we go from them they tower in the sky.  
So the colossal mind, in time's perspective seen,  
Still rises up and up with more majestic mien."*

---

#### FOUNDER'S DAY.

*Founder's Day* was observed at the college on December 4th. Dean Ross first spoke of the importance of observing

---

such a day. Prof. Walter Bradley Tripp was introduced. After Prof. Tripp's lecture, Mrs. Cutter spoke of Dr. Emerson as an apostle of the good. Mrs. Southwick then brought the following message:

"After the significant tribute of Mrs. Cutter and the clear and excellent exposition which Prof. Tripp has given, I feel that I can most fittingly emphasize a central truth which Dr. Emerson made so effective in the teaching of personal expression: it is the vitalizing and co-ordinating influence of the central force in any phase of activity. If one can know the vital centre of any system of life-expression, and can affect that centre with force and right incentive, he may secure the unity of its activity and harmony of expression in obedience to motive.

The highest office of the body is the expression of the spiritual life, and the radiation upward of the whole person, with the control of action held by the moral centre—in the person, the centre of the chest—will give the best impulse to every activity and cause all the subordinate activities to work in harmony. Such a body, vitalized by motive in motion, holding the mind in the service of a controlled and spiritualized imagination, will become a living revelation of the truth of the ideal—instead of merely a performer of calculated actions."

---

#### FACULTY NOTES.

The regular Thursday lecture on November 13 was presented by Charles Fleischer. His subject was "Woman and Democracy." Mr. Fleischer was born in Breslau, Germany, and came to this country when nine years old. His academic college work was taken in the College of the City of New York and in the University of Cincinnati. He studied in the Hebrew Union College at Cincinnati, and succeeded Rabbi Shindler at Temple Israel, Boston, in 1894. Here he found his field of work until 1911, when he organized the Society for Natural Religion. As an outgrowth of this has come "The Sunday Commons," of which he is the leader, which holds its meetings in Huntington Chambers Hall every Sunday afternoon. As a lecturer and contributor to magazines and news-

papers he has been very well known for nearly twenty years in and about Boston, where his influence as a leader in the educational and sociological life of the city has long been felt. In his lecture, "Woman and Democracy," Mr. Fleischer explained in his clear, forceful style just what these terms mean as applied to the events of today. Thinking people hear and read so much of democracy that is vague and meaningless. It is therefore a pleasure to hear a lecturer present such a theme in a manner so comprehensive.

The subject of Dramatic Art will be discussed before a convention of specialists, teachers, and writers at Harvard, on December 31st and January 1st. Prof. Carlton Black and Prof. Elliott will lecture at the first meeting, and Mrs. Agnes Knox Black and Prof. Baker will continue the lecture on the second day.

*Meditations in Verse* is a new book by Mrs. Jessie Eldridge Southwick just being printed. The book will include such poems as "Aspiration," "Peace," "Faith," and "Love and Truth." It is artistically bound and will make a very appropriate Christmas gift.

The students recently had the inspiration of a reading from Maeterlinck's play, "*Pélléas and Mélisande*," by Mrs. Agnes Knox Black.

Mrs. Jessie Eldridge Southwick read "The House of Rimmon" for the Boston Alumni Club at Huntington Chambers Hall on December 5th.

Mrs. Foss Lamphrell Whitney read "The Lion and the Mouse" at Union Church, December 9th.



## • BY THE EDITOR'S FIRESIDE •

*"Now let the holly bough be sought,  
To deck our hearths and homes with green,  
And let the stately tree be brought  
To lord it o'er the festal scene;  
And let our merriest mood avail  
To chase our grown-up griefs away,  
The while with happy hymns we hail  
Another blessed Christmas Day!"*

**ORGANIZED ALUMNI.** A college is interested in its Alumni, because in them lies the great wealth issued from the college storehouse. The Alumni are interested in their college because in college life and college associations lie many of the things most dear to the educated American. It is only through organized Alumni that the loyal patriotism can be kept kindled and that the warmth which radiates from the college fire can reach every graduate.

Every Alumnus has a great influence over the growth and development of his institution. In the eyes of the community in which he lives a graduate is the representative of his college. If he stands for something he is in a position to make his college stand for something in that community. The principles of the college which he represents become his working basis. Out of this grow his attitude toward his work, his attitude toward his fellow workmen, his attitude toward the world at large. In fact the atmosphere of his college permeates everything he does. His personality is not lost or even

changed, but it is strengthened. A strong personality, an ability to meet emergencies, proficiency in more than one phase of work, are requisites today. A college graduate has these, and his companions look to him as a living example of his *Alma Mater*.

An Alumnus is in a position to direct promising young people to his college, those who hardly know where to go to college or whether to go at all. The college that is in close touch with its Alumni will have a friend to represent its interests wherever a graduate may be found. In training, the Alumni cannot do the work of the Faculty, they can merely assist in producing conditions favorable for the Faculty to accomplish the best results.

Every large college has its organized Alumni, and it is becoming every year a stronger working force. Henry S. Pritchett, President of Carnegie Foundation for Advancement of Teaching, says that it is clear to one who observes the progress of American college development that the organization of Alumni is the beginning of what is to be an increasingly influential factor in determining the form and character of our college.

The members of any organization are united by some bond of interest. An Alumni organization is bound even closer by a double bond of sympathy. All are interested in their *Alma Mater*, and all are interested in any who have come in contact with their *Alma Mater*. As each graduate has his individual influence upon the college, so the combined strength of those persons will have a constantly growing influence upon their institution.

To cherish a loyalty for these things is to cherish a form of patriotism whose roots lie deep in all that is best in our human nature.

---

*"Without eloquence one is not a poet;  
Without poetry one is not an orator."*

## TO BE READ ON THE THRESHOLD OF THE NEW YEAR

"LYRICS OF FAITH AND HOPE."

HENRY COYLE.

(*By Permission of the Author.*)

*THE JOY OF SPRING.*

*There is a feeling in the air  
Of joy ineffable and rare;  
Of life divine, of new-born day,  
And all the world seems bright and gay.*

*From snow-crowned hills, across the plains,  
The brooks, no longer bound with chains  
Of ice, are singing blithe and free,  
As on they flow to kiss the sea.*

*The sun is shining warm and bright,  
And all the trees that erst were white,  
Now hear blue-birds and robins sing,  
And Nature smiles, for it is Spring.*

*Oh heart! let Spring and sunshine in,  
Break from the icy chains of sin;  
Begin anew, and rise again  
To nobler effort—higher plane!*

*THE IDEAL.*

*We are unsatisfied, and know not why:  
We seek for the ideal of our dreams,  
And strive to reach it, guided by the beams  
Of truth and faith. Setting our standard high,  
We struggle on; but when the prize is nigh,  
We find that it eludes us, and it seems  
To beckon onward, mocking with its gleams,  
Like some bright mirage in the eastern sky.*

*With eyes blind to the glory here below  
Our thoughts forever turned away from earth,  
We see no beauty round us, and the worth  
Hidden in humble things we never know.  
We grope, and pass unheeding on the way  
The good that we are seeking day by day.*

*THE PROMISE OF MORNING.*

*O'er the horizon, through cloud rifts,  
The sun-god peeps before he lifts  
The curtain of the skies;  
Like candles after some great feast,  
The stars die out, and in the East  
The shadows slowly rise.*

*Kissed by the sunshine, washed with rain,  
The face of Nature smiles again,  
The brooks laugh as they flow;  
The leaves appear, and blossoms white  
Clothe bush and tree with raiment bright—  
A drapery like snow.*

*The sun dissolves the misty veil,  
Which, rising, leaves a shining trail  
Behind of silver thread;  
And dew drops sparkle like rare gems  
That glisten on queens' diadems,  
Or tears that angels shed.*

*The great orchestra softly plays  
An overture of joy and praise,  
A new day has begun;  
The birds in one grand chorus sing:  
"A thousand welcomes to the spring.  
All hail, life-giving sun!"*

*Like seeds up-growing through the earth,  
Thus we must struggle for new birth,  
New growth, new life divine;  
The soul shall conquer death and gloom,  
And in eternal spring may bloom,  
Fulfilling God's design.*

#### A REFLECTION.

*The long bright day is done; dark shadows creep  
Across the wood-crowned hills; the setting sun  
Fades in the west; the birds have gone to sleep,  
And homeward now the happy children run.*

*The cool west wind is soughing through the pine  
A lulling song of wordless mystic love;  
The white rose and the blossom on the vine  
Shine through the dusk obscure like stars above.*

*The air is filled with perfume, fresh and sweet,  
The laughing brook is singing as it flows;  
The whip-poor-wills each other sadly greet,  
And over all the lucent moonlight glows.*

*How beautiful earth is! and yet we know  
All this is but a dim reflection given  
Of what we cannot dream of here below,  
But which, in God's time, we shall see in heaven.*

#### THE POET IS A TEACHER.

*The poet is a teacher! to the heart  
Of man he sings of hope. A beacon light  
He guides men from despair and gloom of night  
To day eternal. By his matchless art  
The weary toiler in the busy mart  
May see beyond earth's narrow bounds the bright  
And holy country veiled from mortal sight,  
And he in heaven's joy may have a part.*

*The poet is a teacher! like the bird,  
Trilling its cheerful lay, he heeds nor cares  
Not who may hear; his song may unawares  
Soothe aching hearts by music's power stirred;  
Give sense of truth and beauty to blind eyes,  
Or help lost souls, perchance, win Paradise.*

"THIS, TOO, WILL PASS AWAY."

*We long for something in our selfish pride,  
Perhaps a bauble that may glitter bright,  
Some foolish thing we think is good and right  
For us to have; and though God may decide  
That it is best that we should be denied,  
We murmur at His will; our sin-blind sight,  
Impatient, cannot see it in His light.  
And so we spend our lives unsatisfied.*

*In human life there must be light and shade,  
And joy and sorrow. A jewel in the dark  
Will shine as in the sun, a quenchless spark,  
Emblem of hope whose light shall never fade.  
O heart, be strong! though it may storm to-day,  
Be patient, and "this, too, will pass away!"*

---

THE MOONLIT NIGHT.

*The night is sanctified with holy seeming,  
All nature joins to worship the Divine,  
Like newly-lighted altar-candles gleaming  
The stars begin to shine.*

*Like incense is the perfume of the valleys,  
The winds like voices sing along the coast,  
While high above the ocean's brimming chalice  
The moon hangs like a Host.*

—DENIS A. McCARTHY.

# The Emerson College Magazine.

EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY, BOSTON, MASS.

## EDITORIAL STAFF.

BELLE McMICHAEL.....Editor-in-Chief  
Post Graduate News.....DOCIA DODD  
Senior News.....JEAN WEST

VIRGINIA BERAUD..College News Editor  
Junior News.....EDITH GOODRICH  
Freshman News....PERCY ALEXANDER

ALBERT F. SMITH, Business Manager.

THE EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE is published by the Students' Association of Emerson College of Oratory, 30 Huntington Ave., on the 20th of each month, from November to May inclusive. Send all literary contributions to the Editor-in-Chief. Send all subscriptions and advertising to the Bus. Manager. SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.00 IN ADVANCE.  
Entered in the Post Office at Boston, Mass. as second class mail matter

VOL. XXII.

DECEMBER, 1913

No. 2



## MARCH OF EVENTS AT COLLEGE.

### STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION.

### BUSINESS MANAGER'S REPORT.

#### Receipts:

Advertisements .....	\$316.75
Student subscriptions.....	194.00
Outside subscriptions.....	121.00
Emerson College (extra copies).....	47.00
Single copies .....	2.50
Total receipts.....	\$681.25

#### Expenditures:

Harrigan Press, Inc. (printing) .....	\$408.89
Howard-Wesson Co. (cuts) .....	8.85
Emersonian (cuts) .....	10.75
Stamps and incidentals.....	19.48

Total expenditures .....	\$447.97
--------------------------	----------

Total gross profits .....	\$233.28
Business Manager's salary.....	75.00

Total profits .....	\$158.28
Business Manager's share of profits.....	39.57

Total net profits.....	\$118.71
------------------------	----------

## THE QUIET HOUR AT EMERSON.

Y. W. C. A.

Fridays, 2:00—3:00. Room 510.

*I would be true, for there are those who trust me;  
I would be pure, for there are those who care;  
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;  
I would be brave, for there is much to dare.*

*I would be friend to all—the foe—the friendless;  
I would be giving, and forget the gift;  
I would be humble for I know my weakness;  
I would look up—and laugh—and love and lift.”*

The Y. W. C. A. was fortunate in securing Mr. Tray of Hope Chapel for one of our leaders in November. The topic of his talk was “Personality.” He read the fourteenth chapter of St. Mark and gave Winston Churchill’s latest novel, “The Inside of the Cup,” as an excellent example of what a strong personality may do. Mr. Tray closed with this beautiful thought, “Art is personality passed through thought and fixed into thought.” May we as workers for Christ strive to have a personality with more strength and power.

Miss Thompson, President of the Boston Y. W. C. A., was gladly welcomed with her message of helpfulness from the “Parable of the Talents.” She drew a comparison of our lives to that of a modern day “sky scraper.” In brief, Miss Thompson said: “Our lives should be a tall building which goes several feet beneath the ground and many stories above. Our characters should be less pretentious and built more firmly upon the solid foundation and aspiring very high toward other things.”

One of the many sides of our Y. W. C. A. work is the regular meeting of the Cabinet on Fridays at three o’clock. All who attend find the meeting helpful and interesting.

Under the guidance of the Extension Committee, of which Mattie Riseley is chairman, the following girls have taken work at the Civic Service House: Meta Bennett, Hilda Harris, Sadie O’Connell, Ruth Timmerman and Alice White.

The following girls have read in the past month at the Civic

Service House: Beth Moir, Jennie P. Smith and Mary Brown. Louise West gave several numbers at a meeting of all the clerks of Filene's store recently.

At the close of October the Y. W. C. A. entertained at their annual reception. Dorothy Deming, chairman of the Social Committee, is to be congratulated upon the success of it. Everyone enjoyed the interesting games. Punch was freely dispensed. Mrs. Willard, Mrs. Southwick and Miss McQuesten enjoyed the occasion with us.

The Emerson Y. W. C. A. is delegating Frieda Michel to represent them at the Kansas City convention of student workers, which will convene during the Christmas holidays. En route, Miss Michel will visit her home at Peoria, Ill., during Christmas. The value of such a convention is twofold. While there each delegate will come in contact with the work being done in many colleges, and will return to her society with helpful and inspiring suggestions.

---

#### CANADIAN CLUB.

The Canadian Club was very enjoyably entertained by the Canadian Club of Harvard at an At Home given at the club-house on November 15th.

Mary Cody spent the Thanksgiving vacation with Mr. and Mrs. Harry M. Smith, Providence, R. I.

During the past month Jean Mathewson and Beth Moir gave readings at the Civic Service Club.

Percy Alexander is taking part in Jeffry Farnoll's new play, "The Broad Highway," given at the Plymouth Theatre.

---

#### CLASSES.

'13.

"Stunt rehearsals" are the chief occupations of the P. G. class this month. "The play's the thing"—"more of this anon." Truthfully can the P. G.'s say in Make-up Class:

"Little grains of powder,  
Little daubs of paint,  
Make a girl's complexion  
Look like what it ain't."

In spite of the fact that the class roll has grown very much smaller since last year, class spirit still runs high, as the yells and songs proved at the Senior and Junior Stunts.

Since last month the class has welcomed Mary F. Blanchett once more into the ranks.

At Wheaton Hall, Dorchester, for the benefit of the Mt. Pleasant Home, "Nance Oldfield" was presented in the following cast:

NANCE OLDFIELD.....	ROSE WILLIS
SUSAN .....	OLGA NEWTON
OLDWORTHY .....	AMELIA GREEN
ALEXANDER OLDWORTHY.....	JANE RAE

On Friday evening, November 21st, at the Civic Service House, Mr. Locke gave a talk on the play "Macbeth," after which Rose Willis presented the "Sleep Walking Scene," and Jean Mathewson "Dunsinane Castle," to make more vivid to the audience the dramatic power of this great tragedy.

Florence Hinckley read at Union Church, Medford, October 30th, also at Everett, November 19th.. Jane Rae has been especially successful in recital work; among her numerous engagements were the following: Lorimer Temple, Boston; St. Marks, Brookline; Taunton and Roxbury, Mass.

Drucilla Dodson has just returned to college.

#### '14.

Annual Senior "Stunt" presented November 7th:

#### IN DEANI PURGATORIO

Adapted from "The Divine Comedy of 1914"

"Such sights ere long  
Not grievous, shall impart to thee delight,  
As thy perception is by nature wrought  
Up to their pitch."

(Written by Meta Bennett and Jean West)

*Characters in order of their Appearance*

DEAN ROSS.....	ARTHUR WINSLOW
MRS. ROGERS.....	ETHEL BAILEY
SHADES.	
MR. KIDDER.....	BELLE McMICHAEL

FRESHMEN, Violaters of Art.....	{ MATTIE RISELEY LOUISE WEST ETHEL BEARD MOLLY CHASE ALICE BROWN
HOBBLE SKIRTTERS .....	
EATERS .....	{ MARION GRANT ELIZABETH SULLIVAN
TEMPTER .....	
PROF. TRIPP.....	MATTIE LYON
MRS. BLACK.....	MRS. HENDERSON
SIT DOWNITES.....	{ HILDA HARRIS MARY LANGFORD ISABEL BURTON
GIGGLERS .....	
MRS. HICKS.....	{ JENNIE WINDSOR ESTHER SMART
MR. KENNEY.....	
DANCERS .....	{ MARGARET STRICKLAND FLORENCE STILES
MRS. PUFFER.....	
MISS SLEIGHT.....	{ SUE RIDDICK DOROTHY DEMING
SKELETON .....	
STUDENTS.....	{ FRANCES SIMONS LAURA CURTIS MR. NEWTON
MISS CHAMBERLAIN.....	
SENIORS.....	{ OCTA BASSETT MARY BROWN ELIZABETH MOIR ETHEL BEARD
MISS JOHANSEN.....	
COLOSSAL.....	MARY REYNOLDS
MELODRAMATIC	{ ISABEL TOBIN DOROTHY WOLDSTAD
REALISTIC.....	
SUGGESTIVE....	{ ELIZABETH MOIR HELEN McCLANAHAN
EMERSONIA.....	
DR. WARD.....	{ OCTA BASSETT MARY BROWN PEARL FISHEL ZENITA GRAF SARA DAHL LORRAINE BAILEY HAZEL JONES
.....	
.....	{ MAE SOMERS BERTHA McDONOUGH
.....	
.....	{ VIVIAN DIETRICH MADELEINE TARRANT
.....	
.....	{ DORIS SPARREL FLORENCE NEWBOLD
.....	
.....	{ FREIDA MICHEL
.....	

Scene—Purgatory Chambers

ACT I—Circle 5.

ACT II—Same.

ACT III—Same.

Dances by Richards of Boston and Paris. Costumes by Hayden. Wigs by Slattery. Scenery by Louis de Rabis. Lighting by New York and Boston Calcium Lighting Co.

Pianist, Miss Gladys Irving.

There was a general exodus from Boston previous to Thanksgiving day. Mary Brown was entertained at the home of Meta Bennet. Laura Curtis was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Smith of Medford, Mass. Zenita Graf spent the vacation visiting friends in Bridgeport, Ct. Margaret Strickland enjoyed Thanksgiving in Randolph, Mass. Mildred Johnson went to Winter Hill for the Thanksgiving holidays. Marion Grant went to Fall River for the vacation.

On Thanksgiving day the Misses Mix, MacKay, Schroeder, Beard and Mrs. Langford made an enjoyable trip to Plymouth, where they enjoyed spending Thanksgiving.

Virginia Beraud and Marion John were guests at a formal dinner given at the Hotel Hemenway, Thanksgiving day.

The Senior Class has cause to be proud, because out of the regular Junior Class of last year, only four failed to return as Seniors.

Several of the class gave readings during the past month.

Laura Curtis read at the Warren Avenue Baptist Church.

Esther Smart gave several readings in Arlington.

The Boston Teachers' Club in Mattapan enjoyed an evening program given by Margaret Strickland.

Marion Grant rendered several delightful numbers at Chipman Hall.

The Masons of North Cambridge enjoyed a program rendered by Mildred Johnston.

Jennie Windsor and Jean West gave an evening's entertainment in Lawrence.

Elizabeth Sullivan read at Winchester, Mass., at the twentieth anniversary of the B. Y. P. U.

The following Seniors took part in the play, "Let's Go A-Gardening": Alice Brown, Frieda Michel, Florence Bean, Virginia Beraud, Zenita Graf, Florence Newbold, Fern Stevenson, Ethel Bailey, and Marion Grant.

'15.

Annual Junior "Stunt" presented November 20:

## "A STORY OF PLYMOUTH TOWN"

A Pantomime in three Parts by Albert Lovejoy.

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

*Settlers*

WILLIAM LATHAM.....	GERTRUDE MORRISON
SOLOMON PROWER.....	JEAN MACDONALD
PEREGRINE WHITE.....	C. EVELYN BENJAMIN
JOSEPH ROGERS.....	ALICE M. EVANS
GYLES FULLER.....	MARGARET L. HAINLINE
SAMUEL EATON.....	ALICE M. CONANT
MARY ALLERTON.....	ALICE F. WHITE
MRS. ALLERTON.....	MARION VINCENT
ALICE PROWER.....	JENNIE P. SMITH
CONSTANCE FULLER.....	ELIZABETH STURDIVANT
PRISCILLA MULLINS.....	GRACE BIGLER
ELIZABETH TILLEY.....	GLADYS MAE WATERHOUSE
REMEMBER ALLERTON.....	VERDA A. SNYDER

*Indians*

CHIEF CANONICUS.....	NELLIE MARRINAN
ANATOGA .....	MAY MILLER
SHAWNEE .....	LOUISE MACE
CUCHANNA .....	VERA BRADFORD
MURWANDA .....	MARGUERITE SEIBEL
CORBITANT .....	EDITH GOODRICH
MIAMI .....	HELEN R. BAXTER

Time—November, 1621. Place—Plymouth, Massachusetts.

PART I—In the Settlement. Morning.

PART II—In the Indian Camp. Afternoon.

PART III—In the settlement. Evening.

## ARGUMENT.

PART I—William Latham returns from England after an unsuccessful attempt to get help for the Pilgrim colonists, who have suffered a disastrous year in the new land. He makes love to Mary Allerton, but is given little encouragement because of his apparent negligence in aiding the Pilgrims. He tries to renew acquaintance with Alice Prower, but is unsuccessful because of Alice's hatred for Mary. He therefore determines to seek aid from the Indians, thereby helping the colonists and winning the hand of Mary.

PART II—William goes to the Indian camp, and after Miami, an Indian girl friend of the colonists, has interceded for him, he succeeds in making a bargain with the tribe. The colonists are to receive the Indian harvest and corn crop, in exchange for beads, knives, etc. Solomon Prower, brother of Alice, and a trader, comes to the camp on the same errand. He offers blankets, cloth, etc., and after promising a plentiful supply of "fire-water," leads the Indians to go back on their word with William. Miami determines to steal away to the settlement and warn the colonists of the tribe's treachery.

PART III—After William has told of his successful deal with the Indians, Miami rushes on the scene to tell the story of the trade with the other white man. In the dialogue which follows Alice informs William that her brother has purchased the corn from the Indians, and offers to have the sale arranged so that William will receive the crop. But she also orders that he must sacrifice his love for Mary. As Mary overhears the conversation, she insists that he accept Alice's terms, for the sake of the welfare of the colonists. After consideration, he reluctantly consents to do so. Solomon meets with the Indians to close his agreement with them. He fails to keep his word in regard to the all-important "fire-water." In consequence of this, he is taken a prisoner by the enraged Indians. The chief, Canonicus, then decides to keep his original agreement with William, and in so doing helps to bring about a happy denouement. That peace may be kept with the Indians, and that all may show their appreciation to God, for his goodness, the colonists plan a great feast, the first Thanksgiving.

The Junior Class is glad to welcome Rebecca Farwell, who has been absent a year, as a new member of the class.

Elizabeth Sturdivant read, on November 3rd, in Malden, Mass. Vera Bradford read recently at West Acton, Mass. Jennie P. Smith gave a reading at the Civic Service House recently. Beatrice Perry read at a bungalow party in Malden, Mass., on December 5th.

During the Thanksgiving vacation Nancy Wright was in Worcester, Mass., Gertrude Morrison at her home in Somerville, Mass., and Francis Bradley at home in Talcottville, Ct. Joseph Smith was the guest of his sister Jennie over the Thanksgiving recess.

Louise White returned with her sister Alice, from New York city for a several days' visit in Boston.

Ruby Loughran, Albert Lovejoy and Albert Smith recently took part in the production, "Let's Go A-Gardening," by the Henry Jewett Players at the Plymouth Theatre. Mr. Smith and Mr. Lovejoy are now performing in the same company's production of "The Broad Highway."

#### '16.

Miss Dorothy Canaga entertained Miss Margaret Longstreet, Miss Edna Fisher and Miss Louise Hamline during the Thanksgiving recess at her summer home in Rockport, Mass.

Miss Astrid Nygren spent the Thanksgiving recess at her home in Freeport, L. I.

Miss Rhea Olin was the guest of Miss Ann Minnahan during

the Thanksgiving recess at the latter's home in Glens Falls, N. Y.

Miss Ethel DeLaney was entertained during the Thanksgiving recess by Miss Stella Rothwell at the latter's home in South Boston.

The vacancy left in the ranks of the Freshman class by the return of Melvin D. Payne to his home in Crawfordsville, Ind., has been filled by the recent registration of Fred W. Hubbard of Newton, Mass.

---

### SORORITIES.

#### DELTA DELTA PHI.

The Deltas spent the Thanksgiving holiday at their homes, with the exception of Miss Mattie Riseley and Miss Beulah Batchelor, who were entertained at the home of Miss Vera McDonald. Miss Lillian Aune attended a house party at Greenwood, Mass., during the Thanksgiving vacation.

Jessie Weems is traveling in Pennsylvania with the Beverly of Graustark Company.

Abbie Fowler is teaching expression and physical culture at the Rome convent, Rome, N. Y.

Helen Leavitt has made several successful appearances speaking for the Anti-Suffrage League of Boston.

Olive Clark has given a number of evening programs in Southern New Hampshire, and is conducting a large class of private pupils in Milford, N. H.

Ruth Southwick read Monday evening, November 24th, at a musical held in the parish house of St. Margaret's Church, Brighton; also on Thanksgiving day at the Massachusetts Home and Longwood Hospital.

Mattie Riseley conducted a program for the students of the Civic Service House Sunday evening, November 30th.

#### ZETA PHI ETA.

The Thanksgiving holidays afforded occasion for several enjoyable house parties and visits.

Jean West and Jennie Windsor spent an enjoyable vacation with friends in Lawrence, Mass.

Olga Newton entertained Rose Willis and Theresa Cogswell during the Thanksgiving holidays at her home in Athol, Mass.

Louise West was the guest of Mrs. Raymington, *nee* Hazel Jennings, at Worcester, Mass.

Marion Grant read recently at Chaplain Hall, Tremont Temple. She spent the holidays with friends in Fall River.

Jean West assisted in coaching a foreign pageant which was produced under the auspices of both the Berkeley Street and Warrenton Street Y. W. C. A.'s. This undertaking, in which one hundred and fifty girls took part, met with marked success. It was presented in the Parker Street Memorial Hall.

Jean McDonald spent an enjoyable week-end with Hazel Call at the Fitchburg Normal School, which she is attending this year.

Faye Smiley was a guest at the Chapter House for several days, during which time Mrs. Hicks entertained in her honor. Miss Smiley has been doing local work at her home in Albany, N. Y.

Marion John read recently at the Pinetree Club, in Braintree, Mass.

Florence Hinckley entertained Jean McDonald and Bessie Bell at her home for Thanksgiving dinner.

Zeta Phi Eta wishes all a very happy Christmas.

#### KAPPA GAMMA CHI.

Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Shank announce the marriage of their daughter, Mary Katherine, to Mr. James Colton Campbell, on Wednesday, November 26th.

Marjorie Kinne was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Kennedy recently, and during her stay was entertained at dinner at the Chapter House.

Edith Newton was a guest at the Chapter House during the past month.

Elizabeth Beattie spent the Thanksgiving holidays with friends in Swampscott.

Florence Stiles and Georgette Jette enjoyed the holiday and attending vacation at their homes.

We are all glad that Laura Meredith is sufficiently recovered from her recent illness to be with us again.

Marguerite Grunewald entertained the girls at a spread on the evening of November 15th.

Madeline Tarrant enjoyed a visit from her brother, Fred Tarrant, of Exeter, recently.

PHI MU GAMMA.

Katurah Stokes, Doris Sparrell and Dorothea Deming returned to their homes for the Thanksgiving recess.

Dorothea Deming entertained Estelle Van Hoesan and Lucy Roberts during the week of November 26th, at her home in Hartford, Conn.

Helen Brewer and Marguerite Albertson were guests at the Chapter House over Thanksgiving.

Leah King, '12, was in Boston over the Harvard-Yale game.

Marion Vincent was entertained at a house party given in her honor at Springfield, Mass., over the vacation.

Ruth West, '13, is taking a course at Columbia University in Dramatic Games and is teaching in Barnard College, N. Y.

Bertha MacDonough gave readings at the Women's Club in South Boston recently.

On November 26th, at her home in Roxbury, Disa Brackett, E. C. O. '13, was united in marriage to Vincent Allen, M. I. T. '12, of Waterbury, Conn.

The youngest Chapter baby is the little girl born to Mr. and Mrs. John Prouty (Frances Riorden) on Sunday, November 16th.

Beatrice Perry gave readings during the month at Malden, Mass.

Jane Rae read at Brookline recently.

Florence Newbold was entertained at Cambridge over Thanksgiving.

Theodosia Peake, who is teaching in Redding, Ark., is expected as a guest at the Chapter House for the holidays.

Florence Newbold read at Newton on December 5th and 7th.

Helen Brewer has accepted a contract with the Ludin Company in Philadelphia, and through her splendid dramatic ability has been given second lead in all the plays so far produced.

---

Eta and Iota Chapters entertained Mrs. Musgrove, a Phi Mu Gamma in 1908, wife of the musical director of the Maude Adams Company, at a tea given in her honor during her recent stay in Boston.

Phi Mu Gamma had as a guest Mr. Walter B. Tripp after his very delightful evening with Shakespeare in the "Taming of the Shrew."

Hazel Hammond, who was with us for the early part of this year, has accepted a position in Block Island, R. I.

Edna Gilkey, '12, is teaching this year at Oconto, Wis.

#### FRATERNITY.

The next national convention of the Phi Alpha Tau Fraternity of the Speech Arts will be held at Lincoln, Neb., during Monday and Tuesday, December 29 and 30, 1913. The Gamma Chapter of the Fraternity, at the University of Nebraska, will act as host on this occasion, and hospitable entertainment for all delegates is thus assured. Much important business will come before this convention, and Alpha Chapter of Emerson College will send a delegate in the person of John J. Roy, president of the Chapter.

---

#### HEARD ABOUT CLASS ROOM AND CORRIDOR.

"*Flippant fluency of the tongue—*"

Heard in crowded elevator:

*Student*—"Ah! Don't let any more in here. I'm standing on one foot now."

*Friend*—"Whose foot?"

Heard in the Book Room:

*Observer*—"This book room is a regular dynamo."

*Clerk*—"How's that?"

*Observer*—"Nearly all the books that go out of here are charged."

*Freshman*—(after reading the requests for lost articles and the advertisements on the Bulletin Board)—"What books of the Bible does this remind you of?"

*Junior*—"I don't know."

*Freshman*—"Lamentations and Revelations."

*Student*. After reciting a beautiful little poem, was asked who the author was. He answered: "I think it's unanimous."



# ALUMNI

SERIES OF DRAMA STUDIES SUITABLE FOR EMERSON  
CLUB STUDY.

No. II.

THE INFLUENCE OF SENECA UPON ENGLISH DRAMA.

(PROFESSOR JOSEPH RICHARD TAYLOR, A. M.)

The Roman dramatist Seneca affords a curious illustration of the vicissitudes which may overtake a famous writer. Three hundred years ago Seneca was the dominating force in the drama of England and of several countries of continental Europe. Then came an eclipse, during which nobody except specialists studied Seneca. For three hundred years no translation of Seneca appeared. It was the fashion within so recent a period as the last decade or two of the nineteenth century to speak with profound contempt of Seneca and to wonder how the scholars and writers of the Renaissance could have been so impressed with his glaringly artificial style and his intolerable bombast. Since the beginning of the new century there has been a distinct change of attitude toward Seneca. Several translations of his plays have appeared; scholars are now saying that not only are the tragedies of Seneca of great value as characteristic examples of the literature of the age of Nero, but that they also have intrinsic value as dramas; that even from the standpoint of literature they deserve a creditable place.

The life of Seneca presents a succession of changes and contrasts even more striking than those through which his works have passed. From a position of obscurity he became the favorite and counselor of an emperor. From an exalted posi-

tion where he was both feared and courted by those who desired the favor of the emperor, he was suddenly plunged into penury and forced by imperial command to commit suicide. Born about the year 3 B. C., he lived until 65 A. D. During his life he saw no less than five emperors upon the imperial throne—Augustus, Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius, Nero. At the beginning of the reign of Nero, Seneca was the power behind the throne. The fate which overtook him is the fate which ever hangs over imperial favorites—the fate of an Essex, of a Raleigh, of a More. Nero came to dislike him. In vain Seneca sought to evade the danger by retiring and by offering to surrender to Nero the enormous fortune which he had amassed during the sunny days of imperial favor. A summons to commit suicide was the response. His death was manly, but the manner of this end affords a striking confirmation of the old adage that “the style is the man.” Even in the closing hours of his life we note a posing for effect, and an ostentatious complacency which are unpleasant characteristics of all his written work.

Of the writings which have come down to us under the name of Seneca we are concerned in this article only with the ten tragedies which bear his name. We need not discuss the authorship of these ten tragedies. Whether or not they are all the work of Seneca the collection of plays bearing his name was of enormous influence in shaping the drama of Europe during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; while using them as a model, men were not disposed to make critical distinctions between the plays.

Critics are practically a unit in the severity of their strictures upon the ten plays which bear Seneca's name. Some of the criticisms passed upon them are the following: they are without dramatic vitality; they are nothing more than a series of wordy speeches, put into meter, and with choruses interpolated at regular intervals, these choruses differing from the speeches not so much in content as in the fact they are in a meter different from that of the speeches. One friendly critic considers himself forced to admit that Seneca's “majesty seems to critics today bombast; his triumph in tragic quality consists in an accumulation of horrors and a consistently unfor-

tunate ending; his perfection of form is no more than a formal schematism, clear because it is simple and lifeless." Seneca was not the only clever man of letters who has not been contented with the laurels already won in other fields, but has felt a fatal craving to shine also as a dramatist. Witness Browning; witness Tennyson with his profound chagrin that critics refused to assign him as high a place in the drama as they had heartily accorded him in poetry; witness the poet Yeats, who to the unconcealed regret of his best friends has abandoned lyric poetry for the writing of plays which with all their beauty lack that mysterious quality which is the very life of a drama on the stage. We may say in defence of Seneca that it is at least doubtful whether he intended these plays to be produced on the stage. If this theory is correct, we have in the ten tragedies bearing the name of Seneca the earliest extant examples of the "closet drama" which so excites the ire of Brander Matthews.

The four legacies of Seneca to the drama of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were: the presentation upon the stage of gruesome horrors; the fondness for ghosts; his peculiar employment of the chorus; the division of a play into five acts.

Before passing to a consideration of the use which was made of this legacy by the Elizabethan writers, let us see how Seneca himself employs these features of his tragedy. First, as regards the presentation of horrors on the stage. It was a strict rule of the Greek stage that no murders or deeds of horror should be presented to the eyes of the spectators. Oedipus blinds himself off the stage and he comes upon the scene only after the horrible act has been perpetrated; Medea kills her children off the stage, and only the bodies of the dead children are shown; Antigone hangs herself in the seclusion of the tomb where she has been immured. The Roman writer Horace, (65-8 B. C.), accepts this Greek tradition, and regards it as equally binding upon Roman writers:

*Ne pueros coram populo Medea trucidet*

says he in his *Ars Poetica*. Seneca, in his play *Medea*, represents the heroine, Medea, as butchering first one son, and then the other upon the stage before the eyes of the audience. This

---

departure from the austere tradition of Greek tragedy found all too ready acceptance among the Elizabethan writers.

Another marked peculiarity of Seneca was a fondness for ghosts upon the stage. This is essentially foreign to the Greek theater. In the *Choephoroi* of Aeschylus we have a husband and father who was murdered by his wife under circumstances not unlike those in Shakespeare's *Hamlet*. A comparison of the treatment of the murdered father of Orestes by Aeschylus and the murdered father of Hamlet by Shakespeare will illustrate the marked difference between the Greek treatment and that of the Elizabethan dramatists. In the play of Aeschylus, so far is the ghost of the murdered Agamemnon from appearing to the son and urging him to avenge the murderer that the son is represented as supplicating the shade of the murdered father to bestir himself and to aid the son in the plotted vengeance; but the ghost does not appear; the son must content himself with the feeling that the father has heard the prayer and is in sympathy with the project of vengeance. Compare the opening scene of *Hamlet*. The ghost is the direct instigator of the vengeance; this ghost appears on the stage and is seen by the audience. This employment of a ghost is a direct inheritance from Seneca. Seneca's own play, *Agamemnon*, opens with a ghost scene,—the ghost of Thyestes appears and urges his son Aegistheus to slay Agamemnon. In his *Troades*, Seneca introduces the ghost of Achilles; in the *Octavia* we have the ghost of Agrippina, the mother of Nero, who had slain her. In Elizabethan literature we find the employment of ghosts a well-established feature; these ghosts are a direct inheritance from Seneca.

The third peculiarity is the use of the chorus in Seneca. In the first paper of this series we traced the evolution of the chorus from the period when it monopolized the performance to the point where in the plays of Euripides it became more ornamental than useful. In Seneca we find this ornamental use carried to an extreme where it would be difficult to recognize the chorus and to distinguish it from the other rhetorical speeches were it not that the author has considerably given us a clue by changing the meter. In Seneca we find the chorus on the verge of dramatic extinction. It was a dis-

tinently harmful procedure when the Elizabethan dramatists introduced into their own plays this moribund inheritance from Seneca. It would have been difficult to introduce into English literature the Greek chorus even of the period of Sophocles; to attempt to imitate the chorus of Seneca gave an unnecessarily artificial tone to what should have been a vital and purely national drama.

Still another inheritance from Seneca was the division of a play into five acts. A Greek play was not divided into acts. A Greek play had a well-established construction, consisting of divisions technically known as Prologue, Parodos, Episode, Stasimon, Exodus. Only in the most general sense could these divisions be thought of as acts, and the word "act" is never employed in speaking of a Greek play. The division of a play into five acts was apparently established by the Roman writer Varro of the first century B. C. Horace in his *Ars Poetica* was familiar with the rule, for he says (189-190) :

*Neve minor neu sit quinto productior actu  
Fabula quae posci volt et spectanda reponi.*

("If an author wishes his play to be brought out or to enjoy a repetition on the stage let it have five acts,—no more, no less.") It is evident, therefore, that we are not justified in asserting as is frequently done, that Seneca was the first to divide a play into five acts; we are, however, not only justified in asserting that the example of Seneca led the Elizabethan tragic writers to divide their plays into five acts, but we should bear this fact constantly in mind.

We are now ready to examine more specifically the influence of Seneca upon the writers of the Elizabethan period. Considerations of space compel us to confine ourselves to English dramatists, although it is a temptation to trace the influence of Seneca in Italy, Spain and Germany.

The question may arise: Why did Seneca, rather than Aeschylus or Sophocles dominate English writers of the Elizabethan period? In a word, the answer is this: the Greek writers were practically unknown to England in the period of the early English drama. Cunliffe is right when he says in his

admirable work, "The Influence of Seneca on Elizabethan Tragedy": "There is every indication that the knowledge of Greek tragedy was confined to a very small circle; translations from the Greek dramatists were unknown in the sixteenth century." A striking confirmation of the words of Cunliffe is the experience of Sir Thomas More, the Lord Chancellor of England and the famous author of the *Utopia*. His date is 1478-1535. When More went to Oxford, Greek was not studied as part of the university curriculum; to learn Greek by one's own efforts was to subject oneself to suspicion; Greek was regarded as a vehicle for the communication of the new and dangerous ideas which were at this time becoming prevalent on the continent. So dangerous a thing was Greek then regarded that More's father, on hearing that his son was studying Greek under the famous scholar Linacre, took his son out of the university before he had acquired his degree and forced him at once to begin the study of the law. It should be noted, however, that although few men of this period could read Greek they were nevertheless profoundly influenced, though indirectly, by the Greek writer Euripides; Seneca, their master, had himself been a student of the works of Euripides, and he reproduced in his own dramatic writings the spirit and the general manner of that Greek writer. As Klein, the dramatic writer, says: "Through Seneca Euripidean tragedy leavened the dramatic poetry of every cultured nation in Europe through all the centuries, while Aeschylus and Sophocles fed the worms in the libraries."

Aeschylus and Sophocles were, accordingly, utterly unknown to most of the writers of the Elizabethan period; Euripides was known but indirectly. Seneca, however, was known to every schoolboy, to every scholar, to every dramatic writer whether scholarly or not. The scholarly writers possessed and read Seneca in the original. Those who were not scholarly enough to read the original text used a translation which has played a role of greater importance in English literature than almost any other book except the King James version of the Bible. The famous translation of 1581 was highly esteemed by the writers of the period.

We have the word of Nash that it was laid under heavy

contributions by these dramatists. This translation influenced the form, the style, the manner, the choice of themes, and the treatment of these themes. While ascribing this commanding influence to the translation of 1581, it should be said that although this was the first complete English translation of the plays of Seneca, all the plays which are translated in this volume had previously been published in the form of individual and separate translations except the fragmentary *Thebais*. We should remember, also, that there were genuine scholars in those days as well as in these, and that Latinists did not need the English translation of 1581; they went directly to the original Latin, and made versions of their own for dramatic purposes precisely as we should do today if a Latin play were produced in English by an American or English university; some member of the university would naturally make a translation for the occasion. Some of the translations of these Elizabethan Latinists were more elegant and accurate than the English version of 1581.

It would be easy to multiply quotations which would give convincing testimony to the commanding influence which Seneca either in the original Latin or in the version of 1581 exerted upon English literature. Perhaps the most famous and most familiar criticism upon the influence of Seneca is that of Nash in the preface to Greene's *Menaphon* (1589): "English Seneca read by candle light yields many good sentences"; "Seneca let bloud line by line and page by page, at length needes die to our stage." This jibe is evidently not directed toward the real scholars who went to the original Latin, but to those whose knowledge was confined to the translation.

In conclusion we may recapitulate the traces of Seneca which we have found in Elizabethan drama:

Seneca's division of plays into five acts separated by choral passages is exactly imitated in our earliest tragedies, as, for instance, in *Gorboduc*.

In the Elizabethan dramatists we find long descriptive and extended philosophic disquisitions and rhetorical expositions. The scantiness of the scenery of the Elizabethan stage may account in part at least for the descriptive passages, the Renaissance love of fine language and of what was known as *eloquence*.

*tia* may in part explain the reflective and the rhetorical and philosophical passages; but to a writer familiar with these features of Seneca it would be impossible wholly to escape the influence of these characteristics in his own writing; when we find the same marked peculiarities appearing in many of the Elizabethan writers it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that we have here a direct influence of Seneca.

The thoroughly melodramatic element in Elizabethan tragedy is a direct inheritance from Seneca.

The chorus of the plays of Greene, Peele, Kyd, Marlowe, and even of Shakespeare are an inheritance from Seneca.

In some Elizabethan plays we have not only ghosts and infernal spirits, but we find these ghosts combined with the chorus, thus forming an unearthly chorus, which may be a mere commentator on the action of the characters or may actually become the director of the action. This use of ghosts by the Elizabethan dramatists is a direct outcome of their familiarity with Seneca.

To this day some traces of the influence of Seneca survive; but, with James Shirley (1596-1666), "the last of the great race," as Cunliffe calls him, we find a clear and distinct revolt from the mannerisms and the traditions of Seneca. Even Shirley, however, found it impossible to abandon the themes of lust and gore to which a long training in Senecan tradition had accustomed the English audiences and the English writers.

We have confined ourselves in this study to the influence of Seneca upon English tragedy of the Elizabethan period. Elizabethan comedy and the influences which shaped or modified it would form the theme of a fascinating study which would take us into fields where the name of Seneca would sound but faintly. The student of Ralph Roister Doister would go to Plautus for his original sources rather than to Seneca. But the student of *Gorboduc*, the student of Elizabethan tragedy as a whole, must go to Seneca if he really desires to learn the origin of many of the most characteristic features of the tragedy of that period.

Boston University.

## HOW EMERSON PREPARED ME TO PLAY THE WRITING GAME.

ELEANOR WILBUR POMEROY, '11.

Once upon a time—and not so very long ago, neither—I was wandering through the jungle of Junior year at Emerson, and the depths of the jungle were pleasant depths, but withal intricate. Midway the journey, on a day in Rhetoric class, a new path opened, and it was Harry Seymour Ross that blazed the trail—a trail on which I have ever since tramped.

I remember that on this particular day Dean Ross appeared in class with a huge bunch of manuscripts under his arm. From the papers which he deposited on the reading desk he drew out, among others, a short-story written by me—a story which had been sorted from the manuscripts by one of his readers as worthy of the Dean's special criticism. The story, after correcting it as the Dean suggested, was published before I was graduated from Emerson College. It was the first notch carved by me on the writer's trail. The story had something in it about the odor of violets. At the time the Dean commented on my treatment of the sense of smell. Just that hint has been invaluable to me. It has been the starting point of several stories where I have treated my plot from the effect produced by the sense of smell.

To return to Emerson. All phases of the courses there helped to lighten the writer's jungle which I had chosen. Of course I was unusually blessed in being editor of the *EMERSON MAGAZINE* for two years and, believe me, ye gods and goddesses (Dr. Ward taught me to so avow when I was a Freshman), I got a liberal education out of that magazine. In classroom I had the marvelous inspiration from the study of the masters, and I fairly absorbed form and style and the use of words. Returning to the preparation of the magazine, I studied the work of present-day writers. It was my custom to spend from two to three hours a week in the periodical and the fine arts department of the Boston Public Library, keeping in touch, through the current magazines, with the men and women of the present day who are building the literature of tomorrow. I knew La Gallienne and Eleanor Hallowell Abbott and Edna Ferber

and Gouverneur Morris and Arnold Bennett and James Hopper and Maeterlinck and Walter Prichard Eaton better than I knew many of my college mates. These writers were my friends because their souls had spoken to my soul.

To the preparation of the magazine I took with me all that the Emerson classroom brought from the masters of the past and present, and with care and patience and as much square-jawed grit as I could muster I tried to make of the magazine at least the essence of what I thought Emerson College stood for. I began to cut and print readings from the stories of present-day writers. I gained much from correspondence with authors and their publishers. From constant practise I learned to write a fair business letter or a personal request, and to say just enough and no more. I worked longer on some letters of personal request to authors than I worked on many of my editorials—writing and rewriting until I had whipped my letter into the shape that I thought it should assume. And never in the two years I was editor did an author fail to respond to a letter sent him.

The Kipling course at Emerson fired my enthusiasm, and it occurred to me that it would be a fine thing to print in the magazine some four or five selections from Kipling, to whom I wrote for permission to use the poems I had selected. There came not many weeks later from across the water a letter from Rudyard Kipling saying: "Yes." I am sure that that letter of permission was sent because I had taken pains in phrasing my request. All this I tell you—"scraps"—if you will—but, to me, blazed trees along the writer's jungle, and that part of the jungle belonging to Emerson College.

At the starting point—the Emerson point—on my jungle road, I laid in a store of the fine enthusiasm that permeates the school; you can't be there very long before you get it; it rings on opening day in President Southwick's opening address and in the message of every other member of the faculty, and if you have decided to close your ears and your heart to the spirit of Emerson, you may as well know that you are on the wrong trail. Even the occasional indifferent new student, after a time, gets the enthusiasm. It creeps, creeps in, and it can't be stopped any more than the dawn of a new day.

I have never gotten away from this enthusiasm which I have made a peg on which I hang my present free-lance work. And because this is so, I don't rail at the fates, when I have not had accepted, for instance, an essay on the cosmic consciousness (which was stupid, anyway). And I am content when I have had accepted a human story (of which more ought to be written) of Clarence Hawkes, blind poet-naturalist, treading the dark trail. And I don't feel badly when manuscripts come back with rejection slips. I don't feel badly, for I load my file with a hundred registered articles, to which I add every week, and when any return I hustle them along to new fields. It is the enthusiasm that keeps me going. And I first caught the gleam of it at Emerson College.

\* \* \* \* \*

When in the quiet time—the rest time in my jungle, I hear echoing the cry: "Genius is the capacity for infinite pains," I want to tar and feather the expression as it flies through the jungle paths—I want to tar and feather it, even though I do not belong to the more favored group of geniuses. For to my mind genius, if it can be defined, is more than that. In the jungle of letters one might keep to the beaten trail and might plod and plod and plod, and, with head bent low, retrace his steps when the wrong trail had been struck. Genius is more than the capacity for infinite pains; it is more to the one, like myself, who can get the Vision of it only as is seen through the soul of the master workmen. Genius is more than the capacity for infinite pains, and I believe that Emerson College was close to the Vision when, in my jungle, she taught me to look up to the sky; I believe she was close to the Vision when she taught me to take joyous breaths of free air; I believe she was close to the Vision when she taught me to listen to the voices and music of the trail; I believe that Emerson College was close to the Vision when, in my jungle, she taught me to turn my face toward the Infinite.

## DRAMATIC INTERPRETATION.

EVALYN THOMAS, '03.

[Evalyn Thomas is in England and America well known as a platform artist. Miss Thomas' thoroughness in platform preparation may be known from the fact that she spent a year at Oxford studying under Professor Murray, the "Electra" of Euripides. To the drama she brings marvellous interpretative power.]

The field for the reader is open, and always will be, but in this transition period the majority of our work must be popular and pictorial, full of originality and spontaneity, force and dramatic fire. If we are working out a drama we must make our characters akin to people we know, human beings, not some far off ideal in the air. Portray characters that are so interesting and so charmingly real that it takes a lot of art to support them. The more human we make our characters, the more we touch the vibrating heart of humanity, the harder we have to work. How much longer it takes, how much more deeply we touch life to delineate Ophelia as a real woman, "driven mad by grief" than to present her as some delineate her, an ideal idiot, giving not one single emotion in common with a woman's sorrow. Find your Beatrice in real life, whose intellect and high animal spirits meet and excite each other like fire and water, whose wit plays about her like lightning, but one who gives more importance to persons than things. Arthur Bourchier, London's most fascinating actor of today, says: "It is the knowledge that the drama is not understood that leads to slovenly haphazard performances of indifferent plays, and the knowledge that music is understood that has led to the improvement which the past ten years have seen in performances." The drama must be an art that can teach many, many things to those persons who wish to learn.

The successful manager knows that his people want entertainment and he gives it to them. He is not to be censured, nor the people. It is the age in which we live. Life is so strenuous, competition so keen, recreation so needed a man wants to laugh, not to think.

The highest returns at the largest theater in Seattle, Washington, this year were the pictures of Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables." Such pictures and the performance of pageants will

no doubt do much toward drawing an educated public and creating an interest in the serious drama later on. We, as readers, can often through suggestion create a greater effect to put before the mind's eye a picture which no scenic artist can hope to represent.

Our highest standard should be simplicity in art. We get an example of this from the humble peasants who present the "Passion Play." I heard Arthur Bourchier say: "Its very simplicity impresses the imagination, and the most case-hardened critics who deride the notion that there can be *no* acting outside London or Paris or Berlin or Vienna, remain to pray and to sing their *Nunc Dimittis* in the village. I shall never forget the beauty of the scene in which Christ washes the feet of the Apostles. I saw tears trickle down many a cheek as the actor with unstudied grace moved from one to another and performed the service with exquisite humility, creating an effect which words cannot express."

Now is our time to create a serious practical interest for the art that finds its expression in the spoken word. Let us search for stories that have real men and real women, and let us work to make them so strikingly human, but strongly supported by art, that we will make people listen and remember whether they want to or not.

---

#### VOCAL DEFECTS IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

MARION C. JOHNSON, '07, '09.

(*Voice Specialist in charge of the Department for Vocal Defects in the Public Schools of Minneapolis, Minn.*)

Many large cities have established a department for Vocal Defects in their public schools, where children afflicted with stammering, lisping and other like difficulties have an opportunity to overcome these troubles.

These departments are meeting with marked success, and other cities are planning to organize the same work as soon as competent voice specialists can be found to take charge of it.

In Minneapolis this work is being combined with instruction for the deaf.

The need of this work is evident, for it was found that there were over 200 children in the public schools of one city with very serious voice defects. It has been found that it is real economy to establish such a department, as most of the children with voice defects were constantly repeating their grades and every child that repeats is a double expense to the city. The children are retarded, not because of dullness, but because they can't talk well.

Every child that stammers is a serious menace to the others, for children are very imitative, and one stammerer soon causes more. He retards the work in the room, for each time he is called on to recite he takes so much more time that often he is not allowed to recite at all. A child that is not called upon soon becomes inattentive and idle, and every idle child is a serious disturbance in a schoolroom.

The stammering child will be handicapped all his life unless he overcomes his difficulty. When one stops to remember that no foreigner with a serious speech defect is allowed to enter this country we realize how serious a thing it is not to be able to speak well and how very necessary for more attention to be given to these most distressing but most curable of maladies.

It was formerly thought that stammering was a strange and incurable disease, but patient gentle treatment, if directions are followed in the home, will always overcome the difficulty.

There are, unfortunately, many absurd theories as to how to cure stammering, some of the favorite remedies proposed for the poor victims are, nodding the head, swinging the arm, tapping things, grunting between every word, beating time with their finger, and so forth. Laughable as these remedies are they are mild compared to the drastic treatments used in olden times, when the sufferer thought himself lucky if he escaped with no worse treatment than having a piece cut out of his tongue.

Today in the schools the stammering child is given great care; no one is allowed to mock or frighten him or speak severely to him. His health, comfort and happiness are first

considered, then fear is eradicated from his thought, and he is taught to speak slowly and easily.

No child is allowed to have voice work unless the parents will work with the Specialist and follow the directions absolutely. Part of the work consists in visiting the homes to see that the conditions are favorable for the child.

Another interesting side of the work consists in giving the public school teachers instructions in dealing with voice defects.

The voice and speech of the average school teacher has been the indirect cause of many voice defects among school children, for a sharp voice and hurried manner of speech always affect a nervous child.

The children remain in the Department for Vocal Defects until they are cured, when they are returned to their schools, but are watched for at least two years.

[The following directions for parents of stammerers are given in the Department of Hygiene in the Minneapolis Public Schools under the direction of Marion C. Johnson]:

It is, as a rule, an easy matter to teach a stammerer to talk correctly for a short time. The real difficulty is to prevent him from returning to his old habit of stammering.

There are two reasons which cause the stammering to return:

1st. Because, after he is able to speak correctly he does not continue to practice the exercises that enabled him to overcome the stammering. These exercises should be practiced every day for at least six months. A year would be better.

2nd. Because daily habits of the stammerer and the conditions in his home are not favorable for a complete cure.

Realizing that parents and guardians are anxious to do all in their power to have the cure permanent, we have arranged the following simple instructions, which must be carried out. Remember, that if these instructions are not faithfully observed, the child will be very likely in a short time to begin to stammer again.

1. The child must continue to practice the exercises that enabled him to overcome his difficulty for a half hour every day for at least six months.

2. Never allow him to speak unless he speaks slowly.

3. Never speak in a quick, sharp way to him. When disobedient, he must be punished, but not startled.

4. He should not attend moving picture shows. The exciting nature of these shows is bad for any child, the worst thing possible for a child with a tendency to stammer.

5. He must not drink tea or coffee or eat much candy. He must have wholesome, nourishing food, such as eggs, milk, beef steak, lamb, cereals, fruit, etc. This food must be eaten at regular hours.

6. Compel him to eat slowly. You can do this by making him chew each mouthful 30 times before swallowing.

7. Never allow anyone to tickle him or frighten him.
8. Never discuss murders or accidents before him. He must not be excited.
9. Keep a close watch over what he reads. All literature of the dime novel sort about detectives, murders, Indians, runaways, etc., must be forbidden.
10. See that he goes to bed early, nine o'clock at the latest. Be sure that there is fresh air in his bedroom.
11. Watch carefully to see that he does not use tobacco. Many boys from the best homes smoke cigarettes on the sly. *Be sure that your boy does not.* Be careful with whom he associates.
12. Keep him out in the fresh air as much as possible, and don't let him read too much.

---

### TEACHING PHYSICAL TRAINING.

BERTHA LOUISE COLBURN, '91.

What advice can I give the young teacher of Physical Training? What, after an experience of many years as teacher and supervisor, in the grades and in the high school, can I say that will be of real help? This: *Systematize.* You are well prepared technically, and your enthusiasm will carry you over many hard places, but from the beginning, you must systematize. Systematize your work and your play. Perhaps your working schedule is made out for you, but what do you do with your leisure hours? If you are to advance in your profession, you must read and study continually, not only your own special branch, but the widely different subjects which contribute to a broad education. If you would keep at the highest notch of physical health, and this is necessary if you are to succeed, you must obey the laws of hygiene, not forgetting that cheerfulness and happiness are the best tonics. "A good time" is an absolute necessity; yet you must choose what this social diversion shall be. Do not say: "I have no time for society," forgetting the many half hours you fritter away in useless chatter. Plan your leisure schedule as carefully as you do your school time.

Now about your classes. Unless you are an under-teacher in a large city, you will be allowed to make out your own course of exercises. Study to grade your work carefully, giving the old exercises long enough to accomplish results; introducing new ones to sustain interest; and gradually advancing

from simple to complex. Fortunately, the beginner who teaches only free-hand work has various "Day Orders" and "Graded Physical Exercises" to assist her; yet she must choose carefully adapting her "system" to the needs of her particular pupils. Are your scholars the pampered darlings of the rich, who are also taking regular lessons in dancing, fencing, driving, etc? They probably need the mental and physical effects of Swedish exercises. If they are awkward boys or girls of the rural districts, they need a system which will combine work for correct posture with the relaxation which will give gracefulness. If they are city children who do not have the old-fashioned play-recess to interrupt the study strain of the long forenoon, do not continue the mental strain by giving them Swedish gymnastics, but give them rhythmical imitation exercises, which produce mental and physical relaxation along with the postural and nutritive effects.

Your pupils may need the abandon which comes from folk-dances, or the ease of aesthetic dances, and you may be able to arrange outside hours for teaching these if the regular school time or space preclude them. You may be instrumental in securing a play recess for city pupils, and in laying out a course of games for them to enjoy under direction of their regular teachers.

In planning a gymnasium course, the problem is more complex. Here also the course must depend upon the age, social condition, etc., of the pupils. You would not give the same work to an evening class of working women as to an afternoon class of children. Boys, of course, would take different exercises from those given to girls, but you probably will never teach a gymnasium class of boys. The work for the whole term, or in case of a high school, for the whole number of years, must be laid out at the beginning. You know, in theory, that you must plan work for all parts of the body, and you will find it somewhat difficult in the gymnasium to guard against overworking one part of the body. A common fault is giving too much leg-work to muscles already well exercised by long daily walks. Many teachers give too much time to tactics, spending whole periods in perfecting fancy marches, when the organs of the trunk are crying for exercise. Some

instructors waste many minutes daily in getting the classes onto the floor. If the pupils have but a forty-minute period twice a week, and ten minutes daily are spent in the dressing-room, they need to exercise as much as possible in the remaining time. Precious minutes will be wasted also if discipline is lax. In fact, strict discipline in the gymnasium is of the first importance, and a little time at the beginning of the term spent in making the pupils understand that attention and obedience are required, will, in the end, be time saved.

If you are teaching young girls in the first year of the high school, study carefully each girl's physique, and do not allow the weak ones to take "heavy work," which may injure them. Even the healthy girls must frequently be restrained from over-exertion at basketball, or on the apparatus.

Finally, do not teach Physical Training unless you "just love" it. If you do not enjoy the work, you will find it too wearisome to be endured; but if you would "rather exercise than sit still," you will find this training of human bodies to become instruments of soul-expression is a most glorious profession.

---

#### HISTORY OF THE EMERSON COLLEGE CLUB OF HARTFORD.

It was in the year 1908 that Miss Elizabeth Barnes conceived the plan of forming a club of Emersonians. On the evening of Wednesday, March 4, six earnest, loyal-hearted Emersonians met at the home of Miss Clara M. Coe, where steps were taken for the organization of the Emerson College Club of Hartford.

There were three preliminary meetings, and on October 13 the first annual meeting was held. The first list of officers was:

PRESIDENT . . . . .	MISS IRMAGARDE ROSSITER
VICE-PRESIDENT . . . . .	MISS ELIZABETH M. BARNES
SECRETARY . . . . .	MRS. SARAH HANDY McCLINTOCK
TREASURER . . . . .	MR. THOMAS CURRY
<i>Executive Committee</i>	
MISS BARNES	MRS. DRESSER
	MISS COE

The club, while giving much of its time to study and quiet sociability, has since then presented "The Rose of Plymouth Town"; given a Colonial party; "An Evening with Yates," "Land of Heart's Desire," and "A Pot of Broth"; an afternoon with Burns, and a banquet for Emersonians throughout the state, at which President Southwick was the guest of honor. At various times the club has entertained Mrs. Southwick, Mrs. Elsie Powers Corwin, Mr. Charles Kidder, and President Southwick.

Ths last year we had the pleasure of having with us Mrs. Charles Wesley Emerson, entertaining her at luncheon and spending a delightful afternoon, which made the older graduates almost feel the presence of their honored and much-be-loved leader.

To our club belongs the honor of having asked for the observance of Founder's Day, and the joy of participating in its observance.

Delegates have been sent to the banquets in New York and Boston, returning with fresh inspiration for our little band. We have numbered some twenty-five Emersonians from time to time, some having left to reside in different parts of the country, and new ones coming to take their places. This year we are studying parliamentary law under the leadership of Mrs. Campbell.

Our present active membership numbers thirteen: Mrs. Clare Plummer Dresser, Miss Clara Coe, Mrs. Marion Blake Campbell, Mrs. Caroline Grimley Reid, Mrs. Golda Tillspough Curtiss, Mrs. Julia Smith, Miss Eunice MacKenzie, Miss Martha Spencer, Miss Ruth Adams, Miss Ethel Denison, Miss F. G. Darrow, Miss Maude Fiske, Miss Bernice Loveland.

BERNICE LOVELAND, *Secretary.*

#### HISTORY OF THE EMERSON COLLEGE CLUB OF GEORGIA.

Georgia has always felt for Emerson College a love and loyalty which time, change, and distance could not lessen.

When old Emerson College was a very young college, Georgia sent as her representatives a group of young women, some of

---

whom became teachers in the College itself. They "blazed the trail"—and it was well done—for since then the march has been steady and unbroken.

There has never been a time since the early days of the school when there was not a goodly number of Emersonians throughout the state, working steadily and faithfully,—in high schools, colleges, universities, studios, and on the lecture platform. The unfailing belief that what was being offered had behind it something *true* has won the reward of recognition and approval.

Much has been done—but much more can be done! For while standards have been steadily raised and the Emerson system has grown far-reaching in its influence, still we have felt that we are due greater recognition, especially from the educational world.

With this thought in mind, and feeling, too, the need of a co-operative effort, a group of us came together last March and definitely organized ourselves into "The Emerson College Club of Georgia." The meeting was held at the home of Mrs. Merrill Hutchinson in Atlanta. A small but enthusiastic group was present, each one eager for the accomplishment of something worth while. Officers were elected, a constitution adopted, and plans made for the year's work.

Since then we have had most encouraging support from Emersonians throughout the State, and also from others not directly connected with the work.

The value to each member of such an organization is already making itself felt, for each one approaches the subject in his own way, and sums up his experience for the good of all.

We hope, too, that such an organization may be of some help to the college itself. We have made our membership broad enough to include "associate members," who through work and association in our club may some day find it possible to know Emerson College itself.

We have put ourselves in direct contact with the Drama League Movement, of which Miss Carolyn Cobb, our Vice-President, is State President. We believe this offers a broad field for us, inasmuch as the Drama League Movement is doing so much to control popular entertainment and amusement.

The November meeting will be held at Brenau College,

Gainesville, the college home of Miss Florence Overton, who has one of the largest departments of Oratory in the South, and who has done so much in promoting Emerson principles throughout the state.

The officers of the club are:

*PRESIDENT . . . AUGUSTA BLANCHARD CENTER  
State Normal College, Athens, Georgia.*  
*VICE-PRESIDENT . . . CAROLYN E. COBB  
Lucy Cobb Institute, Athens, Georgia.*  
*SECRETARY-TREASURER . . . FLORENCE M. OVERTON  
Brenau College Conservatory, Gainesville, Ga.*

We send cordial greeting to all other clubs, and to Emerson College heartiest assurances of our love and loyalty.

AUGUSTA BLANCHARD CENTER, *President.*

#### HISTORY OF THE EMERSON COLLEGE CLUB OF BOSTON.

Emersonians of Boston ought to have been wide enough awake to have formed the first Emerson College Club, but as Hartford, Conn., woke up a little earlier, Boston must be content with being the second such club formed.

However, we are not satisfied with resting idly and letting others lead. The Emerson College Club of Boston means to keep in the vanguard if loyalty and enthusiasm of its members can do it, and we think that it can.

The first formal presentation of the question of such a club was made by Mrs. Annie Carpenter Burdett, class of '02, at the Alumni banquet on May 9, 1907, and met with an enthusiastic response.

Then came the days of slow detail, borne by the usual few, which resulted in a committee of five being appointed to work out ways and means, followed by a committee of three to draft a constitution and by-laws.

The heart of this constitution is its "Object," which says, "The object of this Club shall be three-fold, social, literary, and to further closer relations with our *Alma Mater*."

From then to the present, meetings have been held regularly once a month, from November to May, inclusive, either at the

college rooms or at the homes of members, when we greet old friends and classmates, all Emersonians. And gladly do we welcome visitors from other clubs. Also, at any time, members may bring guests by paying a small fee.

Many fine and interesting programmes have been presented by friends and members of the club.

Our pledge to the Endowment Fund, of five hundred dollars, has kept us busy earning the money by entertainments and sales, but that pledge is being slowly redeemed.

Through President and Mrs. Southwick and Dean Ross we keep in constant touch with the college, its work and its advancing aims.

Another club year has started, and we are looking forward to being once more together, and shoulder to shoulder carrying on our work.

HETTIE B. WARD, *Secretary.*

---

#### ALUMNI NOTES.

The Emerson College Club of Hartford held its November meeting at the home of Mrs. Marion Blake Campbell. Being the tenth anniversary of the club, Mrs. Clare Plummer Dresser presented a mahogany gavel with silver mounting to the club.

Mrs. Campbell gave the first lecture in parliamentary law, "The Formation of an Organization."

NOTE—A "Round Robin Letter," sent from the Hartford Club to sister club. Will the club through whose hands it has passed please communicate with Hartford club?—B. Loveland, 360 Fairfield Ave.

'92. "Little Lord Fauntleroy" was presented by the Mankats, Minn., normal seniors, under the direction of Miss Nellie Woodbury. The *Manhattan Press* says:

"It is seldom that an amateur production brings tears and spontaneous laughter, but this was true of last night's performance. The cast was trained by Miss Nellie Woodbury of the normal school, whose productions have never failed to be of the highest possible order, but last night's play must be given a place at the head of the list of successes which Miss Woodbury has directed."

'97. John Merrill, as head of the Oral, Reading and Expression Department in the Francis W. Parker School, Chicago, is actively engaged in producing and giving plays for the

school. He is director of the Dramatic League, participating in the management of dramatic work in the settlements. During October Mr. Merrill lectured for the Woman's Club at Winnetha on "The Place of the Drama in the Education of Young People." At the La Salle Hotel he spoke on the "Children's Theater."

'98. Dr. Walter B. Swift during August gave a lecture course with practical work in the Voice Clinic. The following is an outline of the series of lectures:

August 2-3, as follows:

1. Introductory: Outline of the lectures.
2. From Cause to Complex in Stuttering.
3. The Forms and Theory of Stutter Treatment.
4. An Illustration of the Triple Stutter Treatment.
5. The Theory Amplified, Especially the Triple Method.
6. Application of the Triple Method of Treatment.
7. After Treatment of Stuttering.
8. Minor Speech Defects Hindering Education.
9. Organic Speech Defects, External Obstructions, etc.
10. Organic Speech Defects, Internal,—G. P., D. P., Aphasia, etc.
11. Organic Speech Defects, Nerve Involvement.
12. Relation of the Doctor and Teacher in Speech Disorder Cases.  
(One diagnose, the other train.)
13. Vocal Hygiene.
14. Teachers and Singers as Treaters of Speech Defects.
15. Feeble-minded Cases and their Cure.
16. Odd and Rare Cases.  
    Mongolian. Dumb, Deaf, Deaf and Dumb.  
    Imbecile. Tongue Operation.  
    Idiot. P. M. A., etc., etc.

August 3-4—Clinical Class in Minor Speech Defects. At first, observation of methods; after a lecture on the subject, patients are assigned.

August 4-5—Clinical Class of Feeble-minded Cases. At first, observation; later patients assigned to members of class for practical work.

August 5-6—Class of Stutterers. At first, observation; later, patients assigned.

'05.-'06. The marriage of Miss Marjorie Hatmaker to Mr. Charles W. Paul has been announced. They are now residing at University, Va.

'06.-'07. Mrs. Kate Wood Ray has been elected president of the Civic Service Club of Gary, Ind. The *Calumet* says:

"Mrs. Kate Wood Ray has been tireless in her work of organizing the women of her city in a movement which has for its object what she sincerely believes to be a more complete expression of motherhood. While there may be room for difference of opinion among students of social and political matters with regard to the advisability of woman suffrage, the great power and the high ideals of organized womanhood,

with or without the ballot, is recognized by all thinking people.

"Now that the women of Gary and Hammond have organized and will share with the men of the Commercial clubs the conduct of matters relating to the Calumet district, it may not be too much to look forward to a great development in all those things which constitute what we call civilization."

'07. Under the supervision of C. Bishop Johnson, the Department of Expression in the high school of South Bend, Ind., is winning honors, as shown by the laurels their students captured last year in the University of Chicago contest in Declamation and the Lake Forest College contest in Extemporaneous Speaking.

'08. Blanche Hodgkin is teaching Oratory in a high school in Gouverneur, N. Y. Miss Hodgkin recently delivered a lecture before the New York State Association of Elocutionists, entitled, "How to Teach Memory Selections."

'10. Bertha Fiske is spending the winter in San Francisco, Cal., where she is taking active interest in the labor movement, and contributing special articles to two daily newspapers.

'10. Eunice Story, instructor of Expression at Pittsfield, Me., visited college during the month.

'10.-'12. Vashti Bitler is engaged in Lyceum work in Eastern Massachusetts.

'11. The marriage of Miss Marion Gertrude Webster of Hancock, N. H., to Mr. Burdette Lee Farnham of Hartford, Conn., has been announced. Since Miss Webster's graduation from Emerson College she has taken an active part in the home church and social events, and has taught at the New England Chautauqua in South Framingham, Mass.

'11. Alice Flora Best is teaching in the Fort Loudoun Seminary, Winchester, Va.

'11. Announcement has been received of the wedding of Robina Gates of Montreal, Canada.

'11.-'12. Alice Conant has charge of the Expression work in St. Margaret's School, Buffalo, N. Y.

'11.-'12. Lucile Barry is doing work in Eastern Massachusetts for the White Entertainment Bureau. She will make Boston her home during the season.

'11.-'12. Madeline Randall directed the dances in the *Pageant of Meriden, N. H.* This pageant-drama celebrated the 100th anniversary of Kimball Union Academy and the history of the country. The episodes followed their united fortunes down the hundred years through prosperity and vicissitude to the finale, which was the dramatized idealization of the mission that the town and Academy together hold nobly before them.

'12. *The Haverhill Evening Gazette* writes of Maude Smith:

"Miss Maude Smith of Boston, a graduate of the Emerson College of Oratory, has been playing with the stock company at the Orpheum this week, and as the schoolmistress in the play scored a success in a line of vivid character acting. Miss Smith, who has made a specialty of emotional roles is possessed of singular talent and interpretative powers, and she has had exceptional advantages of study with the prominent dramatic instructors. She has a number of Haverhill friends, and was entertained by them during her week's stay in town."

'12. Maude Fisk has accepted a position as teacher in the Oratory Department of the Normal School at Bloomsburgh, Pa.

'13. Besides teaching at the Wyoming Seminary (Pa.), Alice Faulkner is touring the states of New York and Pennsylvania with a glee club. They are giving several concerts every week-end.

'13. Mabel Clow is filling numerous local reading engagements in her home in Rochester, N. H.

'13. Edith Walton, besides doing local reading work, is filling a position in the Allentown Y. W. C. A. (Pa.)

'13. Bertha Gorman visited college on several occasions during December.

'13. Gertrude Green was unable to accept her teaching position, because of an accident which happened early in the fall. She is now recuperating at Sanford, Fla.

'13. "When Women Rule," a play by Evalyn Rees Norcross of Washington, D. C., is being published and will be staged by the Suffragists.

'13. Josephine Penick is filling numerous reading engagements successfully. Her miscellaneous programs are composed of scenes from "Taming of the Shrew" and "She Stoops to Conquer," with selections from Kipling and Browning.





ALLEN A. STOCKDALE

CHAPLAIN OF EMERSON

1906 - 1914

# The Spring Baseball "If"

(With apologies to Kipling)

By REV. ALLEN A. STOCKDALE

If you can run without too loudly puffing,  
If you can slide and not forget the bag,  
If you can talk without too plainly bluffing,  
If you can stand the fans that yell and nag;  
If you can hit when men are on the bases,  
If you can steal, when stealing means a run,  
If you can judge the flies in many places—  
It matters not though hit to wind or sun;  
If you can catch the fellow swiftly stealing,  
If you can nip the runner at the plate,  
If you can play, no matter how you're feeling,  
If you can keep the fans convinced you're great,  
If you can wait, when pitchers lose their bearings,  
If you can bunt and make a sacrifice,  
If you can score on leads and lively darings,  
If you can put and keep the game on ice,  
If you can keep above three hundred batting,  
If you can keep from talking to the Ump—  
If you can knock home runs against the slating,  
If you can keep the pitchers on the jump,  
If you can do all this and not get heady,  
But keep your feet on earth when all is done,  
If you can measure up to this, you're ready  
To be a Tristram Speaker then, my son.



# The Emerson College Magazine.

---

VOL. XXII.

JANUARY, 1914.

No. 3

---

ALLEN A. STOCKDALE

VERSE-MAKER, RILEY-LOVER, BASEBALL MAN, PREACHER.

AN APPRECIATION.

Over in Toledo, Ohio, Allen A. Stockdale has begun his work as pastor of the First Congregational Church of that city. This is not alone to tell you that Emerson without her Chaplain has a lonesome sort of feeling, but it is also to tell you that she feels that he belongs to her still and always will—even when new classes and new faces and new halls come—classes and faces and halls that have never known the cheery smile of the man who swung in every morning with a green cloth bag under his arm. Perhaps they don't carry green cloth bags in Toledo; they tell us that green bags are indigenous to Boston alone. Be it known, though, that many a weary, lonely—yes, heartbroken student has watched Mr. Stockdale's green bag of a morning when he entered the chapel. And if a peep through the wings of the platform were available many a student has watched as Emerson's chaplain drew from out the green folds the Bible that was as much a part of himself as his cheery smile.

How he could read the Scripture! *How he could read it!* Not a sentence—not a word—not a syllable was unimportant as he read. It was not unusual for him to supplement his selections with a brief talk that left its impress for long on his hearers. He had a way of getting what he had to say home—to stay. Among the Emerson lecturers he was a favorite.

"There is never a cap without a handicap," he told us in his last address before the students. At Emerson the supreme beauty of his life has permeated the school. The man has gone to other lives and other hearts of a big parish in the middle West (that's *our* handicap)—but here the fragrance of the life lingers (that *our* cap)—lingers for always; time even cannot fade the beauty of thought that Mr. Stockdale implanted in the lives of those whom he touched. For always it is there, lighting the way of matchless dawns; cooling the heat of weary

noondays; lingering in paths where rests the glow of fading twilights—always the fragrance will linger.

Yes, we're missing him; the men of Boston who knew him intimately are missing him; the chosen friends whose custom it was to drop into his study for a chat now and then are missing him; Union Church is missing him—and all the while in the heart of another great city he—a man of the people—is working—working, yes, and *playing*, too—for Mr. Stockdale believes in wholesome play. Mostly he plays at baseball—and rests by reading Riley and writing verse.

He says, "Pull out the spark plug and let the motor rest." "Pull out the spark plug and let the motor rest," says he.

#### THE BROOK-SONG.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

(*Mr. Stockdale has said so many times that he wished there might be a volume of Riley on the desk of every businessman in the great cities. That volume would prove a storhouse filled with enjoyment. It is the message of a poem like "The Brook-Song" that Mr. Stockdale wishes might reach more tired hearts. "The Brook-Song" is one of Mr. Stockdale's favorite Riley-poems.*)

Little brook! Little brook!  
You have such a happy look—  
Such a very merry manner, as you swerve and curve and crook—  
And your ripples one by one,  
Reach each other's hands and run  
Like laughing little children in the sun!  
  
Little brook, sing to me:  
Sing about the bumblebee  
That tumbled from the lily-bell and grumbled mumblingly,  
Because he wet the film  
Of his wings, and had to swim,  
While the water-bugs raced round and laughed at him!  
  
Little brook—sing a song  
Of a leaf that sailed along  
Down the golden-braided center of your current swift and strong,  
And a dragon-fly that lit  
On the tilting rim of it,  
And rode away and wasn't scared a bit.  
  
And sin—how oft in glee  
Came a truant boy like me,  
Who loved to lean and listen to your lilting melody,  
Till the gurgle and refrain  
Of your music in his brain  
Wrought a happiness as keen to him as pain.  
  
Little brook—laugh and leap!  
Do not let the dreamer weep:  
Sing him all the songs of summer till he sink in softest sleep;  
And then sing soft and low  
Through the dreams of long ago—  
Sing back to him the rest he used to know!



Every man has in himself a continent of undiscovered character.  
Happy is he who acts the Columbus to his own soul.—*Sir J. Stevens.*

## NOTES ON THE ELIMINATION OF MINOR SPEECH DISORDERS.

### III. MONOTONY.

BY WALTER B. SWIFT, M. D.,  
E. C. O. '98.

*A Definition.* Monotony of voice is persistent sameness of vocal elements. These elements are pitch and intensity, which usually make the monotony of which we speak. There are also other vocal elements that may lend the shadow of monotony to vocal utterance—such as uniform high register or low register, and even some few others. But sameness of pitch and intensity are the principal elements of monotony that are amenable to treatment and therefore the only ones we need to consider here.

*Cause.* The causes of monotony are numerous. Of the many things that keep pitch and intensity uniform and unvaried the following are the most frequent:

*Absence of Thought and Emotion:* When students of vocal psychology see a change in the voice they look into the mental makeup to find the cause of that change. Sameness of voice means sameness of mind. This may range from the greatest mental acts to the smallest workings of mentality. Absence of thought and emotion, whatever may be the cause of it, is surely a cause of vocal monotony. This is clear enough in the idiot and imbecile, where we know thought has a very limited range. It is less easy to understand that many of those about us also have little thought and little or no emotion; or this

might be qualified by saying little change of thought or variety in their emotions. We easily see this when we turn and study those about who have uniformly sounding voices, and when we become more intimate with their inner life through long association, we find their dearth in variety of thought and emotion the cause of the vocal monotony.

*Lack of Responsiveness:* For the mind to express itself through the voice, there needs to be the ability of the vocal mechanism,—the lungs, vocal cords and resonant chambers—to respond, and respond in an almost infinite minuteness. But with many there is merely a rough, limited, hampered response of the vocal mechanism even to minutely changing thought or great variation in emotion. So that whereas in the case cited above we have no variety of mental life to vary a voice, here we may have a complicated variety as far as thought and emotion are concerned and still get a monotony of voice merely because in the external vocal mechanism there exists a lack of responsiveness.

*Radical Conservatism:* The intensely conservative mind—if dominated by that element almost wholly—shows a peculiar monotony of voice hard to put into mere words. An acquaintance who graduated from Harvard and taught in Vermont once said, when blamed for the even tenor of his voice, “Well, you see, I come from the old New England families who can’t lose their heads over anything modern.” That showed where his mind was centered, and pictured the complex that was the cause of his vocal uniformity.

*Exclusive Intellectuality:* This means an invariable intellectual activity that takes no part with emotion, enthusiasm, expressing activity only so far as to be ever controlled by such intellect. Thus great men—great intellects—may have monotonous voices. A Harvard professor came to a voice specialist once and complained that his voice always tired his audiences. The reason was in the monotony resulting from giving his hearers nothing whatever in his discourses but the same presentation of a certain kind of experimental truth.

*Ennui:* When tired, the vocal mechanism cannot respond, monotony from lack of responsiveness mentioned above. The former is a passing fag, the latter a permanent habit, or pathological condition, or lack of development.

When tired, muscles, vocal cords, and other agents have lost the energy for minute response. The teacher who instructs from 4 to 6 hours a day knows that those closing hours—if monotony appears—are her worst—the pupils are not interested, the work goes slower and the class learns less. Thus from fatigue comes monotony.

*Disease:* Illness in many forms results in a uniform vocal enunciation that is changed only by attacking the disease itself, if curable.

It is out of the province of this brief paper to consider these, but they deserve at any rate a mere mention.

The convalescence of aphasia in its motor form, the severer forms of chorea, the bulbar form of infection with the spirochita palida, the permanent damage to the muscles of phonation, as found in progressive muscular atrophy and many other nerve and brain conditions, are cases of disease each affecting the vocal mechanism in its own peculiar way and to be reached and treated only by the nerve specialist. Thus disease can cause monotony and often the physician needs to be called to determine that no disease lies lurking in the background and that therefore the vocal trainer can feel free to proceed. And this suggests the mistake that many voice trainers—especially those who try to treat defects in speech—when treatment for defects is initiated without first ruling out all disease processes by a thorough physical examination. Thus should teacher and physician work together—each in his appropriate place—neither of which places can be usurped by the other—both to the same end of final cure.

*Treatment:* Monotony is easily treated. Singing lessons are good; exercises for vocal flexibility are enough when monotony is to be removed from the speaking voice alone. Where responsiveness is at fault, where incorrigible conservatism or developed intellectuality dominate, then more extensive and deeper process of remodeling one's whole life processes and habits are necessary if permanent vocal variation is the proffered excellence. Then, too, whether it is worth while should be considered. Ennui may be banished with rest, and disease referred to the doctor.

The teacher then comes in for the larger proportion of cases

to be treated with exercises for flexibility by breathing, prolonged notes, varied notes, and other procedures of like tenor. With this he can relieve the commoner forms of vocal monotony.

---

### ATALA.

BY CHATEAUBRIAND.

DRAMATIZED BY ANNA OLcott COMMELIN.

#### *Argument.*

Chactas goes to battle with his father against a powerful nation of the Floridas. His father is killed. Chactas is wounded, and carried to St. Augustine. An old Castilian named Lopez takes him to live with him and his sister. They become very fond of him, and educate him with care, but the young Chactas pines to return to savage life. He enters the room of Lopez, dressed in the garb of a savage, bow and arrows in one hand, and European garments in the other, which he returns to his generous protector. He addresses Lopez, falling at his feet:

Lo, at thy feet, behold thy ingrate son!  
The wounded stripling thou didst cherish well.  
Thou, Castilian noble, heard my tale,  
And, moved with pity, took me to thy heart,  
Taught me thy language, masters didst procure,  
And made thy home, thy sister's home, my own.  
But after thirty moons had waned at length  
A spell came o'er my spirit. Long I stood  
In contemplation of the distant woods,  
Or still I sat, watching the stream's slow course,  
And thinking of the forests whence it flowed,  
And for the desert wild my soul would pant.  
My native land! O father, I must die  
Or know once more the free, the savage life!

LOPEZ. What dost thou mean, boy? Whither wouldst thou go?

I am astounded! Thou to leave the home  
Where thou hast been adopted as a son?  
Dost know the menace of thy deadly foe?  
Thy life shall be the forfeit, if again  
Thou faldest victim to thine enemies.

CHACTAS. Forgive, O father, if thou deemest me  
Unworthy all thy love and care for me.  
A child of nature, her free life is mine.  
I pine,—I long to see her wilds again.

LOPEZ. Go then, my son! No longer shall I dare  
Oppose thy wishes. Each one for himself  
Must learn in his own breast the chosen way.  
Take thou thy course. And wheresoe'er thy steps  
May turn, reflect that thou didst find  
True hearts to minister in thy sore need.  
God of the Christians, guide, protect this son  
Of my adoption! Save him from the foe!  
Bear him in safety to his forest home.

*Chactas sets forth, is lost in the woods, and meets the enemy*

A SEMINOLE SPEAKS: A stranger! 't is a Natchez!  
note his dress!  
The feathers on his head proclaim his tribe!  
Seize him and bind him! Let him not escape!  
In the great village thou shalt die by fire.

*As night comes.*

CHACTAS. I hear a murmur in the rustling grass,  
Half-veiled I see a woman by my side.  
The flames from yonder forest pile reveal  
A face all beauty and a form of grace;  
Her soft, sad eyes are full of tenderness,  
Her long, dark lashes heavy are with tears.  
Gleams on her breast a golden crucifix.  
Art thou the maiden of the last fond love?

ATALA. Thou dost mistake, for I am Atala,  
A daughter of great Simaghan am I,  
He of the golden bracelets, chief in war.  
Art thou a Christian?

CHACTAS. I do not forsake  
The genii of my hut.

ATALA. I pity thee,  
Idolater. A Christian maid am I,  
Pledged by my mother.  
Soon we go from here  
To Alachua, where thou art to die.  
*With these words, Atala rises and vanishes.*

*Chactas is tied to the trunk of a tree, a warrior by his side.*

CHACTAS. Day after day the weary march went on,  
Night after night had sleep's refreshment fled,  
But in the darkness, Atala drew near  
And charmed my gaze and heart with tender spell,  
At length the green savanna fair appeared,  
Set in the hills, whose summits high are crowned  
With copal, oaks, magnolias, lemon trees,  
But here I'm bound!

*Atala appears by a fountain, near a sweet gum tree.*

ATALA. Huntsman, dost thou not wish  
To chase the roe-bucks swift on yonder cliffs?  
Thy prisoner I'll guard while thou art gone!  
(*To Chactas*) Thy fetters are but weak; thou canst  
escape.  
Let me unbind them! Save thyself! Oh, fly!

CHACTAS. Take back thy gift!

ATALA. Alas! has reason fled?  
Ah, hapless youth, thou seemest to forget  
That thou wilt perish in the cruel flames.

CHACTAS. Alas! I too once, wrapt in beaver-skins,  
Clung to my mother, knew my father's hut,  
But now I wander homeless and alone.

Soon I shall be no more, nor lives one friend  
To save my ashes from the winds that blow.  
Alas! if but thy heart would speak like mine!  
Is not the desert free to all who seek?  
In the green forest we may make a home.  
O thou more bright than youth's first dream of love,  
O my adored! come share the wilds with me?

ATALA. Alas! Alas! Must my heart melt in tears?  
Hapless my fate who cannot fly with thee!  
O shall I plunge within the fountain's depths?  
O let us fly the darkness of this cave.  
But fly thyself, O Chactas, leave me, fly!

CHACTAS. Without thee, never! Bind me once again,  
Else to the camp alone I speed my way.  
The moon shines silver on the pine trees tall,  
The air is heavy with the amber sweet,  
And love is heaven, and heaven is love with thee.

ATALA. God of the Christians, help me keep my vow!

*Four warriors approach to seize him.*

WARRIOR. Lest thou offend the genii of the night!  
Wait, O great Mico, till the coming dawn.  
Order the dance, kindle the fire's glow,  
Stretch Chactas on the ground, and bind with cords  
His neck, and tie to spears sunk in the ground  
His hands and feet. Place guards upon the ropes  
And he shall not escape our vigilance.

*After a time all sleep except Chactas. He hears Atala.*

ATALA. Hist! Chactas! Rise in haste to follow me  
In stealth past the enclosure! On we speed!  
But we escape and in the solitude  
Of the lone desert we shall be at dawn!

*Morning in the desert.*

CHACTAS. Northward we bend our course with roving steps  
Guiding our path with moss upon the oaks.  
The desert spreads its boundless solitude,  
Where stray we, lonely, helpless, and forlorn.  
Look, beloved,  
Behold the hanging moss upon the oaks.  
So white it gleameth, that, when night draws near  
Yon lonely oak a spectre soon will seem,  
Enveloped in his shroud-like drapery.  
The lofty cedars, swaying in the breeze,  
Rock in their airy nests the birds to sleep.  
Sometimes I find for thee the lotus flower  
With purest draught, like hope in sorrow's heart.  
Why seemest thou so melancholy, Love?  
Sometimes thy fond eyes gaze into my face,  
Then shuddering, thou turnest quick away.

ATALA. As shady groves, in sultry heat of day,  
As verdant landscape, decked with flowers of spring,  
O, my beloved, thus I cherish thee!  
Alas, that I can never be thy wife!  
O mother dear, absolve me from my vow!

(*Atala to Chactas.*)

Dost hear those groans, my friend, and dost thou see  
Those flames that dart about me from the ground?

CHACTAS. These are but fancies, dearest; heed them not!  
I clasp thee in my strong and tender arms,  
And here I'll build a hut and spend our days.

ATALA. Think what thou owest to thy country, friend!  
A warrior hath his duties to fulfil!  
A poor weak woman I! Take courage then!  
A son of Oatalissi! murmur not  
Against the destiny decreed to thee!

CHACTAS. O Atala, thy heart unfold to me!

How sweet to tell our thoughts unto a friend!  
I see! thou weepest for thy native hut!

ATALA. O child of nature, wherefore should I weep?  
The land of palms was not my father's land.

CHACTAS. Thy father lived not in the land of palms?

ATALA. Before my mother brought to Simaghan,  
As marriage portion, oxen, beaver-skins,  
And oil of acorns, mares, and treasures rich,  
She had a white man for her first fond mate.  
But she was torn from him and forced to wed  
Great Simaghan, by all revered as Chief.  
But I was not the child of Simaghan,  
But daughter of the Spaniard—her first spouse,  
And like herself, I am a Christian too.

CHACTAS. Who was thy father, then, poor orphan child?

ATALA. I only know  
He lived at St. Augustine and with him  
His sister dwelt, and Lopez was his name.

CHACTAS. Daughter of Lopez! oh, my sister thou!  
My benefactor's child! O Atala!  
Thy father was my friend!  
My kind protector and my father too!  
Sister! nay, let a nearer tie  
Be ours with nuptial pomp to grace our love.  
To Heaven I turn my eyes in these drear wilds—  
To thee, Great Spirit, O Eternal One!  
The forest trees that bend their lofty heads  
Form verdant canopy for bridal couch;  
As hymeneal torches seem the pines  
That flame. The torrents roar and mountains groan.  
Sublime the storm which crowns our marriage rite.

*(Thunderbolt fells a tree close by, forest fills with smoke.)*

*They fly. Sound of bell is heard and barking of dog. A venerable hermit with lantern in hand appears.)*

HERMIT. Blessed be Providence! I've sought you long!

In storms like this we ring our bell at night,  
As signal for a straying traveller.  
We teach our dogs to track the wanderer's step.  
Mine followed yours when the fierce storm began.  
Praise the Almighty! great His mercy is!  
Take this bear's skin, young maiden, and this wine!

ATALA. Heaven sent you here to save me, Chief of Prayer!

CHACTAS. Old man, what heart is thine! Dost thou not  
fear  
The lightning's flash, the crash of thunderbolt?

HERMIT. Fear! When I knew the peril that assailed,  
The danger to my fellows from the storm?  
The servant I of Christ?

CHACTAS. But knowest thou  
That I am not a Christian?

HERMIT. Did I ask  
What thy religion? Christ did die for all!  
Glory to God, but not to humble priests,  
Weak men, but tools of the Omnipotent.  
I am a pastor in these deserts wild;  
My cell is near. Come, follow me, and rest,  
Though poor, it will be refuge from the storm.

(*In the Hermit's cell.*)

HERMIT. Sit by my firelight glow. I bake a cake  
Over the cinders, and I offer you  
Cream of the walnuts in a marble vase.  
The clouds do scatter in the eastern sky;  
The burning forests in the distance blaze;  
The rivers overflow in oozy waves.

ATALA. Alas, O Father, our unhappy fate!

HERMIT. Dear child, thy sufferings offer up to God!  
Tranquility He will restore to thee!  
He who dispels the raging tempest's blast  
Can heal the deepest wounds of heart of man.  
'Tis nearly thirty years  
I've dwelt within these wilds, in this lone cell;  
The wandering tribes were few here, when I came,  
And fierce their customs, wretched, too, their life;  
I made them understand the word of God,  
And taught them arts and true simplicity.  
Here, at the mountain's base, in unison,  
They live together as one family.  
Apart from men, alone I contemplate  
God's greatness in these boundless solitudes,  
And here I wait the coming on of death.  
I give no laws. I teach my people love  
For one another, and to pray to God  
That they may find a better world at length.

CHACTAS. O mystery! not only on the earth  
But in my heart I feel that God descends!

*(By torchlight Atala is seen, pale and dishevelled, eyes obscured by film of death, lips trying to smile.)*

HERMIT. 'Tis but a fever slight. Take heart, my son.  
Resign ourselves to God. In His good name,  
He will compassionate His children still.

ATALA. O Father, 'tis the cold, cold hand of death.  
O Chactas, hear the secret I concealed—  
My mother vowed me to the Virgin Queen.  
O fatal vow that brings me to my grave!  
Before my mother died she said to me:  
"Daughter, the vow that I have made for thee,  
Thou knowest, 'tis thy mother's sacred pledge.  
Come, my beloved, and swear with crucifix

That thou wilt keep the contract made with Heaven.  
If thou refusest, then forever more  
My soul will wander in eternal pain."  
O Chactas! now thou knowest all my grief!  
I clasped my dying mother, taking pledge  
To all she bade.  
Happy was I to be the spouse of God!  
I saw thee, young and beauteous prisoner!  
I wept for thy misfortunes and I felt  
For the first time the horrors of my vow.

CHACTAS. (*To Hermit.*) Is this religion that you praise  
to me  
An oath bereaving me of Atala?  
Your God is hostile to great Nature's plan.  
Man! Priest! what art thou here for in these wilds?

HERMIT. To save thee from thyself, impious youth!  
To turn away the wrath of Heaven from thee!  
Now dost thou dare repine against thy God?  
What are thy merits? What then hast thou done?  
What needy hast thou helped, O wretched man!  
Thou canst but offer youthful ardor's glow,  
And dare arraign high Heaven. When thou hast  
Spent years of exile on the mountain top  
Thou wilt not lightly then accuse thy God!  
Then wilt thou learn thy knowledge is but nought,  
That thou thyself art nothing: thy deserts  
Would bring but torment for thy blasphemy.

CHACTAS. Low at thy feet a suppliant I beg  
Forgiveness for my rash impiety!

HERMIT. Not unto me bow down, nor pardon ask;  
No more unworthy servant than myself  
Has the Omnipotent. Why despair?  
O Chactas, 'tis sublime religion  
Which makes a virtue of the brightest hope.

ATALA. Entreating thee to fly, yet knowing well  
That I should perish if thou didst forsake,  
I followed thee into the wilderness.  
If it had been the loss of mine own soul,  
Alas! no hesitation had been mine!  
But O, my mother!  
Supreme felicity to know thy love,  
To share thy toil, and spend my life with thee,  
What dreams of love distracted all my thoughts,  
In transport wild!

HERMIT. Sorrow disturbeth thy bewildered brain.  
Nature doth not endow with love's excess.  
So, unto God, it is less criminal.  
'Tis but thy mind's unreal delirium,  
And not the act of an unworthy heart.  
So, too, dear daughter, with thy maiden vow.  
God doth not crave excess of sacrifice.  
Then cheer thy broken heart and courage take.  
Seek the Almighty all thy wounds to heal.

ATALA. (*Convulsed.*) Then all had not been lost?  
There had been absolution from my vow?  
Or must I perish at this very time?

HERMIT. Comfort thyself, dear child, and soon for thee  
Shall be a woman's happy lot in love.

ATALA. Ah, no!

HERMIT. Why not?  
What hast thou done?

ATALA. A crime! a dreadful crime!  
I've lost myself!  
But mother, O my mother, thee I saved!

HERMIT. What, poison! Ah!  
We lose the precious moments, Chactas; then  
Like Christians we will face the storms of fate.  
Let us implore God's mercy! Even yet  
It may not be too late!

ATALA. Alas! Alas!

There can be no avail, no remedy;  
I scarce can hear thy voice. Do the birds sing?  
Faint grows each object to my dimming eyes;  
The sun is setting now. How bright 't will shine  
Upon my tomb in the lone wilderness!  
Forgive me, friends! To die so young!  
Will the Great Spirit pardon me my crime?

MERMIT. My daughter, if thy time is come to sleep  
In the Lord's bosom, little dost thou lose  
In leaving earth, for 'neath the cabin's thatch  
And in the palace hall doth sorrow dwell.  
Queens weep and tears flow from the eyes of kings.  
Dost thou regret thy love? As well, my child,  
Regret a dream. Dost know the heart of man?  
Canst reckon the inconstancies of love?  
Sooner canst count the sea waves in a storm.  
Care comes and tears to all who live and love.  
What are the affections of this mortal world?  
For you the robe of white and virgin's crown;  
Methinks I hear the Queen of Angels call.

ATALA. Words of peace

Are thine, O Father, with their healing balm.  
Chactas, I crave forgiveness!  
Untie the crucifix about my neck;  
Wear it in memory of Atala!  
If thou didst love me, young idolater,  
Embrace the Christian faith, oh, faith divine.

(*Burial Scene. Hermit and Chactas.*)

HERMIT. It is the hour of burial, my son—  
We bear her to her last low resting-place,  
We place the lovely maiden in her bed:  
Her snowy bosom like a lily looks  
That lifts its fair head from the verdant mould.  
While lived thy love, I pressed thee to remain  
Here in the desert. All is altered now.  
Thy native land doth claim thee. Be thyself!

Go! be a comfort to thy mother's age!  
 Behold the light of morning in the east,  
 The birds are singing yonder on the cliffs.  
 Grief cannot be eternal. The Most High  
 Will send His balm of healing to thy soul.  
 The spirit of thy love will follow thee.  
 O Atala! farewell to Atala!

## HIDDEN ENJOYMENTS

THAT THE POETS HAVE FOUND.

[Marmoreal Solemnity of sorrow, the sweet Companionship of friends and books, Appreciation of nature in her varied adornments and the Love of the commonplace — these — these are the Beautiful Things that make for Hidden Enjoyments.]

"O for a booke and a shady nooke  
 Eyther in doore or out,  
 With the greene leaves whispering overhead,  
 Or the streeete cryes all about;  
 Where I maie reade all at my ease  
 Both of the new and olde,  
 For a jollie goode booke whereon to looke  
 Is better to me than golde."

## NATURE'S PICTURE BOOK.

I like the pictures best of all  
 That hang upon the sky's great wall;  
 The sailing clouds that hurry by  
 To make the port of Sunset Sky;  
 The emerald blue that follows rain  
 To welcome sunshine back again;  
 The moonless blackness of the night  
 When every star's a beacon light;  
 The cold, hard, grayness ere the rain  
 Has washed the air all clean again;  
 The blush of morning when the sun  
 Peeps o'er the hilltops one by one;  
 The golden glory of the sky  
 When day is done and says "Good bye,"  
 There's always something new to see  
 In the sky's great picture book for me.

*School Arts Magazine.**—Wilhelmina Seegmiller.*

## FACES.

In the eye that lights to meet us, and the face that smiles to greet us  
 Are the shadow of the future and the impress of the past;  
 And the cheek that, in its dawning, flushed as rosy as the morning  
 Shows the outline of its beauty, as it fades away at last.

And the little children's faces 'mid their dimples are the traces  
 Of the maiden's glowing beauty and of manhood's brow of care;  
 And the prophecy of gladness, and the shadow of the sadness  
 To the thoughtful eye that gazeth are they lurking ever there.

But the faces that are nearest, and the faces that are dearest  
 Are the true, the tender faces that our trust and loving win;  
 Then, when comes to them the shading, when the roses shall be fading  
 Like the vase with light illumined, shall we see the soul within.

—*Anna Olcott Commelin.*

#### A COMMONPLACE LIFE.

"A commonplace life" we say as we sigh—  
 But why should we sigh as we say?  
 The commonplace sun in the commonplace sky  
 Makes up the commonplace day.  
 The moon and the stars are commonplace things  
 And the flower that blooms and the bird that sings,  
 But dark were the world and sad our lot  
 If the flower failed and the sun shone not,  
 And God, who studies each separate soul,  
 Out of commonplace lives makes his beautiful whole.

—*"Heart Throbs."*

#### SORROW.

Count each affliction, whether light or grave,  
 God's messenger sent down to thee; do thou  
 With courtesy receive him; rise and bow  
 And, ere his shadow pass thy threshold crave  
 Permission first his heavenly feet to lave,  
 Then lay before him all thou hast: allow  
 No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow,  
 Or mortal tumult to obliterate  
 The soul's marmoreal calmness; grief should be—  
 Like joy—majestic, equable, sedate,  
 Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free;  
 Strong to consume small troubles; to command  
 Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to the end.

—*Aubrey T. Devere.*

#### THE INFINITE.

Beyond the open window, in the gloaming,  
 A curving reach of sand that lines the bay;  
 Beyond the sand, where wild sea-birds are homing,  
 The breakers' thundering roar, the reef-tossed spray.  
 Beyond the breakers, where no eye can measure,  
 A rainbow and its dangled pot of gold;  
 Beyond the rainbow and its faëry treasure,  
 The Happy Isles are gleaming as of old.  
 Beyond the rainbow, as the darkness closes,  
 One tiny, twinkling star shines bravely down—  
 A gem that in the night's black hair reposes,  
 Above the filmy sable of her gown.  
 Beyond the star, beyond the night—ah me!  
 What would the longing heart not give to see?



## SOME SOURCES OF AESTHETIC APPRECIATION.

BY EDWIN DILLER STARBUCK.

It is our most common and most baffling experience in matters of aesthetic enjoyment that our certainty of high excellence in works of art is far in excess of our ability to see wherein its merit lies. You may sit before a beautiful picture. It appeals to you. You glow over it. Some great truth seems to be coming out of it into your heart. Your friend chances along, and asks "What is it exactly that you see in this picture?" You try to tell and fail. At length in your extremity you turn upon your friend and accuse him of obtuseness, or as a last resort you take refuge in an indefinite phrase. You say of the piece that it is altogether "artistic."

How commonly do we try to account for an actor's skill by calling up his fine "personality" or strong "individuality." We describe the delicacy of a musician's art by speaking of her "touch." We explain the warm, homey quality of a dwelling place by its satisfying "atmosphere." What do we mean by such blanket terms as individuality, personality, atmosphere? I propose to take such uncertain terms and make them a little more specific and definite. How does the personality get over into the art? What happens when the indescribable beauty of art passes over into the observer.

Let us say it depends upon three things. In the first place the great artist is a person who is obsessed with some great idea, or ideal, or passion. His life is aglow with some worthy impulse. He has become an emancipated soul in possession of himself, and in possession, too, of the truth of things. That

is the well-spring of all art,—a heart in love with beauty. I wish to be a special pleader for the wisdom of the heart as against the knowledge of the intellect. As Wagner truly expressed it he is only then an artist who learns to "follow a deep inner necessity, which is the only true necessity." But this is still as indefinite as before. "Truth," "the heart," "inner necessity"—what are these, and how do they operate? We shall have to turn our backs for the moment upon this first explanation and seek help in the other two.

In the second place artistic creation or aesthetic appreciation depends upon the fact that this thing we call the personality, or consciousness, of the organism is marvellously sensitive to outside influences. Whatever is happening without the self is playing upon it in marvellously intricate ways of which we are not at all conscious. The third principle is exactly the counterpart of the second. Whatever is happening within the self, any least impulse, volition, sentiment, or idea is getting itself expressed in infinitely more delicate ways than we can know unless it should be proven to us by the help of science. We shall take up these two principles in order.

How sensitive is consciousness to what is going on without it? It is more sensitive than any instrument we know—more so than the photographic plate, or the thermopyle. With such delicacy as these instruments show are all of our nine or ten senses catching impressions of the life around. It should mark a turning point in the history of our thinking about the mental life since psychology has demonstrated beyond the possibility of doubting that we are constantly forming clear conscious judgements on the basis of impressions so small that they cannot be brought within the range of perception. I am to speak for the moment about imperceptible perceptions, and of their influence on consciousness. I shall refer to just enough of the various types of experimentation that have been performed to make the point clear.

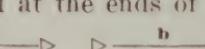
Professors Jastrow and Pierce carried on an experiment like this: two objects differing only by a little in their degree of illumination are exposed together for an instant of time from behind a screen to a person seated in front of it. The difference in the degree of illumination is so slight and the exposure

so short that the observer cannot tell which is brighter. Had the imperceptible difference between the two objects had no value to the mind the guessers in the long run, just like those of the heads and tails in the flipping of a penny, should have been approximately 50 per cent right and 50 per cent wrong. But strangely the guesses piled up on the side of a right judgement, that is, our conscious judgements, are made on the basis of imperceptible impressions.

Again Professor Singer working with a somewhat similar apparatus exposed to the observer sitting in front of the screen pairs of similar and other pairs of slightly dissimilar objects. The dissimilar pairs are made just so different that with a brief time of exposure the judgements of difference are right in about 80 per cent of the trials. Then the observer is required to tell the respect in which the figures differ. This, however, they are able to do correctly only in about 20 per cent of the instances; that is, general right judgements of difference are three or four times as accurate as the estimates of specific difference. Mark Twain, a psychologist without the title, illustrates this fact of the accuracy of general judgements over and above any reasons that can be given for them in the "Yankee in King Arthur's Court." The Yankee would train the King into the guise of a peasant so that they two might go unnoticed among the poor and study the social conditions of the kingdom. He worked upon the King's gait, the stoop of his shoulders, his speech, his dress, until at last all were complete. When he drew the King up on "dress parade" he looked "as little like a peasant as anything you ever saw." He had to admit his entire failure. "But Lord!" he says, "I might just as well have whistled." No one can tell why a King is a King, but everyone recognizes him at sight.

This kind of thing has been demonstrated for practically every kind of sense experience. Brueckner has shown it for touch sensations. He ascertained the least amount of pressure that can be perceived on each of two distant points of the skin. Let us say that the least amount of pressure that can be perceived is ten grains. Now if an imperceptible amount of pressure be placed simultaneously upon two spots, the sum of both being more than ten grains, consciousness is able to take

note of its pressure. The two separately are imperceptible. Zero added to zero should give zero. Instead of doing so it gives a positive quantity. Consciousness stands in behind and creams up the infinite number of infinitesimal impressions and fuses them into a definite result. Is not something like this happening in observing the picture or the actor? The mind is being impressed by a score of hundreds of minute details none of which can separately create a clear aesthetic judgement. But one is able, nevertheless, to harvest up the combined value into a more or less accurate judgement. We "intuit" the value of a work of art. Our criterion may well be like that of Coleridge in estimating the truth of the scriptures. That is true "which finds me," he says. We have the right to feel sure of somewhat more than we can cognize. The wisdom of the heart is greater than the knowledge of intellect.

But lest we should be tempted to vaunt ourselves and dogmatize, let me hasten to say that we harvest the nothings also into wrong judgements. If two pairs of daggers pointing in reverse directions be placed at the ends of two equal straight lines a and b thus,  they appear to be of unequal length. It has been shown that if, in the laboratory, imperceptible shadows which imitate the daggers be cast upon the lines these will likewise cause the illusion. The artist no more than the scientist or religionist has any right to become too cock-sure in his estimate of things. The truth of art must be tried out constantly in the rough school of experience.

We must content ourselves by referring to but one other type of evidence of the principle in question. It was first brought out years ago by Professor Mosso of Turin with refined pieces of apparatus by which the rate and quality of pulse beat and the distribution of blood to different parts of the body are highly magnified, and finally registered. They show that even the slightest stimulus to any of the senses causes an all pervasive response of the entire organism in ways in which the person himself can in no wise be conscious. Each of these microscopic bodily changes corresponds, we are coming to believe, to similar changes in the mental states and processes. These changes do not at all follow the lead of clear

ideas. On the contrary our ideas are conditioned very largely by the quality of organic changes that are taking place. Mosso, and many persons since, have demonstrated that these responses occur even during sleep. These facts have led one of our physiologists to say that the mind is like a wind-swept lake which is constantly impelled by the winds of experience.

Enough has been said to impress this simple truth of the extreme sensitiveness of consciousness. If the conviction of it is secure we have then reached this vantage ground in understanding the life of art; namely, that much of its truth has come into the artist from his subject, and from the art work into us as observers from sources that have not been and perhaps never can be matters of cognition and rational interpretation.

Let us now turn to the last topic we were to consider, the counterpart of the foregoing. The mental life or organism is almost indescribably delicate in its modes of expression. Whatever is going on in the heart or mind is getting out constantly. Sin will out; so will goodness and beauty. They do so all pervasively. Every thought or impulse in the life anywhere is finding its expression in millions of ways during every moment of one's waking and sleeping life. How does one know? Place the microscope, let us call it, upon the body and watch its behavior when one is entertaining even a passing thought, or harboring supposedly a hidden feeling. The body responds to it throughout its marvellously complicated structure. Mosso showed this truth simply, though crudely, by placing a person prone upon a nicely balanced platform, like a teeter board. If the finely adjusted fulcrum brings the body in complete equilibrium upon the platform, and the person is required to think of the most insignificant problem in arithmetic, for instance, the end of the board on which the head lies swings downward showing an increase of blood in the head. This we know is one of the conditions of increased mental activity. Now refine the apparatus still further, as has been variously done, and it is clear that one can think no thought, nor will any act, nor experience the slightest pleasant or unpleasant feeling without the entire muscular circulatory and respiratory systems showing the effect in indirect ways of

which one could never be conscious without the help of such instruments. It is in this wise that any secret thought, and every feeling supposedly hidden in the deepest heart is passing out and forming the "atmosphere" that others may breathe. We have seen how the sum of the infinite number of nothings are intuited by those outside. Their sum constitutes what we mean by "personality."

A further illustration of this principle is found in the study by Professor Sanford of the unconscious movements of the larynx during silent reading. Persons were required to read aloud, then in a whisper, and then entirely to themselves, with an instrument placed upon the larynx which should magnify its reactions and record them upon a revolving smoked drum. The movements of the larynx during silent reading are almost as numerous, though less in amplitude, as in the case of reading aloud, although the persons are cautioned to read entirely to themselves. This is why a vocalist in listening to a concert rendered by another sometimes experiences the same sense of fatigue in the throat as if she herself were performing. She has in reality been rendering the selections without knowing it.

I must ask you to take on faith the many other evidences of the all pervasiveness of the organic responses that happen in response to every idea or impulse that passes through the mind. If the picture of it is fairly clear hold it against the back-ground of this other great truth that every one of these minute reactions is fixing the stuff of which we are made; that the qualities and tendencies of the stuff determine mentality; that the sum of all the habits and propensities within us *is* character. It was said by a wise teacher long ago, "Out of the heart are the issues of life," and "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he." The various experiments we are recounting are but the scrappy alphabet by which we spell out that profound law of life.

Are we not in a position now to understand how the artist creates successfully if at all? How, indeed, he sometimes builds better than he knows? Whence the wisdom of art? It comes but rarely from the intellect whose coarse thumb and finger fail to grasp the tender life of beauty, and whose bung-

ling words can never describe it. Out of the heart are its issues,—a heart obsessed with a passion for truth and beauty, and whose felt meanings call to their command the thousand million elements of the nervous system, and the million million other parts of the entire organism,—an instrument that dances in tune to the impulse within. Keith, the landscape artist, one day in response to a lively inspiration dashed off a painting in two hours that was a joy ever after to himself and to his friends. In his studio at the same time hung a colder piece of work, although upon a far finer theme, but which had not somehow originally been born out of the spirit of art. For two years he had tried in vain to analyze and correct its defects. True works of art are born only out of a deep inner necessity which is the only true necessity. Such urgings alone as grip the deeper self and obsess the entire personality can call to their service the whole complicated miracle of an organism that the artist is.

I recall with much humility that I am speaking today to those who are to become, in one important field, the creative artists of our time. How shall one become a true artist? I shall venture to offer but three precepts, and these shall follow the line of our three principles. The first precept is this: live in the presence of art and artists until imbued with their spirit and refreshed by their atmosphere. The effect of an environment of beauty upon the artistic temper is like that of nourishment in the soil to a growing plant. The mind like the plant digests its food by a process of unconscious assimilation. When Lowell lay stretched beneath the willow, feeling the earth beneath him like a thing alive, he "drank virtue in at every pore." The best of the life of art will always filter in through the pores of the mental skin. The good artist is one whose pores are open,—the sensitive soul whose life is delicately receptive. The kingdom of art is one into which the tough minded rarely enter. All minds are, however, absorbent. All are hungry for "copies." These copies make up the mental furnishing. Their fused resultant is an intellect directed by ideas of art. In proportion to the number and diversity of types that have entered in has one a rich mentality that may be aesthetically fertile. The greatest genius, other

things equal, is a most omnivorous copyist—not plagiarist. It has been proven in the laboratory that the most original students are the most skillful imitators. Hence it was that Shakespeare, who knew all the plots of all the plays and much of their spirit, could create as none other. How like rain and sunshine is the effect upon the mind of an object of beauty! How subtle is the influence of life upon life! The reason for it we have clearly seen. How simply true is the confession of Tennyson, "I am part of all that I have met." So I should say, hunt out the highest art and dwell in its atmosphere. Seek the truest artists and live in their presence.

The second precept is, hunger and thirst for the truth of art. It is not enough to expose one's self to its wholesome influences. One must go to meet truth and beauty a little more than half way. Out of the heart are its issues.

"Thou seest no beauty save thou make it first;  
Man, woman, nature, each is but a glass  
Where the soul sees the image of herself  
Visible echoes, offsprings of herself."

There is a temptation sometimes to suppose that an institution, a college, is a sort of factory for grinding out artists. One may so far trust the working of the machinery that each day is allowed to pass with absence of honest living and earnest striving. Every such day is spelling defeat. One may dream and dream of the glad day a-coming when the soul of art will hover about with blessing in its wings, and at the same time go drifting down the easy stream of expediency. The angels of beauty dwell only on the hilltops of honest endeavor. We sometimes imagine that great artists are born under lucky stars; that they are creatures of destiny. Could we not only lift the curtain on the stage on which they are acting, but get a glimpse behind the screens as well, we could find that they had been not so much creatures of destiny, but earnest souls who create destiny,—George Eliot, struggling with the problems of God, Freedom and Immortality; Robert Browning, meeting heroically each rebuff that turns earth's smoothness rough; Melba, trying and failing and trying again; Wagner, starving in Paris while aching for a nobler harmony of music that could use and transcend a thousand discords,—always

the hungering, striving, heroic soul. How such courage is sure of the crown of victory we have amply seen. The conscious will is the greatest of all the powers in the world. Your own attitude toward becoming a real, if not a great, artist rather than a cheap imitator or a petty trickster, will have almost everything to do with the outcome. The striving itself is marking out the sure path to the goal. "The thing we long for that we are for one transcendent moment." It were well for one who hopes to achieve success to take a peep occasionally into the stream of consciousness and observe what is happening there. What are the likes and dislikes, the longings, the tastes, the appetites, and the loves? At what does one laugh? If these things are predominately mean and muddy there is no mistaking the outcome. If they are pretty much all tending toward the good and beautiful and lovable one may await the outcome with serenity and satisfaction.

Our third and last precept is, cultivate a sincere personality of the utmost integrity, perhaps of beauty. How infinitely beyond our reach are the well-springs of personality! They draw from all the life there has been in the world from the earliest even down to our immediate ancestors, and from every day of our lives up to the present moment. Within certain limits we must accept the gifts that the gods have bestowed upon us. We have, however, been able to see that the forming of character is somewhat within our own grasp. We know how wonderfully the personality responds to the types we set before it and to those loves and longings that move within. If the heart is set upon beauty, it is, by the help of the Spirit of Things, putting over most surely into the texture of life that same beauty for which one longs.

I would leave with you one of the pictures that Plato, the consummate artist in literature, has given of Socrates, the pastmaster in the art of living. It shows the secret of how Socrates became a type for all time in that crowning art, and why his spirit is still upon us. Socrates and Phaedrus had walked out of the city of Athens one day and up the winding Ilissus. They sat at last upon a hill-side overlooking the city and talked throughout the day. They traversed in their conversation, as bosom friends might, a vast range of topics and

with a subtle interplay of moods varying all the way from jocose buffoonery to sentiments the most serious. As the shadows began to lengthen they rose, and Phaedrus said, "We must now return into the city." But Socrates tarried, and replied, "Let us not go hence until we have offered a prayer to the Gods that inhabit this place." The simple petition is a revelation of the secret of a life. It ran, "O Pan, and the other Gods who dwell here, make me beautiful on the inner man,"—just that and little more. We have seen how it is, even if there were no gods to hear—which there are,—the prayer of Socrates was answered by the mere act of making it. We have seen how that prayer could never stop within the life of him who prays. We know now most surely how it is that beauty may come into the life of each of us, and how it must pass out again and become a part of the beauty of the world.

---

#### ENJOYMENT IN AESTHETIC DANCING.

ELsie R. RIDDELL.

In this short paper I shall not attempt to say anything of the history of dancing, although some form of dance has been used as a mode of expression, throughout all ages and by all peoples. Neither shall I enter into an explanation of the art in its widest sense, but shall confine myself to that branch which we call aesthetic dancing, which is, we are told, "a definite combination of graceful movements, performed for the sake of the pleasure which the exercise affords the dancer or the spectator."

It is difficult to analyze the state of mind which this exercise produces in the performer or the spectator. Like many beautiful things, this emotion is well-nigh intangible, and is certainly very elusive when one attempts to capture it, and express it in mere words. Sometimes it does indeed appear to be a "hidden joy," but this is usually when the dancer is very young in his art, and has not learned to abandon himself to the sheer delight of being gracefully active.

In any exercise in which we take pleasure, there is "a feel-

ing of exhilaration, caused by an excessive flow of blood to the brain." In dancing, however, there is in addition to this "glow of excitement" a very pleasant sense of uniformity, in "a rhythmic succession of movements and pauses or spaces." This ebb and flow of activity, with its gradual increase and decrease in intensity, affects both dancer and spectator, in something of the way in which the listener is affected, by the emphasis of certain notes and phrases, in the playing of a musical composition. Indeed, there is a double joy, when graceful movements are wed to beautiful sounds, in perfect harmony, and the result is music to both ear and eye.

There is also distinct pleasure in the consciousness of perfect poise and bodily control, and in the knowledge that the succession of beautiful gestures and poses, with the exquisite lines of trunk and limbs, brings the art of dancing into close kinship with those of painting and sculpture. Nor must poetry be forgotten, although that leads us into the realm of interpretative dancing, which is, however, based upon the aesthetic or classic, with which we are most concerned here. Surely, the "moment musicale" and the "Papillon" of Pavlowa are in a sense, exquisite bits of lyric poetry.

All that is beautiful and ennobling in the realms of Art and Nature may be incorporated in dancing. It should be so if either performer or spectator is to understand the art in its fullest significance—the expression of beautiful thoughts about beautiful things, in a beautiful way. I shall close with a quotation from the time-honored speech of Florizel to Perdita, in Shakespeare's "The Winter's Tale."

". . . . When you do dance, I wish you  
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do  
Nothing but that; move still, still so,  
And own no other function; each your doing,  
So singular in each particular,  
Crown what you are doing in the present deeds,  
That all your acts are queens."

---

#### FACULTY NOTES.

A volume of poems, "Meditations in Verse," by Jessie E. Southwick, is now on sale at the college bookroom. During

the second semester fifteen per cent discount from the regular prices of \$1.00 and 60 cents is offered to the students.

Mrs. Puffer and Miss Smith spent the Christmas vacation in the mountains.

On Christmas Eve many of the students spent an enjoyable time at the Southwick home.

---

#### VITAI LAMPADA.

There's a breathless hush in the Close tonight—

    Ten to make, and the match to win—

A bumping pitch and a blinding light,

    An hour to play and the last man in.

And it's not for the sake of a ribboned coat,

    Or the selfish hope of a season's fame,

But his captain's hand on his shoulder smote,

    "Play up! play up! and play the game!"

The sand of the desert is sodden red—

    Red with the wreck of a square that broke—

The gatling's jammed and the colonel dead

    And the regiment blind with dust and smoke.

The river of death has brimmed his banks,

    And England's far, and honor a name,

But the voice of a schoolboy rallies the ranks,

    "Play up! play up! and play the game!"

This is the word that year by year,

    While in her place the school is set,

Every one of her sons must hear,

    And none that hears it dare forget.

This they all with a joyful mind

    Bear through life like a torch in flame,

And falling fling to the host behind—

    "Play up! play up! and play the game."

—Henry John Newbold.

---

#### A HIDDEN ENJOYMENT OF A WRITER.

"One of the foremost of American novelists, a man of real literary insight and of genuine charm of style, says that he can write as comfortably on a trunk in a room at a hotel, waiting to be called for a train, as in his own library. There is a good deal of discipline behind such a power of concentration; but it is a power which can be cultivated by any man or woman of resolution. Once acquired, the exercise of it becomes both easy and delightful. It transforms travel, waiting and dreary surroundings into one rich opportunity. The man who has the 'Tempest' in his pocket, and can surrender himself to its spell, can afford to lose time on cars, ferries, and at out-of-the-way stations; for the world has become an extension of his library, and wherever he is, he is at home with his purpose and himself."—Hamilton Wright Mabie.



## • BY THE EDITOR'S FIRESIDE •



### A FIRESIDE ENJOYMENT.

*'Tis a winter long dead that beleagures my door  
 And muffles his steps in the snows of the past:  
 And I see, in the embers I'm dreaming before,  
 Lost faces of love as they looked on me last;—  
 The round, laughing eyes of the desk-mate of old  
 Gleam out for a moment with truant desire—  
 Then fade and are lost in the City of Gold,  
 As I sit in the silence and gaze in the fire.*

—RILEY.

ON                    "A frequent reply to the question 'What progress are you making at college?' is this:  
 "GETTING      "Very good, indeed: I 'got by' in everything,"  
 BY."                says a recent article in the *Harvard Alumni Bulletin*.

"And, pray, what does 'got by' mean in the comparatively cold light of common sense? It means merely a passing mark, the result of third or fourth-rate work. Is it possible that any man good enough to be really worth educating can take any genuine satisfaction in work of a low grade? Is 'getting by' an adolescent pose? Is it an honest self-deception? Is the fault in a low standard set by those who accept the offerings of the 'getters by,' and pronounce them satisfactory?

"What person of average intelligence, when in need of professional help, feels any satisfaction in obtaining the services of low-grade doctors, lawyers, clergymen, engineers or teachers? Is college life a joke or a game merely? Must the intellectual and the moral dullness of the vulgarly 'fashionable' people set the standard of a college? Many such persons are

of a class which, no matter how fashionable its members are, may be described as 'men without a background.' What right have they to lower the standards of a great institution? Do not the magnificent advantages which have been afforded them, often by the sacrifices and generosity of better men, imply any obligations on their part? Are these obligations completely met by sneers at those who are doing their duty by the steady performance of honest work? As a matter of fact are not the greatest men, as a rule, the hardest workers? Is there any way of mastering any profession or any subject or any division of a subject without hard, honest work?

"If no 'royal road to learning' has been discovered, why continue the fatuous, inane, dishonest and dishearted pseudo-satisfaction in 'getting by'?"

The tendency to procrastinate and just "get by" is a handicap. Why not overcome this tendency? There is a real pleasure hidden in the overcoming of handicaps, and one has only to dust off the unused minutes and use them to be able to find that pleasure.

There is a satisfaction in feeling that something worthy of the time has been accomplished, a satisfaction in knowing that the recompense was honestly won, and a satisfaction in sensing the added power that one gains by genuine endeavor.

*"Lose this day loitering—'twill be the same story  
Tomorrow, and the next more dilatory;  
Then indecision brings its own delays,  
And days are lost lamenting o'er lost days.  
Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute—  
What you can do, or dream you can, begin it.  
Courage has genius, power, and magic in it,  
Only engage, and then the mind grows heated—  
Begin it, and the work will be completed."*

—GOETHE.

(Professor E. Charlton Black's article on the Elizabethan Drama, in the series of original Drama Studies for Emerson Club Study, will appear in our next issue.)

# The Emerson College Magazine.

EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY, BOSTON, MASS.

## EDITORIAL STAFF.

BELLE McMICHAEL.....Editor-in-Chief  
Post Graduate News.....DOCIA DODD  
Senior News.....JEAN WEST

VIRGINIA BERAUD..College News Editor  
Junior News.....EDITH GOODRICH  
Freshman News....PERCY ALEXANDER

ALBERT F. SMITH, Business Manager.

THE EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE is published by the Students' Association of Emerson College of Oratory, 30 Huntington Ave., on the 20th of each month, from November to May inclusive. Send all literary contributions to the Editor-in-Chief. Send all subscriptions and advertising to the Bus. Manager. SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.00 IN ADVANCE.  
Entered in the Post Office at Boston, Mass. as second class mail matter.

VOL. XXII.

JANUARY, 1914

No. 3



## THE QUIET HOUR AT EMERSON.

Y. W. C. A.

Fridays—2.00-3.00. Room 510.

"The yesterday doth never smile.  
The day goes drudging through the while,  
Yet, in the name of Godhead, I  
The morrow front, and can defy,  
Though I am weak, yet God when prayed,  
Cannot withhold His conquering aid.  
Ah me! it was my childhood's thought,  
If He should make my web a blot  
On life's fair picture of delight,  
My heart's content would find it right."

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

The Students' Volunteer Convention held its seventh international session from December 31 to January 4, at Kansas City, Mo. The Emerson delegate, Frieda Michel, reports over five thousand present, representing seven hundred and fifty-five colleges and universities from United States and Canada. The assembly comprised students, among whom were one hundred and sixty-five foreign representatives, college professors and general secretaries of the various Christian organizations.

Under the inspiring leadership of John R. Mott, the chairman

of this movement, all the speeches were full of convincing universal argument. Dr. Franklin, secretary of foreign Baptist Missions, presented the strongest appeal for universal missionary movement. Dr. Horton, from London, related many incidents showing the power of prayer and consecrated concentration. A well-known missionary worker, Sherwood Eddy, showed the pleasure which comes to those who cannot go to foreign fields, by doing their duty in aiding their missionary brother. Other lecturers of note were Secretary of State Bryan and Dr. McDonald of the Toronto *Globe*, each of whom tendered a hearty tribute to the international sympathy and understanding existing between the neighboring countries. It is well to close with a quotation from Robert E. Speer, whose ethical life sings into so many modern everyday experiences:

"Think—pray—talk to wise people, but do not take their word as final decision."

The first meeting in December was held by Miss Broad, secretary of the City Association. Miss Broad related in a very interesting way this department of the work. In brief she said, there are five hundred thousand girls in the Y. W. C. A. work today. The largest Industrial Association is at Colgate's in Jersey City. Another branch of work is among the cotton mills of the South, and "The Country Girls' Association," by which a number of small towns are helped.

After the meeting everyone was invited to stay and meet the two delegates to Kansas City from Boston University who attended the meeting. Tea was served by Dorothea Deming.

Isabel Burton and Vera Bradford read in Somerville during the month.

May Davis, Mary Morgan Brown and Ida Somers gave a program at the Civic Service House.

---

#### CANADIAN CLUB NOTES.

Maude Relyea gave readings at Wales, Ontario, and at Morristown, N. Y., on her way to her home in Toronto to spend the Christmas vacation.

Jennie Windsor visited relatives in Babe, Quebec.

Laura Curtis spent the vacation at her home in Hartland, New Brunswick, and had as her guest, Theresa Cogswell.

### THE SOUTHERN CLUB.

Under the enthusiastic leadership of Judith Lyndon, a new club has been organized in Emerson College, namely, the Southern Club, with the following officers:

JUDITH LYNDON	- - - - -	<i>President</i>
LUCY ROBERTS	- - - - -	<i>Vice-President</i>
E. MAY DAVIS	- - - - -	<i>Secretary</i>
STANLEY NEWTON	- - - - -	<i>Treasurer</i>

As the club was organized shortly before vacation, nothing has been done except to enroll all southerners as members. We are about twenty-seven strong. You will hear from the Sunny South later.

---

### CLASSES.

'13.

William Shakespeare's "Merry Wives of Windsor" was presented December 17th by the Graduate Class. Every character was clear and well delineated and the class received the heartiest commendation from both faculty and friends.

#### *DRAMATIS PERSONÆ*

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF	- - - - -	LILLIAN BROWN
FENTON, a gentleman	- - - - -	JANE RAE
SHALLOW, a country justice	- - - - -	LILLIAN AUNE
SLENDER, a cousin of Shallow	- - - - -	ROSE WILLIS
FORD   } Two gentlemen dwelling	{	MERTIE HUTCHINSON
PAGE   } at Windsor.	{	LUELLA MCKOWN
SIR HUGH EVANS, a Welsh parson	- - - - -	JEAN MATHESON
DR. CAINS, a French physician	- - - - -	AMELIA GREEN
HOST OF GARTER INN	- - - - -	IDA LESLIE
BARDOLPH   } Sharpers attending	{	DOCIA DODD
PISTOL   } on Falstaff	{	CAROLINE FERRIS
NYN   }		MARY CODY
ROBIN, page to Falstaff	- - - - -	EVA FELKER
SIMPLE, servant to Slender	- - - - -	INEZ BASSETT
RUGBY, servant to Dr. Cains	- - - - -	MARY BLANCHETT
MISTRESS FORD	- - - - -	BESSIE BELL
MISTRESS PAGE	- - - - -	OLGA NEWTON
ANNE PAGE, her daughter	- - - - -	FLORENCE HINCKLEY
MISTRESS QUICKLEY, servant to Dr. Cains	- - - - -	JOSEPHINE WHITTAKER
Servants to FORD,      THERESA COGSWELL, AMY LA VIGNE		
Scene—Windsor and the neighborhood.		

Drusilla Dodson and Bessie Bell passed the Christmas holidays at the home of Miss Bell's parents, Dr. and Mrs. A. R. Bell, in Enosburg Falls, Vt. They report snow nine feet deep on the level, numerous sleigh rides, snow-shoveling and skating parties.

Besides a recital which Miss Bell and Miss Dodson gave in the Opera House, they were readers at a meeting of the Taqua-haunga Club and also at the Modern Improvement League, where they gave a Kipling program.

On account of the heavy snow storms they found themselves stalled in White River Junction for the night. However, the event did not prove disastrous, for the parlor of the Junction House was thrown open and the young ladies gave a miscellaneous program, at the end of which Miss Bell gave a talk on "The Future Emerson College."

Inez Bassett read "The House of Rimmon" at the Woman's Club, Middleboro, Mass.

Florence Hinckley read at the First Methodist Church, Everett, the 28th of December. Part of her vacation was spent in Marblehead.

The following selections were read at a concert given by the Musical Club at the Civic Service House: "The Crutchett's Christmas Dinner," Charles Dickens, May Davis; "The Ruggles Dinner Party," Kate Douglas Wiggins, Jean Matheson, and "The Other Wise Man," Henry Van Dyke, Dacia Dodd.

#### '14.

#### SENIOR RECITAL.

January 8, 1914.

I. The Story of Patsey	Kate Douglas Wiggin
	Frieda Michael
II. "Talkin' 'Bout Trouble"	Carrie Jacobs Bond
	Minnie K. Henderson
III. Mercedes	Thomas Bailey Aldrich
	Mary Florence Bean
IV. The Love Affairs of James Carrington, Jr.	Anonymous
	Marie Vivien Dietrich
V. The Music Master	Charles Klein
	Elizabeth Lorraine Beattie

The Senior Class has returned from a very pleasant Christmas vacation.

Most of the members of the class spent Christmas at home. But a few had original plans of their own. Among these latter, Mrs. Langford and Miss E. Sullivan took a trip to Bermuda Islands.

Zinita Graf celebrated the season by visits to Bridgeport, Conn., and New York city.

During the month several of the Seniors gave readings at various institutions.

Jennie Windsor read at St. Mark's Church, Brookline, Mass.

Elsie Gordon has been appearing on programs given by the White Entertainment Lyceum Company. Among the out-of-town engagements are Newburg, N. Y.; Naugatuck, Conn.; Dartmouth College; Providence, R. I.; Worcester, Mass., and Gardner, Mass.

Meta Bennett read at Wrentham, Mass.

Isabell Tobin assisted upon a Christmas program in Lawrence, Mass.

Dorothie Wohlstadt gave readings at a Christmas entertainment given at Brockton Heights.

Alice Kent rendered several selections at a meeting of the Dorchester Club.

Francis Simons gave readings at a reception of the M. E. Church, Ariel, Pa.

Mildred Johnson read before the Hyde Park Y. M. C. A.

Mary M. Brown read at the Roxbury Settlement House, the Boston Civic Service House and the First Baptist Church.

Mae Davis read before the Florence Crittenton Circle, Brookline. Also at the Civic Service House of Boston.

Miss Timmerman gave a recital at Flat Brook, N. Y. Also an evening's entertainment at Ames, N. Y.

Ida May Somers read before the Red School, Boston.

## '15.

Many of the Juniors returned to their homes for the Christmas recess, but those who stayed in Boston report a very pleasant New England Christmas.

Evelyn Benjamin and Vera Bradford read at the Baptist Church in Shirley, Mass., during the recent holidays.

Amy Guldersleeve gave a reading in Cambridge before the Woman's Neighborhood Club recently.

Iran Bigler assisted in staging the pantomime "Cinderella" at Hale House on Christmas day.

Louise Heinline read at a recent gathering at Dorchester Settlement House.

Ethel Hawkins entertained Florence Bean, Irene Dickson, Mabel Warren and Evelyn Morris at a week-end party in Jamaica Plain during the Christmas vacation.

'16.

#### ANNUAL FRESHMAN "STUNT"—DECEMBER 18.

"EXPRESSION NECESSARY TO EVOLUTION."

A PHANTASY IN TWO PARTS BY MILDRED SOUTHWICK.

##### *CAST OF CHARACTERS*

###### *Enemies of Queen Emerson*

Conceit	-	-	-	-	-	-	Percy Alexander
Awkwardness	-	-	-	-	-	-	Charles Vinig
Poor Memory	-	-	-	-	-	-	Leoda McAleer
Indifference	-	-	-	-	-	-	Catherine Tull
Jealousy	-	-	-	-	-	-	Fred W. Hubbard
Determination, friend to Queen Emerson	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mildred Cary
Queen Emerson	-	-	-	-	-	-	Helen Bartel
Father Time	-	-	-	-	-	-	Hazel Watson
Evolution, Father Time's son	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mildred Southwick
Expression, Queen Emerson's daughter	-	-	-	-	-	-	Stella Rothwell

###### *Friends to Queen Emerson*

Attention	-	-	-	-	-	-	Bessie Pinsky
Physical Culture	-	-	-	-	-	-	Dorothy Canaga
Study	-	-	-	-	-	-	Rhea Olin
Co-operation	-	-	-	-	-	-	Ann Minahan

*Scene*—The field of Emerson Endeavor.

*Committee*—Mildred Southwick, chairman; Dorothy Hopkins, Bessie Pinsky, Esther De Wire, Hazel Watson.

Nettie Hutchins read at two entertainments in Maine during the Christmas recess.

Miss Dorothy Hopkins gave several entertainments while at her home in Illinois for the holidays.

Miss Ethel DeLaney was visited by her father, Mr. M. F. DeLaney of Memphis, Tenn., during the Christmas vacation.

Mrs. I. J. Weed of Commonwealth Avenue spent the holidays with friends in Hartford, Conn.

## SORORITIES.

## DELTA DELTA PHI.

The Delta Delta Phi Sorority is now at home to her friends at the Hotel Hemenway.

Ruth Southwick, Julia Owen, Mattie Risely, Beulah Batchelder and Gertrude Chapman spent the Xmas vacation at their respective homes.

Lillian Aune visited friends in New York.

Helen Leavitt spent part of the vacation at Laconia, N. H.

Alice Esmond, '13, has opened the department of Oratory at the Skidmore School of Fine Arts, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Lillian Aune read at a dinner given for the Brookline Driving Club.

Mattie Risely gave two successful programs while home for the holidays.

Jessie Weims is playing the ingenue part in "The Concert," which is travelling in Pennsylvania.

Julie Owen entertained friends at tea at her home in Newtonville.

## ZETA PHI ETA.

Zeta Phi Eta extends to all Emersonians best wishes for the New Year.

Virginia Berand was the guest of Rose Willis in Norfolk, Va., during the holidays. They spent a few days with friends in New York city.

Hazel Call of Athol, Mass., entertained Jean MacDonald during the Christmas recess.

Louise West was the guest of Mrs. Raymington, *nee* Hazel Jennings, at Worcester, Mass.

Jean West was the reader in a Christmas cantata given in the Grace Baptist Church in Milwaukee, Wis.

Louise West read recently at a meeting of the High School Teachers' Club of Revere, Mass.

At a recent meeting of the Boston Alumni Club, Winifred Bent read several enjoyable numbers.

Mrs. Jayne (Ruth Whistler, '09) from Philadelphia, has been visiting Mrs. Flagg (Marcella Martin, '09) of Brookline.

Olga Newton and Rebecca Farwell gave a recital on New

Year's eve at Turners Falls, Mass. The audience proved most appreciative.

The Zeta Phi Eta December alumni luncheon was held on the 17th at the Delft Tea Room, with the following members present: Helen Simonds, '13; Winifred Bent, '12; Amy Fisher, '09; Helen Hammond, '08; Grace Thompson Taylor, '08; Bettie Baker, '08; and Miss McQuestion. After the luncheon they went to the afternoon performance of the Post-Graduate play, "The Merry Wives of Windsor," at the college.

Winifred Sinclair, '09, was married at her home, Guysboro, N. S., on New Year's day, to Mr. Charles B. Buckley. They are to live in Montreal upon their return from a trip to Cuba.

#### KAPPA GAMMA CHI.

Kappa Gamma Chi wishes all Emersonians every success for the year which we have already entered upon.

Before leaving Boston at Christmas, the Kappas partook of a farewell dinner at the Chapter House.

All the girls spent the holidays and attending vacation at their homes.

We take pleasure in welcoming Emma Bell Gallagher again into our midst.

Jean Fowler spent a few days in Boston recently.

Elizabeth Beattie rendered a very successful miscellaneous program at a public concert in her home city, Rochester, N. Y.

Fern Stevenson read at the High School at Vassar, Mich.

Alice Falkner has given a series of successful concert readings in central New York and Pennsylvania.

#### PHI MU GAMMA.

Phi Mu Gamma extends to all a very happy New Year.

We are glad to welcome back from their Christmas vacations spent at their homes, Katurah Stokes, Dorothea Deming, Marion Vincent, Carolyn Jones and Sue Riddick.

Emily Brown and her sister Ruth spent the holidays as guests of friends in Maine.

Bertha MacDonough has returned from a two weeks' stay in the White Mountains.

The engagement of Helen Brewer and Theodore Hilton Budd of Pemberton, N. J., is announced.

---

Janet Chesney has been obliged to return to her home in Connecticut on account of illness.

Florence Newbold, Carolyn Jones and Lucy Roberts attended the Phi Mu Gamma convention in New York city during the week of January 5. They were the guests of the Gamma Chapter.

Doris Sparrell was the guest of Stella Rothwell at a house party given at her home in South Boston during the Christmas recess.

Bertha MacDonough gave readings in Nashua and Manchester, N. H.

Doris Sparrell read in Everett during the past month.

Julia Krantz was a guest at the Chapter House during her vacation.

Jane Rae has accepted a position as Supervisor of Expression in Irving College, Mechanicsburg, Pa. She will leave February 20.

Work has begun on the annual Sorority play to be presented later in the year.

Helen Brewer has been a guest at the Chapter House during the last month.

---

#### FRATERNITY.

The Fraternity is pleased to welcome as new members Arthur Winslow and Albert Smith.

John Roy, president of the Fraternity, spent a few days in Lincoln, Neb., attending the national convention of Phi Alpha Tau. The convention took place on December 29th and 30th, and was attended by delegates from all the Chapters.

Bernard Lambert of University of Puget Sound was re-elected president, and Walter Bradley Tripp of Emerson College was elected national secretary.

Messrs. Smith and Lovejoy spent the holidays in Hartford, Conn., and New York city.

Arthur Winslow gave a recital at Plymouth, Mass., during vacation.

Fred Dixon of Bangor Theological Seminary visited school during vacation.

## HEARD ABOUT THE CLASSROOM.

*Intermingle—jest with earnest—*  
—BACON.

Student in recital class, speaking of modern short-story writers, inquired: "Mrs. Willard, has O'Henry's 'Shoes' been used lately?"

Heard from over the way:

"Harvard students have found a new and sure way of forecasting the weather. It originated in the *Lampoon*, and is based on food and drink conditions at the various Harvard eating places. The new weather code follows:

"John's Coffee—Unsettled.

"Waldorf Coffee—Fair.

"Food Shop Cocoa—Fair and warmer.

"Jimmy's Coffee—Increasing cloudiness.

"'Mem' Eggs—Falling temperature.

"Union Milk—Rain tomorrow."

---

## "ON THE NEW ROAD."

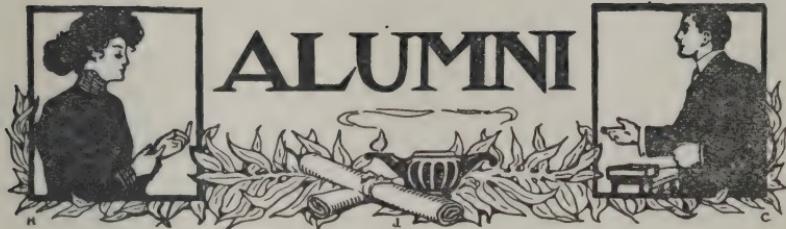
When you have stretched forth toward your vision  
When you have counted up the gain and cost,  
When you have faced the old, old world's derision  
It's scoffing tale of all endeavors lost;  
When all is said, leave it the sane, wise clinging  
To proven ways you never can recall;  
It has not heard your golden trumpet ringing,  
O, Pioneer, the end is worth it all.

When by your cause you stand, its one defender,  
And hear the jeers and anger grow more loud,  
When greater men than you, grave-eyed and tender,  
Look on your lone defiance from the crowd,  
Then, then the joy of battle surges in you,  
The splendor of the quiet, unequal strife,  
And all the strength of soul and brain and sinew  
Proclaims that you will win, and this is Life!

Madness and pride? Nay never heed the shouting,  
The future's yours—can you not wait, O youth?  
In your divine conceit you know, undoubting,  
That you have found a fragment of God's truth,  
How shall you fail, how shall your faith diminish?  
Faith less in self than in your splendid dream?  
You heard God speak to you, and at the finish  
Far in the East you saw your vision gleam.

"*The Spectator.*"

—Mildred Huxley.



## SERIES OF DRAMA STUDIES SUITABLE FOR EMERSON CLUB STUDY.

THE FUTURE OF THE SHORT STORY.

*Professor E. Charlton Black.*

From the point of view of publishers, booksellers, and the average reader, it would seem that the twentieth century is destined to take rank as the age of the novel. It certainly stands a good chance of being remembered as the age when the novel made its way everywhere, and when an appalling number of men and women began to think that novels were the only books, and bowed their heads before the authors of them, as being the true priests and prophets of the latter days. But posterity may reasonably demand other proof for the statement that in the novel the twentieth century has found its best and most characteristic expression—than that afforded by paragraphs of literary gossip and elaborate statistics of publishers' sales. That the people who were most discussed and talked about towards the close of the nineteenth century were novelists, and that the editors of popular magazines of that time ran a novelist as theatre managers do a star, may not be accepted as sufficient evidence that the novel was as inextricably interwoven with the worthiest life-and-thought-texture of the twentieth century as the great epic of the soul is with the early years of the Renaissance in Italy, or the high drama with the outblossoming of English genius at the close of the sixteenth century. It may yet be discovered that the golden age of the novel antedates, by many long years, the time when publishers made novel-writing a department of purely com-

mercial activity and enterprise, and when editions of the really great novels sold best when advertised with the name of the stage heroine of the passing show. It would be salutary if men and women could be made to read for themselves what their fathers and grandfathers really did in the department of the true modern novel. Nowadays, however, it is hard to reach the past masters of fiction, so ringed round are they with epithet-hunting stylists and pedantic editors, who talk loudly in a language very different from that of the grand and simple creators whose sole interpreters they proclaim themselves.

Those who are inclined to wail too loudly and long over the conditions that regulate the out-put of fiction today, especially that which seems to some the most unholy of all—the mercenary spirit in which so many novelists write and publishers advertise, ought to read attentively the history of the first few years of the modern novel. In this way those who do not dare to hope may begin to learn what value to put upon certain drifts and tendencies and be strengthened, in some degree at least, to possess their souls in patience. The history of the first twenty-five years of the modern novel—from the year 1740, when Richardson, that successful printer and man of most painful propriety, gave “Pamela” to the world, until 1765, when Sterne, that strange clergyman of the most painful impropriety, published the last two volumes of “Tristram Shandy”—is really the history of modern prose fiction in epitome. Within that short space of time, within twelve years, indeed, of the day when Richardson had led the way into the new literary form, blending the description of ordinary character with genuine plot-interest, novel-reading became a furor in England. It led to the invention of the circulating library, the parent of the indispensable public library, and there is peculiar significance in the fact that the modern novel and the public library have grown up together, and are, to a not inconsiderable degree, historically interdependent. In 1752 the editors of the *Monthly Review* called public attention to their serious peril of being swamped by the new novels that surged around them, all clamoring for recognition and friendly notice. Three years later a critic of excellent fancy and, in the merry twinkle of his eye, a prophetic glimpse of a book-pub-

lisher's business methods at the beginning of a coming century, urged the editor of the *Connoisseur* to start what, translated into the newspaper language of to-day, would be called a syndicate for establishing on a sound financial basis a literary factory with the wholesale production of novels as the chief business of the concern. He goes into interesting details as to the economical management of the department labeled Novels, and gravely suggests that one good cutter-out could do the plot and leading adventures if he had a large enough staff of assistants to fill in such trivial details as dialogue, description and analysis of feeling!

In another and very different respect from that which has just been indicated, the history of the first twenty-five years of the modern novel is an epitome of its subsequent history. Fielding, even more emphatically than Richardson, declared his purpose in novel-writing to be a moral one. This has been supposed by superficial readers to be but the humor of the man finding expression not unlike what is embodied in the parody of "Pamela" in the opening chapters of "Joseph Andrews." But Fielding makes every sin of his heroes tell in the most terrible way upon their after-lives, and in all his prose writings he shows himself to be thoroughly persuaded of the moral order. All we know of his character and its prevailing qualities strengthens the conviction that his *apologia* is as sincere as that of Dickens, or Thackeray, or George Eliot, all of whom have gloriously added to that special distinction of English literature, from the time of Chaucer and Langland to that of Carlyle and Ruskin—the treatment of moral ideas with energy, sympathy and depth.

Soon as the true creators made their shining success in the eighteenth century novel, the imitators tried their hand. The literary trick they acquired without much difficulty, but their handling of the large questions involved was on the outside only, and the air was filled with such pedantries, euphemisms, ribaldries, and infidelities as have been uttered again in the twentieth century by the jostling crowds that throng the goodly halls where so recently were heard the ripened wisdom and full-bodied expression of the last three masters of English prose fiction. When Diderot placed the pompous little

London printer, by virtue of his literary achievement, along with Homer and Euripides, he was much nearer the truth in his over-estimate than those who can only raise an easy laugh at the obvious faults of his three many-volumed novels—novels that revolutionized literature in England and on the continent of Europe, making possible the work of Rousseau and the later sentimentalists. The simple, country people, servant girls, and very real men and women of Richardson's imagination quietly rang the death-knell of the kings, princes, bandits, and mighty folks of picaresque tradition. Life in narrow circumstances and lonely villages began to interest men of true genius, and creative insight into the springs of character; and within twenty-two years of the appearance of "Pamela," although not published for four years later, was written the first great prose idyl of lowly life, "The Vicar of Wakefield."

Goldsmith's one story appeared when the novel, as created by Richardson and Fielding, was being coarsened and brutalized; and this bit of literary history has been virtually repeated in the novel of today. Side by side with the sex novels, the problem novels of all kinds, the religious novels, the political novels, the philosophical novels, that have flooded public and private libraries these last years, have appeared the short stories that deal with the joys and sorrows of humble lives. In these short stories the fiction of the twentieth century has found its most vital and distinguished expression; and the writers of them, dealing with the passions and prejudices, the haunts and habits of obscure villagers and rustics, miners, artisans and tradesfolk, soldiers and sailors, in Scotland, in New England, in France, in the Tennessee mountains, in California, in India, in Iceland, in Russia, have in their best work triumphantly solved the hard problems connected with realism in art. The reason why that best work has humble life almost invariably as its theme is not far to seek. The short story demands as much fidelity to the fact and as excellent a spirit in the treatment as a ballad or a lyric. A falsetto note is fatal. And it is in humble life, where the actors are kept close to reality by force of circumstance, that the necessary conditions are most satisfactorily fulfilled. Society life as a rule tends to breed fictitious character and fictitious passion; and it is

significant that in the short stories which have tried to give expression to the delicate situations and almost impalpable shades of feeling so common in fashionable and artificial society, we begin to have that preciousity of style and over-elaboration which make certain short stories a laughing-stock to the reader who knows that the really great in literature is never *bizarre* and the true in expression something far removed from stylistic somersaults and affectations of impressionism. There is nothing of this in the supreme short story of English literature—Wandering Willie's Tale in "Redgauntlet"; there is nothing of this in Turgénieff's sketches of local types and manifestations of character in rural Russia, or in Hawthorne's romances of real life in a country in which, as he was fond of saying, there was no shadow, no antiquity, no mystery, no picturesque and overshadowing wrong, nor anything but a very commonplace prosperity in broad and simple daylight. In such stories as these, as in all the short stories which have survived the generation that first read them, there is clear recognition of the fact that the light of every soul burns upwards; there are everywhere glimpses of the hidden nobilities that are the heritage of every human being, no matter how narrow and sordid the physical environment may be. This is a truth that the elaborators of the later French *conte* never have been able to grasp; and no amount of "close atmosphere," no delving after freaks and freakish sentiments to be tricked out in freakish phrases, no extraordinary forms of speech or deviations from the honest, which is after all is said and done the only artistic way of telling a thing, will make these later *contes* live. Their literary art is simply one of vulgar, open-mouthed curiosity.

Some writers of modern short stories who feel the influence of the great democratic and socialistic movements of these days and realize that it is the joys and sorrows of common lives that will more and more attract the writer of fiction, but who can not break with the traditions of the past, least of all with the oldest and newest of these traditions—that wealth and happiness go hand in hand—have given what are called realistic pictures of very humble life. The reader can smell the insanitary condition of the tenement-house; his ears may be excoriated

ated by the shrill oaths of the women and the brutal obscenity of the men. But the writers of these tales of mean streets and dreary villages deal with only one side of lowly life and that a far from characteristic one. Neither in the slums of great cities, nor on isolated farms, does the melancholy of existence arise from the squalor of the surroundings and the seemingly trivial and contemptible lives of the men and women. Gloom and leaden-eyed despair are a property of all streets and all places in town and country; they are a property of life itself—of all life that has lost its outlook upon the great infinite horizons. Misery is something quite other than the natural result of being poor. The stars of heaven look down upon no truer happiness than that within the four bare walls of many a cottage and cheap city lodging. Flanbert saw in country villages nothing but open drains, overflowing dustbins, malodorous mudheaps, the very shade trees and little flower patches reeking and offending; Wordsworth found love in huts where poor men lie, and amid the silence of lonely hills a peace that passeth understanding.

It would be hard to imagine anything more depressing than a short story written by one without a wholesome sense of humor. Every short story that the world has taken to its heart, whether the scene be Russia, India, France, California, or Scotland, keeps the perfect poise of great literature by having humor in its makeup. No amount of mere fidelity to fact, not even the presence of that rarest of all literary qualities—*tendresse*, will avail to make a short story literature when humor is away. True humor may speak in jest, but it always thinks and feels in earnest. It keeps a writer true to humanity's deeper instincts and finer capacities. No man with true humor could attempt to depict life as it is, and put upon his canvas only the failures and the follies of men and women. He knows that the upward struggles and the moral victories are quite as real as obscenities, profanities, and the strange sins.

---

#### ALUMNI NOTES.

- '98. Elizabeth M. Barrier, in charge of the Department of Expression and Public Speaking at the Idaho Technical School, reports a rapid growth in the department.

'99. Elizabeth A. Perkins says, in a recent letter: "I feel that I could hardly get along without the magazine. I look forward to and enjoy each number as one does letters from dear friends."

'00. May N. Rankin, superintendent of the Department of Oratory at Carroll College, Waukesha, Wis., reports an enrollment of a hundred and fifty. Last year the department won three intercollegiate debates and staged very successfully the plays "Mice and Men" and "Passing of the Third Floor Back."

'05. Jessie E. Throssell, Cleveland, O., writes that in reading and teaching this year she will have special use for the magazine.

'12. The entertainment at the annual meeting of the Robinson Alumni Association, held on the afternoon of December 27th, consisted of the burlesque "Graduation at Miss Lurch's Boarding School." The sketch was written and presented for the association by Ella F. Eastman.

'13. Neva Walter has successfully coached the colonial drama "A Rose of Plymouth Town" at Northland College, Ashland, Wis.

'05.-'06. Bernard Lambert, who has charge of the Department of Expression in the University of Puget Sound, is gratified by the work done by the college debating teams.

'07.-'09. A Minneapolis paper says the following of Marion Johnson:

"School children who stammer are being cured in a class held at the Greeley school building. Miss Marion Johnson, a graduate of the Emerson School of Oratory, is the instructor, and has made a number of cures since she has had charge of the classes.

"There are about fifteen in the class regularly, and some of them are cured in a month, while others take longer. Pupils from all other schools in the city are sent to the Greeley and after they seem cured are sent back to their own buildings, but are required to report once a week.

"When one little boy entered the class a little less than a year ago he could neither speak nor hear, and was considered feeble-minded. Now, with careful training, he has learned to do both, and has developed a remarkable talent for painting.

"This instruction was inaugurated last year, and Dr. C. H. Keene says that it is proving a success.

"Miss Johnson is hoping that classes similar to hers will be established in other schools. She said that about 200 children in the public schools are in need of the training her pupils are getting."

'98. Walter B. Swift, M. D., presented two short papers before the Boston Society of Psychiatry and Neurology on December 18, 1913, one upon "The Voice in Chorea," and another upon "A Case of Paralysis Agitans with Ten Days' Cessation of Tremor."

'05. Professor Archibald F. Reddie, who holds the chair of Public Speaking at the State University of Oregon, is this year giving extended public readings both in Eugene and at other points in Oregon in connection with the extension work of the university. Among other programs he is presenting: Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra," Masefield's "Tragedy of Man," Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities," and Galsworthy's "Strife." He is also giving "Monna Vanna," "Major Barbara," "The Terrible Meek," and "The Necessary Evil."

# The Emerson College Magazine.

VOL. XXII.

FEBRUARY, 1914.

No. 4



WENDELL CO.

*When God conceived the world, that was poetry; when God gave form to the world, that was sculpture; when God colored the world, that was painting; and when God peopled the world, that was drama.*

—CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

## NOTES ON THE ELIMINATION OF MINOR SPEECH DISORDER.

### IV. HARSHNESS—HOARSENESS.

BY WALTER B. SWIFT, M. D.  
E. C. O. '98.

*A Definition:* A harsh voice is one made rasping, rough, or husky by the dominance of some intense mental state that temporarily or constantly dispels smoothness, evenness, fine quality. In other words, harshness finds its final cause in the persistence of a mental complex. Thus there is a distinction between harshness and hoarseness—the former being a mental change forcing its externalization in expression through the physical means of a normal external vocal mechanism; the latter, hoarseness, having nothing to do with any mental state, occurring in all sorts of normal mental states, even also possible in any abnormal mental state—and showing merely rasping and huskiness having its cause in some physical change like

swelling, inflammation or constriction located in the external vocal mechanism. There is then this distinction, that harshness is caused by a mental state, hoarseness by a physical state. One may be harsh in a fit of temper. One may be hoarse from yelling for an hour at a football game, which indiscretion made some swelling of the vocal passages. But no one would say a fit of temper made one hoarse, nor that an hour's yelling made one harsh. The distinction then is clear; and we therefore hold harshness as a mental element reported in the voice.

Harshness and hoarseness are not mutually exclusive. Hoarseness often clouds harshness; *vice versa* never. Yet the clouding is not lasting, but vanishes as soon as the physical cause passes away. Harshness is often apt to persist as a permanent element since the mental states that make it are more or less permanent. Permanence with mental cause are then our distinguishing elements in harshness.

*Causes:* What then are some of the mental states that cause this quality in the voice? As anyone can see, they must be states that are lasting, conditions of mind that hold the individual for a long time, attitudes that have become for a shorter or longer time ingrained like characteristics, permanent moods, bent or downtrodden mentalities. For example:

*Selfishness:* No reference is made to the little passing selfishnesses of everyday life. These are more or less reported in vocal intonation. But the selfishness referred to is a deep and permanent one—that which comes from tremendous maltreatment—by a cold, heartless world and consequent disappointment and resolve to do and act only for self thereafter. Or it may be the severe selfishness that results from intense action out in the world against great selfish interests, a long continued example, poverty bringing great need, or sudden bitter loss may all bring, keep and enforce an ever-present selfishness that so rules and runs over every act and effort that finally its shadow in the life is cast over the voice and a permanent change to harshness takes the place of the warmth, light and glow of a former altruism.

This dominant selfishness may take many forms, even shapes that under the circumstances seem justifiable. Self-preservation, dire need, uncalled-for self-seeking. Then there is still

another form that brings this vocal element—revenge. Again, selfish ambition may do it. Recall the voice of Lady Macbeth—harshness dominates. Thus we see that some strong permanent mental state is the well spring from which exudes the taint that colors the waters.

It becomes clearer now that mere hoarseness is something different. Laryngeal inflammation, tonsilitis, quinsy sore throat, prolonged fatigue, causing weakness or other failure in response in the muscles of the vocal mechanism, throat spasm and nervous strain are among the causes that result in this other element of hoarseness. Changing one word in a quotation from Pope will illustrate my meaning:

*“Tis not enough, no hoarseness gives offense,  
The sound must seem an echo to the sense.”*

That is—in common prose—a hoarse voice never offends, it is the roughness of voice emanating from roughness of thought, that ruffles us, or shorter, it is not the bad voice, but the bad thought behind the bad voice that stings.

*Treatment:* Hoarseness needs the doctor. Harshness needs the teacher, the psychologist, the psychoanalist, the re-educationalist. Hoarseness from inflammation and consequent swelling disappears when medical measures relieve the inflammation. Tonsilitis requires local treatment. The quinsy sore throat must at once employ the services of the surgeon. Fatigue, when relieved, takes a consequent hoarseness with it. Throat spasm demands vocal relaxing exercises to relieve laryngeal contractions. Nervous strain that reports one side of its presence in hoarseness has many forms and as many means of relief. These are, however, methods that should be left to expert medical care, and therefore can demand of us here no minute consideration.

To treat harshness is quite another question. The very foundation of our life and actions must be tapped, exposed to view, studied and then remodeled. It must also be considered whether it is worth while. Some lives have to be harsh for self-protection, due to the peculiar surroundings in which they live. Others are vowed to an unquenchable determination to revenge; and effort here is useless. With the cases amenable to treatment a long program of educational remodeling is the

only road to permanent recovery. That remodeling consists in instilling higher motives, lasting altruistic interests and final complete forgetfulness of the old selfish, narrow life in the dawn of the new day of complete living for others.

A case, and then the close. A young lady about ready, as far as age went, to "come out" in society found herself, or more exactly, was found to be meagerly educated, unattractive, a non-conversationalist, and what none could explain, harsh in voice. She sprang from an old New England family, where heredity of name, home and humbleness were considered all sufficient, whether any character, accomplishments, or worth accompanied or not. Before her "coming out" she wanted to improve. She sought advice, which, when followed, as she said, "made her entirely over." She was given some all-absorbing, active, hard work among poor people, which she followed for a few years. Her power to help grew, she saw real life among the needy, and discovered that—whereas previously—a novel, an evening "dressed" at home, and hours with the embroidery needle at the fireside—had quite satisfied her inherited tendency to be busy; *now* a larger life, real work for others' good and the demands of altruism had shown her previous life to be narrow, selfish and really low; and above all, had "made her entirely over."

In a word, the old voice had vanished, where and how she knew not. She did know she was changed, and others knew that that old voice, hard, harsh, had been somehow replaced by another one that was smooth, round, rich and mellow.

---

#### MODJESKY AS CAMEEL.

Afore we went to Denver we had heerd the Tabor Grand,  
Allowed by critics ez the finest opry in the land;  
And, roundin' up at Denver in the fall of '81,  
Well heeled in p'int uv looker 'and a-pinin' for some fun,  
We told Bill Bush that we wuz fixed quite comf'table for  
wealth,  
And hadn't struck that altitood entirely for our health.  
You see we knew Bill Bush at Central City years ago;

(An' a whiter man than that same Bill you could not wish to know!)

Bill run the Grand for Tabor, 'nd he gin us two a deal  
Ez how we really otter see Modjesky ez Cameel.

Three-Fingered Hoover stated that he'd great deal ruther go  
To call on Charley Simpson than frequent a 'opry show.

"The queen uv tradegy," sez he, "is wot I've never seen,  
And I reckon there is more for me in some other kind uv  
queen."

"Git out!" sez Bill, disgusted-like, "and can't you never find  
A pleasure in the things uv life wich ellervates the mind?  
You've set around in Casey's restauraw a year or more,  
An' heerd ol' Vere de Blaw perform shef doovers by the score,  
Only to come down here among us tong an' say you feel  
You'd ruther take in faro than a' opry like 'Cameel'!"

But it seems it wur n't no opry, but a sort uv foreign play,  
With a heap uv talk an' dressin' that wuz both dekollytay.  
A young chap sparks a gal, who's caught a dook that's old an'  
wealthy,—

She has a cold 'nd faintin' fits, and is gin'rally onhealthy.  
She says she has a record; but the young chap does n't mind,  
And it looks ez if the feller wuz a proper likely kind  
Until his old man sneaks around 'nd makes a dirty break,  
And the young one plays the sucker 'nd gives the girl the  
shake.

"Armo! Armo!" she hollers; but he flings her on the floor,  
And says he ain'ter goin' to have no truck with her no more.

At that Three-Fingered Hoover says, "I'll chip into this game,  
And see if Red Hoss Mountain cannot reconstruct the same.  
I won't set by an' see the feelin's uv a lady hurt,—  
Gol durn a critter, anyhow, that does a woman dirt!"  
He riz up like a giant in that little painted pen,  
And stepped upon the platform with the women-folks 'nd men;  
Across the trough of gaslights he bounded like a deer,  
An' grabbed Armo an' hove him through the landscape in the  
rear;

And then we seen him shed his hat an' reverently kneel,  
An' put his strong arms tenderly around the gal Cameel.

"Cameel," sez he, "your record is ag'in you, I'll allow,  
But, bein' you're a woman, you'll git justice anyhow;  
So, if you say you're sorry, and intend to travel straight,—  
Why, never mind that other chap with which you meant to  
mate,—

I'll marry you myself, and take you back tomorrow night  
To the camp on Red Hoss Mountain, where the boys'll treat  
you white,

-Where Casey runs a tabble dote, and folks are brave 'nd true,  
Where there ain't no ancient history to bother me or you,  
Where there ain't no law but honesty, no evidence but facts,  
Where between the verdick and the rope there ain't no onter  
acts."

I wuz mighty proud of Hoover; but the folks began to shout  
That the feller was intrudin', and would someone put him out.  
"Well, no; I reckon not," says I, or words to that effect,  
Ez I perduced a' argument I thought they might respect,—  
A long an' harsome wepon I'd preempted when I come  
Out West (its cartridges wuz big an' juicy ez a plum),  
Wich, when persented properly, wuz very apt to sway  
The popular opinion in a most persuasive way.

"Well, no; I reckon not," says I; but I did n't say no more,  
Observin' that there wuz a ginral movement towards the door.

I reckollect that Willard Morse an' Bush come runnin' in,  
A hollerin', "Oh, wot two idiots you durned fools have been!"  
I reckollect that they allowed we'd made a big mistake,—  
They otter knowed us tenderfoots wuz sure to make a break!  
An', while Modjesky stated we wuz somewhat off our base,  
I half opined she liked it, by the look upon her face.  
I reckollect that Hoover regretted he done wrong  
In throwin' that there actor through a vista ten miles long.  
I reckollect we all shuck hands, and ordered vin frappay,—  
And I never shall forget the head I had on me next day!

I haven't seen Modjesky since; I'm hopin' to again.  
She's goin' to show in Denver soon; I'll go to see her then.  
An' may be I shall speak to her, wich if I do 't will be  
About the old friend restin' by the mighty Western sea,—  
A simple man, perhaps, but good ez gold and true ez steel;  
He could whip his weight in wildcats, and you never heerd him  
squeal;  
Good to the helpless and the weak; a brave an' manly heart,  
A cyclone could n't phase, but any child could rend apart;  
So like the mountain pine, that dares the storm wich sweeps  
along,  
But rocks the winds uv summer-time, an' sings a soothin' song.

—Eugene Field.

---

### LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN.

OSCAR WILDE.

An unforeseen cloud breaks over the horizon of the quiet life of Lord and Lady Windermere in the personage of Mrs. Erlynne, Lady Windermere's mother, whom she had never known, thinking her to be dead, but who in fact had discarded her child for a romantic career. Now she reveals herself to Lord Windermere for financial aid as a help in entering society. Against Lady Windermere's wish Lord Windermere invites Mrs. Erlynne to a social function at their home. Lady Windermere, misunderstanding her husband's attentions to Mrs. Erlynne, leaves her home and takes refuge in Lord Darlington's rooms. In the meantime Mrs. Erlynne has discovered Lady Windermere's absence, has learned of her whereabouts, and being desirous of bringing about a readjustment of right relationship between Lord and Lady Windermere, she follows to Darlington's apartments.

### ACT III.

Scene—Lord Darlington's rooms. Lady Windemere alone.

*Lady W.*—Why doesn't he come? He should be here. Arthur must have read my letter by this time. If he cared for me, he would have come after me, would have taken me back by force. But he doesn't care. He's fascinated by this woman—

I must go back—no; I can't go back, my letter has put me in their power.

(Enter Mrs. Erlynne.)

*Mrs. E.*—Lady Windermere! Thank Heaven I am in time. You must go back to your husband's house immediately.

*Lady W.*—Must?

*Mrs. E.*—Yes, you must! There is not a second to be lost. Lord Darlington may return at any moment.

*Lady W.*—Don't come near me!

*Mrs. E.*—Oh! you are on the brink of ruin. You must leave this place at once, my carriage is waiting at the corner of the street. You must come with me and drive straight home.

~*Lady W.*—Mrs. Erlynne—if you had not come here, I would have gone back. There is something about you that stirs the wildest rage within me. And I know why you are here. My husband sent you to lure me back that I might serve as a blind to whatever relations exist between you and him.

*Mrs. E.*—Ah! you don't think that—you can't.

*Lady W.*—Yes! Had he come himself, I admit I would have gone back to the life of degradation you and he had prepared for me—I was going back—but to stay himself at home, and to send you as his messenger—oh! it was infamous.

*Mrs. E.*—Think what you like about me—but don't wrong your husband. He doesn't know you are here—he thinks you safe in your own house. He never read the letter you wrote—go back—go back to the husband you love.

*Lady W.*—I do not love him!

*Mrs. E.*—You do, and you know that he loves you.

*Lady W.*—He does not understand what love is. He understands it as little as you—but I see what you want. It would be a great advantage for you to get me back. Dear Heaven! what a life I would have then! Living at the mercy of a woman who has neither mercy nor pity in her, a woman who comes between husband and wife!

*Mrs. E.*—Lady Windermere, don't say such terrible things. You don't know how terrible they are. Listen, you must listen! Only go back to your husband, and I promise you never to communicate with him again on any pretext—never to see him—never to have anything to do with his life or yours. The

money that he gave me, he gave me not through love, but through hatred, not in worship, but in contempt. The hold I have over him—

*Lady W.*—Ah! you admit you have a hold!

*Mrs. E.*—Yes, and I will tell you what it is. It is his love for you, Lady Windermere.

*Lady W.*—You expect me to believe that?

*Mrs. E.*—You must believe it! It is true. It is his love for you that has made him submit to—oh! call it what you like, tyranny, threats, anything you choose. But it is his love for you. His desire to spare you—shame, yes, shame and disgrace.

*Lady W.*—What do you mean? You are insolent! What have I to do with you?

*Mrs. E.*—Nothing. I know it—but I tell you that your husband loves you—that you may never meet with such love again in your whole life—

*Lady W.*—Arthur? And you tell me there is nothing between you?

*Mrs. E.*—Lady Windermere, before Heaven your husband is guiltless of all offense towards you! And I—I tell you that had it ever occurred to me that such a monstrous suspicion would have entered your mind, I would have died rather than have crossed your life or his.

*Lady W.*—You talk as if you had a heart. Women like you have no hearts.

*Mrs. E.*—Believe what you choose about me. I am not worth a moment's sorrow. Don't spoil your beautiful young life on my account! You don't know what may be in store for you, unless you leave this house at once. One pays for one's sin, and then one pays again, and all one's life one pays. You must never know that as for me, if suffering be an expiation, then at this moment I have expiated all my faults, whatever they have been; for tonight you have made a heart in one who had it not; made it and broken it. But let that pass. I may have wrecked my own life, but I will not let you wreck yours. Go back to your home, Lady Windermere—your husband loves you. He has never swerved for a moment from the love he bears you.

*Lady W.*—Take me home. Take me home.

*Mrs. E.*—Where is your cloak?

*Lady W.*—Stop! Don't you hear voices?

*Mrs. E.*—No, no! There is no one!

*Lady W.*—Yes, there is! Listen! Ah! That is my husband's voice! He is coming in! Save me!

[They both hide behind the curtain. Enter Lord Darlington, Mr. Dumby, Lord Windermere, Lord Augustus Lorton and Mr. Cecil Graham.]

*Dumby*—What a nuisance. Their turning us out of the club at this hour! It's only two o'clock. The lively part of the evening is only just beginning.

*Lord W.*—It is very good of you, Lord Darlington, allowing Augustus to force our company on you, but I'm afraid I can't stay long.

*Lord A.*—My dear boy, you must not dream of going. I have a great deal to talk to you about, of demmed importance, too.

*Cecil G.*—Oh! we all know what that is! Tuppy can't talk about anything but Mrs. Erlynne!

*Lord W.*—Well, that is no business of yours, is it, Cecil?

*Cecil G.*—None! That is why it interests me. My own business always bores me to death. I prefer other people's.

*Lord W.*—Cecil, you let your tongue run away with you. You must leave Mrs. Erlynne alone. You don't really know anything about her, and you're always talking scandal against her.

*Cecil*—My dear Arthur, I never talk scandal. I only talk gossip.

*Lord W.*—What is the difference between scandal and gossip?

*Cecil G.*—Oh! gossip is charming! History is merely gossip. But scandal is gossip made tedious by morality. Now I never moralize. A man who moralizes is usually a hypocrite, and a woman who moralizes is invariably plain. There is nothing in the whole world so unbecoming to a woman as a Nonconformist conscience. And most women know it, I'm glad to say.

*Lord A.*—Just my sentiments, dear boy, just my sentiments.

*Cecil G.*—Sorry to hear it, Tuppy; whenever people agree with me, I always feel I must be wrong.

*Lord A.*—My dear boy, when I was your age—

*Cecil G.*—But you never were, Tuppy, and you never will be.

*Lord D.*—You always amuse me, Cecil. You talk as if you were a man of experience.

*Cecil G.*—I am.

*Lord D.*—You are far too young!

*Cecil G.*—That is a great error. Experience is a question of instinct about life. I have got it. Tuppy hasn't. Experience is the name Tuppy gives to his mistakes. That is all.

*Dumby*—Experience is the name everyone gives to their mistakes.

*Cecil G.*—One shouldn't commit any.

*Dumby*—Life would be very dull without them .

*Cecil G.*—By Jove! Darlington has been moralizing and talking about the purity of love, and that sort of thing, and he has got some woman in his rooms. Here is her fan. Amusing, isn't it, Lord Windermere?

*Lord W.*—Good God! What is my wife's fan doing here in your rooms?

*Lord D.*—Your wife's fan ?

*Lord W.*—Yes, here it is!

*Lord D.*—I don't know !

*Lord W.*—You must know. I demand an explanation. Speak, sir! Why is my wife's fan here? I'll search your rooms, and if my wife's here, I'll —

*Lord D.*—You shall not search my rooms. You have no right to do so. I forbid you!

*Lord W.*—You scoundrel! I'll not leave your room till I have searched every corner of it! What moves behind that curtain?

[Enter Mrs. Erlynne.]

*Mrs. E.*—Lord Windermere !

*Lord W.*—Mrs. Erlynne !

[Lady W. slips out from behind the curtain and glides from the room.]

*Mrs. E.*—I am afraid I took your wife's fan in mistake for my own, when I was leaving your house tonight. I am so sorry.

(*The last act takes place the following morning at the Windemere home.*)

*Lady W. (alone)*—How can I tell him? I can't tell him. I wonder what happened after I escaped from that horrible room. Perhaps she told them the true reason of her being there. Oh, if he knows—he would never forgive me. How securely one thinks one lives—out of reach of temptation, sin and folly. And then suddenly—Oh! life is terrible. It rules us; we do not rule it. She is sure to tell him. Why should she hesitate between her ruin and mine?—how strange! I would have publicly disgraced her in my own house. She accepts public disgrace in the house of another to save me. There is a bitter irony in things, a bitter irony in the way we talk of good and bad women. Oh, what a lesson.

[Enter Lord Windermere.]

*Lord W.*—Margaret—how pale you look! You've been doing too much. Let us go away to the country.

*Lady W.*—Yes; let us go away today. No; I can't go today, Arthur. There is someone I must see before I leave town—someone who has been kind to me.

*Lord W.*—Kind to you?

*Lady W.*—Far more than that.

*Lord W.*—You are not thinking of that wretched woman who came here last night?

*Lady W.*—I know now I was wrong and foolish.

*Lord W.*—It was very good of you to receive her last night—but you are never to see her again.

*Lady W.*—Why do you say that?

*Lord W.*—Margaret, I thought Mrs. Erlynne was a woman more sinned against than sinning. I thought she wanted to be good, to get back into a place that she had lost by a moment's folly, to lead again a decent life. I believed what she told me—I was mistaken in her.

*Lady W.*—Arthur, Arthur, don't talk so bitterly about any woman. I don't think now that people can be divided into

the good and the bad, as though they were two separate races or creations.

[Enter servant announcing Mrs. Erlynne.]

*Lady W.*—Oh, ask Mrs. Erlynne to be kind enough to come up.

*Lord W.*—Margaret, I beg you not to. Let me see her first, at any rate.

[Enter Mrs. Erlynne.]

*Mrs. E.*—How do you do? Do you know, Lady Windermere, I am so sorry about your fan, I can't imagine how I made such a silly mistake. Most stupid of me. And as I was driving in your direction I thought I would take the opportunity of returning your property in person, with many apologies for my carelessness, and of bidding you good-bye.

*Lady W.*—Good-bye? Are you going away, then, Mrs. Erlynne?

*Mrs. E.*—Yes, I am going to live abroad again. The English climate doesn't suit me. I prefer living in the south. London is too full of fogs and—and serious people, Lord Windermere. There is a little thing I would like you to do for me. I want a photograph of you, Lady Windermere—would you give me one? You don't know how gratified I should be.

*Lady W.*—Oh, with pleasure. I'll go and get it for you, if you'll excuse me for a moment. I have one upstairs.

*Mrs. E.*—Thanks so much. (*Exit Lady W.*) You seem rather out of temper this morning, Windermere. Why should you be? Margaret and I get on charmingly together.

*Lord W.*—I can't bear to see you with her. Besides, you have not told me the truth, Mrs. Erlynne.

*Mrs. E.*—I have not told *her* the truth, you mean.

*Lord W.*—I sometimes wish you had. I should have been spared then the misery, the anxiety, the annoyance of the last six months. But rather than my wife should know—that the mother whom she was taught to consider as dead, the mother whom she has mourned as dead is living—a divorced woman going about under an assumed name, a bad woman preying upon life, as I know you now to be—rather than that, I was

ready to supply you with money to pay bill after bill, extravagance after extravagance, to risk what occurred yesterday, the first quarrel I have ever had with my wife. You don't understand what that means to me. How could you? But I tell you that the only bitter words that ever came from those sweet lips of hers were on your account, and I hate to see you next her. You have no right to claim her as your daughter. You abandoned her when she was but a child, abandoned her for your lover, who abandoned you in turn. What do you mean by coming here this morning? What is your object?

*Mrs. E.*—To bid good-bye to my dear daughter, of course. Oh, don't imagine I am going to have a pathetic scene with her, weep on her neck and tell her who I am, and all that kind of thing. Only once in my life have I known a mother's feelings. That was last night. They were terrible—they made me suffer—they made me suffer too much. Besides, my dear Windermere, how on earth could I pose as a mother with a grown-up daughter? You see what difficulties it would involve. No, let your wife cherish the memory of this dead, stainless mother. If I said to you that I cared for her, perhaps loved her even—you would sneer at me, wouldn't you?

*Lord W.*—I should feel it was not true. A mother's love means devotion, unselfishness, sacrifice. What could you know of such things?

*Mrs. E.*—You are right. What could I know of such things? Don't let us talk any more about *it*, as for telling my daughter who I am, that I do not allow. It is my secret, it is not yours.

[Enter Lady Windermere.]

*Lady W.*—I am so sorry, Mrs. Erlynne, to have kept you waiting. I couldn't find the photograph anywhere. At last I discovered it in my husband's dressing-room,—

*Mrs. E.*—I am afraid I must go now, Lady Windermere.

*Lady W.*—Oh, no, don't. Arthur, would you mind seeing if Mrs. Erlynne's carriage has come back?

[Exit Lord Windermere.]

Ah! what am I to say to you? You saved me last night!

*Mrs. E.*—Hush—don't speak of it.

*Lady W.*—I must speak of it. I can't let you think that I am going to accept this sacrifice. I am not. It is too great. I am going to tell my husband everything. It is my duty.

*Mrs. E.*—It is not your duty—at least you have duties to others besides him. You say you owe me something?

*Lady W.*—I owe you everything.

*Mrs. E.*—Then, pay your debt by silence. That is the only way in which it can be paid. Don't spoil the one good thing I have done in my life by telling it to anyone. Promise me that what passed last night will remain a secret between us. You must not bring misery into your husband's life. Why spoil his love? Pledge me your word, Lady Windermere, that you will never tell him. I insist upon it.

[Enter Lord Windermere.]

And now, Lady Windermere, I am afraid it is really good-bye.

[Exit Mrs. Erlynne.]

*Lady W.*—You will never speak against Mrs. Erlynne again, Arthur, will you?

*Lord W.*—She is better than one thought her.

*Lady W.*—She is better than I am.

*Lord W.*—You and she belong to different worlds. Into your world evil has never entered.

*Lady W.*—Don't say that, Arthur. There is the same world for all of us, and good and evil, sin and innocence, go through it hand in hand.

[Enter Lord Augustus.]

*Lord A.*—Arthur, she has explained everything! My dear fellow, she has explained every demmed thing. We all wronged her immensely. It was entirely for my sake she went to Darlington's rooms—called first at the club. Fact is, wanted to put me out of suspense, and being told I had gone on, followed—naturally—frightened when she heard a lot of men coming in—retired to another room—I assure you, most gratifying to me, the whole thing. She is just the woman for me. All the condition she makes is that we live out of England

—a very good thing, too!—Demmed clubs, demmed climate, demmed cooks, demmed everything! Sick of it all.

*Lady W.*—Has Mrs. Erlynne?

*Lord A.*—Yes, Lady Windermere, Mrs. Erlynne has done me the honor of accepting my hand.

*Lord W.*—Well, you are certainly marrying a very clever woman.

*Lady W.*—Ah! you're marrying a very good woman.

(*By permission of the publishers, John W. Luce and Company.*)

“GLEAMS FROM STARS.”

HENRY IRVING.

This Art reclaims him! By those gifts of hers  
With which so nobly she endowed his mind,  
He brought back Shakespeare, in quick grief and glee—  
Tasting the world's salt tears and sweet applause,—  
For, even as through his master's so there ran  
Through all his multitudinous characters  
Kinship and love and honor of mankind  
So all mankind shall grace his memory  
In musing proudly; great as his genius was,  
Great likewise was the man.

*Colliers.*

—James Whitcomb Riley.

RICHARD MANSFIELD.

The characters that Shakespeare drew,  
He with fidelity portrayed;  
The man and not the part he played  
With subtle art, to Nature true.

We see before us on the stage  
The lion-hearted Richard brave,  
To his vile passions a weak slave—  
From history a living page.

Anxious we hear sweet Portia plead  
With Shylock to remit his bond,  
Our hearts with sympathy respond  
When she triumphant foils his greed.

He raised the standard of each part  
To a high plane. Scorned all appeal  
To men's low passions—made us feel  
The wondrous power of his art!

—Henry Coyle.

## WHEN WOFFINGTON SOLD WATERCRESS.

When Woffington sold watercress,  
 Crying her wareings up and down  
 The narrow streets of Dublin town,  
 I wonder did no passer guess  
 The spirit in the dingy dress,  
 The heart beneath the tattered gown?

Did not the eyes' audacious brown  
 Speak Harry Wildair's recklessness?  
 Whispered no prescience of renown—  
 When Woffington sold watercress?

Nay, blind we are as in those days  
 The folk of Dublin who went by;  
 Perchance, this moment you and I  
 Have passed upon our several ways  
 The little lass whom future praise  
 Shall hail as some divinity.

Tomorrow and we swell the cry—  
 Today—we pass; nor pause nor gaze;  
 They stayed you, Peggy, but to buy,  
 And blind we are as in those days.

Child, is it you will wear the bays,  
 You who will win the world's careess?  
 Nay, blind we are as in those days  
 When Woffington sold watercress.

—*Theodosia Garrison.*

## CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN

But yesterday it was. Long years ago  
 It seems. The world so altered looks today  
 That journeying idly with my thoughts astray,  
 I gazed where rose one lofty peak of snow  
 Above grand tiers on tiers of peaks below.  
 One moment brief it shone, then sank away,  
 As swift we reached a point where foothills lay  
 So near they seemed like mountains huge to grow  
 And touch the sky. That instant, idly still,  
 My eye fell on a printed line, and read  
 Incredulous, with sudden anguished thrill,  
 The name of this great queen among the dead.  
 I raised my eyes. The dusty foothills near  
 Had gone. Again the snowy peak shone clear.

O, thou beloved woman, soul and heart  
 And life, thou standest unapproached and grand,  
 As still that glorious snowy peak doth stand.  
 The dusty barrier our clumsy art  
 In terror hath called Death holds thee apart  
 From us. 'Tis but the low foothill of sand  
 Which bars our vision in a mountain-land.  
 One moment farther on, and we shall start  
 With speechless joy to find that we have passed  
 The dusky mound which shut us from the light  
 Of thy great love, still quick and warm and fast,  
 Of thy great strengths, heroically cast,  
 Of thy great soul, still glowing pure and white,  
 Of thy great life still pauseless, full, and bright.

—*H. H.*



## THE FUNCTION OF DRAMATIC EXPRESSION IN EDUCATION.

JENNIE HALL.

There are many educational institutions which are founded on a principle and live by upholding certain ideals. In the vanguard of these institutions is the Francis W. Parker School of Chicago. The principle on which Colonel Parker founded this school was that education is the all-sided growth of the individual—physical, mental, and moral. Community life is the ideal of education, because it is the only ideal great enough to provide for this all-sided development. The school includes the course from the kindergarten through the high school. Great attention is given to the dramatic work in all grades. The following article from the 1912 Year Book gives a comprehensive view of the possibilities of dramatization in every line of the school curriculum.

Our modern life is tending to absorption; it is a world of books to be read to oneself, of plays to be looked at, of pictures to be seen, of lectures to be listened to, of music to be heard. Most of us spend our days gathering in: we have no time or reason to act out. So our natural impulses to express die; our outlets of expression become choked. In our schools we now recognize the consequent dangers to mentality, and we are teaching our children to paint, to draw, to model, to sew, to cook, to sing, to dance, to construct, in order that thinking shall be more vivid and true, that mind may acquire a usable stock of real thought material. There is, too, a somewhat more subtle danger in this continual inhibition of the impulse to express. We who have no powers of expression often feel ourselves imprisoned, baffled. There comes to us, for instance, that one perfect spring day that lights the fires of ecstasy within us. If we could sing, if we could dance, if we could play a

violin, if we could chant poetry, we should burst into expression, and the joy that is bubbling in our hearts would flood our whole beings and refresh the very roots of our natures. But we can only stand and gaze and are of necessity dumb. Something breaks and dies within us, and we turn to our work embittered and a-hunger. The expressive man is the socially useful man—open to appeals, contributing of himself, influencing his fellows. He can even serve as interpreter and spokesman for the dumb and so relieve a little the oppressiveness of their enforced silence. And without facile expression among us, and more yet, without the quick, responsive emotion that is the child of expression, national art, and high national art standards are impossible. For the salvation of our individual souls, and of the social soul, we must keep emotion and expressiveness alive.

The play is but one means of self-expression, but it seems to me one of the most satisfactory for us teachers. For one thing, it gives a more varied training to the individual than does sketching or dancing or singing; for it demands graceful and interpretative use of the body, it requires good manipulation of the speech organs, and it trains the ear and the mind to an appreciation of literary beauty. Nor are these fictitious values of acting. I have heard a girl's very slovenly and all but unintelligible mumble quite transformed into nice articulation when she was impersonating a gracious queen. I remember a slouching, furtive-mannered lad who as Ulysses bore himself like a king and won the respect of his mates. I saw an eighth-grade boy make what seemed to me the effort of his life in trying to loosen his jaw and open his mouth and control his breath for the purpose of making intelligible a much-loved part in a play. Of course it needs more swallows than that one to make his summer, but if they were lacking it was the fault of the teacher and not a shortcoming in the power of drama. Another advantage of the play is that few other kinds of work produce such joy in the workers. Among children under the supersensitive and self-conscious adolescent age I do not remember one who has not chanted paean during all the hard work of a play:—and to create happiness is, I take it, one right educational aim. It is a harmless gratification to a

teacher, moreover, and one rarely granted her, to have her children produce something that unprejudiced outsiders can really enjoy. Their paintings are, after all is said and done, not things of beauty; their mothers could improve on their stitches; their modeling is almost an eyesore, but people actually do enjoy their plays. And besides, the product is temporary; it does not stand up brazenly, to shame its producers after a year's growth.

Drama is, too, an inherently socializing force. Every child recognizes that the play without the audience is bare. Acting is expression definitely for some one and to some one. There is, even, a social something in the air that answers to the actor's effort. He feels interest radiate from the house, and it is his thanks and reward. Moreover, the cast is essentially a team, working together toward the right presentation of their idea. The individuals are subordinated to the accomplishment of the group purpose, and more or less consciously so.

A large part of morals, besides, lies in the perception of the fact that every human action is the result of some motive or other; that people differ, but that there are reasons for that difference. Drama (no matter how rudimentary) is a presentation of that fact of actuating motive, is character study, is elementary psychology—a guide to one's own behavior and to sympathetic understanding of one's fellows. "You ought to swallow your anger," I heard a fourth grader advise a turbulent classmate after the enacting of the quarrel scene between Agamemnon and Achilles. The very vividness and specious reality of a play, combined with the apparent absence of personal preaching, emphasizes the moral points as few other art forms do. We feel as though we had seen a bit (and a well selected, well pruned bit) of real life, or as though we had passed through an actual experience of our own. Acting or seeing a play is, indeed, a vicarious way of getting experience, and experience is the best teacher. Here is the final speech of a play, that during rehearsals sank into the hearts of a whole **fourth grade**, as many equally eloquent sermons had failed to do. A little orphan girl has changed into a princess, and her peasant foster-father says: "Here is the plate from which she ate and the cup from which she drank! She is a princess!"

'Tis a sign, wife, that we must be careful what we say and do,  
for who knows how many of the folks we meet may be royal?"

It is an inspiring thing to be dealing with an impulse so deeply rooted in human psychology as this dramatic one. I am not so prejudiced as to think that one play will regenerate a lost soul, but I do believe that the most potent agency in mental and moral growth is a broad development of the powers of expression, and that one of the most usable and effective of these forms is the dramatic.

The school stage and the professional stage are things quite separate, I am sure. The professional aims, I hope, to give an artistic performance, but at any cost it must be a successful one, for it takes applause and money to make the dramatic mare go. Whereas, in school plays, the performance is the thing of all things least important. What we watch for there and gloat over when we see it, is growth in the actor—a freeing of the bound wings of imagination, perhaps; the tapping of a secret reservoir of emotion; the quickening of human sympathy; the birth of joy in a small cramped soul; the establishing of wholesome interests; the opening of ears to beauty of words and tones; down to the improvement of speech and carriage. One hardly imagines a professional stage manager choosing an actress for Rosalind because that particular woman needs to be taught to be happy and gay. Neither does he often, we surmise, pick out a shiftless, dejected failure to play Mercutio, in order that the social use of his one accomplishment of skilful fencing may put his self-respect on its feet and so invigorate his whole life. Doubtless he does not choose the Land of Heart's Desire to give his feminine star an opportunity to express her vague, adolescent nostalgia for a universe different and nobler, and so to hearten her up a bit. But these are the things we teachers must continually do. Is our Titania fat and clumsy and squeaky voiced? What cares the gratified teacher, if the child, notwithstanding, has learned to see fairies where before were only street cars and smoky bricks? Our aim is to educate, not to gain applause. It is the world our children "carry around under their hats" that we are concerned with, not the impression they make upon the public.

My experience has been that children act best the plays that they themselves have made; for the quality of the acting depends in great part upon the vividness of the imagery, and of course one knows one's own creations better than other people's. We always give best expression to an idea that springs from a background rich in experience and association, an idea that carries from that rich background an aura of emotion. So children that are studying Greek put into the action of a Greek play something that they cannot give to a milkmaid play, and the best knights for a drama are the boys who are modeling castles, reading King Arthur, wearing armor every day. The further advantages of the children's making their own plays are obvious. It reacts upon the subject matter which is serving as dramatic material by enforcing a reviewing, analyzing, weighing, correcting of it. Children who have made an Achilles play know their Iliad much better through that act. Such composition takes a high place, too, in English training. The importance of the play to the children's minds sets a high standard of judgment, quickens imaginative speech, and stimulates the effort after satisfying form. "It sounds too funny," "It sounds too common," or "too modern," I have heard children say of a suggested speech. Thereupon began more vigorous creation under this helpfully searching criticism. The whole creative and artistic faculty at such times is set a-thrill; all forms of art activity are likely to improve. There is a new glamour thrown upon music and drawing; the children make songs for their plays, and our teachers of music find that these are among the best of their original tunes. Their verses occasionally develop touches of beauty. In the making of plays we run a chance, moreover, of uncovering some new dramatic material. In a class of mixed nationalities, might we not tap, perchance, some native folk tales, or at least a folk belief of feeling, that not only might create a good play, but might stir a family or a neighborhood into joyful expression? And if we are making our play, we can make it fit our stage, our numbers—even the individual needs and capacities of our actors.

After all, the greatest value of the play is not in the final performance, but in the rehearsals. The pedagogic usefulness of this final performance lies in its furnishing the motive,—

the education comes in the previous training. Here every member of the class gets his opportunity to express himself. The conception of the play must become a class concept, must grow through individual contributions. One reads a speech, and another objects to the interpretation and shows how he believes it ought to be given. One invents a bit of action; another takes it up and carries it further. There arises a discussion as to the motives and attributes of a character. So in every child's mind the play is clarified and vivified, and the power of analysis and appreciation is developed. And in the training, again, we must remember that the result we most desire is not the pleasure of the beholders, but growth in the actor. To that end we must strictly abstain from showing him how to act. We must, instead, help him to think.

The best rehearsal, in fact, is one where the thinking is so constructive that the business and the dialogue change under the creative interpretation of the actors. It is only in the mechanics of technique that we have any right to give rules or examples for imitation and there we all ought to be trained to do it, and we ought to do it religiously. We make it a matter of life and death to teach right grammatical construction and then allow that grammatical English to be murdered by all manner of horrible speech — nasal tones, swallowed syllables, slurred consonants, monotonous pitch; and we allow interpretative gesture to die a painful death under smothering awkwardness and self-conscious inhibition. I believe that voice culture is as much the business of a common school teacher as is grammar culture, or arithmetic training. And I suspect that the same thing is true of expressive use of the body. The play furnishes at once the stimulus for such drill and the opportunity for exercise of the skill acquired.

Such close and conscious study as this we cannot expect, we do not desire, in primary plays. Little children act purely for the fun of acting; older ones think of the audience. In consequence, there is a necessary difference in the amount of preparation possible. The play in the first grade is a thing of the moment. Who will be Little Red Riding Hood? Who will be the Wolf? Where shall the Grandmother lie? Now on with the play! There can be no discussion of what the Grand-

mother shall say. If we must have a word on that subject, we shall have to get it by thrusting a speech into the Grandmother's mouth while the play is proceeding. Whatever criticisms we need to give must be given constructively and in bits, scattered thinly among many performances. By stimulating criticism, we ought to insist that a whistle shall sound as much as possible like a locomotive whistle; that when Little Boy Blue wakes he shall rub his eyes and stretch and yawn like a real little boy waking up; that is, the children ought to be growing daily in accuracy of observation and in truthfulness and completeness of expression.

In a grammar school, and in every grade of it, there is place for many kinds of dramatics. If children are studying Greek sculpture, they play a game of posing as this or that statue for their fellows to guess. If fifth grade pupils are reading about Vikings, they cut the description from one of the most dramatic stories, so throwing it into dialogue, and read it orally. An eighth grade reads Julius Caesar and acts scenes of it in a corner of the room. An older class studies *As You Like It* and gives it out of doors in well planned costume.

What occasions shall we choose for the play—Thanksgiving, Christmas, Memorial Day, May Day, Arbor Day, Hallowe'en? They must be the occasions which at once most deeply stir the emotions of children and which are most worthy so to do. Such festivals as this, combining several modes of expression, sweeping everybody into it, quickening the whole school into gaiety and co-operation and good fellowship, seem to me the most socialized type, the most broadly stimulating and the most paying form of school dramatics. Such festive celebrations will, I believe, do much to further social solidarity, as well as artistic expressiveness and well being.

---

#### HINTS ON MAKE-UP.

Make-up has become an art, although it exists only in the immediate precincts of the drama—but it is nevertheless an art both interesting and fascinating. Like other arts, it is capable of being perfected through the medium of study and observation.

"MAKE-UP" CLASS





Knowledge of the possibilities of this art has progressed wonderfully with the development of the drama itself. In the early Greek play masks were worn, representing the features in exaggerated expressions of whatever feeling the character was intended to indicate. This practice was transplanted with the drama to Rome. The strolling actors broke away from this custom. They stained their faces with dyes from certain leaves. During the Middle Ages, when the mystery, morality and miracle plays were presented by the Monks, a distinct progress was made in make-up, for they felt a need of giving some indication of reality to those characters of allegorical significance. Make-up among the characters during Shakespeare's time was unknown—in fact the art of make-up did not become general until many years after the Elizabethan Age. Satisfactory work has not been accomplished in this direction until the comparatively recent introduction of grease paint.

The art of making-up correctly is a life-long study for those who practice it, as actors must. Therefore the amateur must not expect to become proficient in this art when it comes to him as a very small side issue in dramatic work. A few fundamental rules will apply to every face. These rules may be secured in an advertising pamphlet from almost any make-up establishment.

He who knows something of drawing or painting will apply his technical rules to this art. An artist not only mixes colors, but by the use of his brush he blends these colors into a picture. So with a successful "make-up." Experience will teach the mixing of these colors better than any amount of knowledge of what to use or how to use each colored stick. How to cast shadows, how to bring wrinkles into relief, how to lengthen or broaden the face, and many other changes of features are subject to rules as imperative as those employed in the composition of an oil painting.

The fundamental rules are easily learned; then let your own discretion be your tutor, and apply the liners and hare's foot with common sense. Making-up is really an art when one is able to transform any human features into an apparently different set and still make that set expressive.

For any make-up the material used is a very small part of

the equipment, and rules are very elastic, therefore there is little about the art that is tangible. As the artist in painting must have a model, so the artist in make-up should use a model. That model may be had by observing the people about you. They will reveal many pages of rules. The street and street car is a gallery of models from which one will learn that certain lines belong to certain types of faces, that certain types of faces represent distinct characters. The observant person will find his model from life for even what is commonly called "character make-up."

David Warfield says that in making up for the different parts he has played he does not think so much of the outward physical characteristics of the individual he is to portray as he does of the expression of the man, the subtle little twists and turns which his inner thoughts have engraved upon his countenance. He endeavors to show not a type but a character with a human soul and emotions.

A study of human nature from a psychologist's viewpoint will help gain the best results. The artist in make-up must know why the avaricious man has tell-tale wrinkles about his eyes; why the hail-fellow-well-met will have lines turned up; why the corners of the pessimist's mouth turn down; he, too, must know the nature of the cynic's lips; the chin of the strong willed; the ear of the inquisitive; the low forehead of the criminal or the high forehead of the intellectual. Knowing the soul of the character intended, it is then comparatively easy to make the outward appearance correspond.

For straight make-up the desire is to enhance the natural features. Make-up may be very cruel or very kind. It is, therefore, well to study carefully one's own features and discover wherein make-up would improve them. For a knowledge of the most perfect features go to the art gallery and study statues and paintings. Great artists have studied the perfect features and have reproduced them from marble, or on canvas for others. Seldom in human life do we see a *Mona Lisa* or a *Venus de Milo*.

No matter how perfect features are in the common walks of life the footlights will play curious pranks with them. Any complexion is made pale and ghostly, and a little artificial

---

color applied will retain the natural blush. The expression of the eyes, which otherwise would be lost, is emphasized by dark lines about the eyelashes and eyebrows. Here again the best rule is to give heed to Nature's teaching.

No make-up, however, will accomplish much if a keen mind and an observant eye is not behind it. After all, the make-up is simply an adjunct to the portrayal of a conception—a very necessary stage-craft.

---

#### A STAGE STORM.

Stage effects would lose a lot of their realism were an audience to be taken in the whirl of a storm, for instance, "behind scenes." For the benefit of the person who has wondered how the stage storms are made, and for the benefit of the student who is preparing himself for amateur stage coach, it may be interesting to know how some illusions are made.

In "The Broad Highway," by the Henry Jewett Players, an excellent imitation of an electric storm was given in the second act, the scene which took place in the haunted cottage. When the curtain rose, the bare dingy room was very dark, save where a candle burned on the mantelpiece. From the audience one could not see the rain, but how plainly it sounded as it seemed to fall on the roof of the cottage. Neither could the wind be felt, yet how cold and real it sounded as it whistled outside the building. The thunder cracked and the lightning could be seen through the windows. At a distance a man's voice was calling. The realism of the storm made the observer feel sorry for those who were without. But the storm still rages, and that is what we must investigate.

Therefore, let us go behind the scenes and see how this wonderful illusion is sustained. As we come upon the stage crew, we marvel at the perfect ease and simplicity with which they handle the storm. Three stagehands are running the "wind machine"; another is making lightning, two others are "doing the rain," while a fourth is making thunder. The stage is nearly dark, with barely light enough to enable the hands to work. The stage manager stands in the wings and signals

for the different parts of the storm. He is truly the "weather man."

The wind machine resembles a large-sized barrel with narrow staves placed about two inches apart. The barrel is constructed on a stationary framework, and is moved around and around by the use of an attached crank. Across and around the barrel is stretched a wide piece of silk cloth. The cloth is held tightly in place by two men, while another hand turns the crank. The friction caused by the compact of the turning barrel and silk cloth produces a mournful, piercing sound like that of rapid wind. The tighter the cloth is held the louder and more piercing is the wind, and the faster the barrel is turned the more rapidly the wind seems to travel.

The rain machine consists of a box-like apparatus that is about four feet in length, three feet in breadth, and four inches in thickness. The covering of the box is of very heavy oiled paper. On the inside of the box there are hundreds of little beans. When the rain is about to commence the box is tipped so that the beans are all at one end, then "as the rain starts to fall" the elevated end is gradually lowered, until the beans slip and slide over the oiled paper, and the sound produced resembles that of falling rain. This box is a very easy and inexpensive apparatus to construct. A wooden framework would best be used for the box. Stretch the oiled paper over the bottom, ends, and sides, fastening it on with tacks and glue. Before adjusting the top, put in the required number of beans, attach the top, and the apparatus is complete. With practice one soon becomes an expert rainmaker.

Stage thunder is made by the use of a common bass drum and a good drumstick. By holding the lower arm and hand in a rigid position, the stick may be applied so as to give a rolling thunder-like effect. The stick should be applied rapidly, but lightly at first, gradually growing heavier and heavier as the imaginary cloud bursts.

To give the effect of lightning they take two common electric leaders. Attach one to a common light socket or switchboard. To the end of one wire is attached an ordinary steel file, which contains a positive charge when the current is on.

To the end of the other wire is attached a six-inch stick of carbon negatively charged. The ends of the file and carbon should be wound with tape to enable the operator to grasp them without receiving an electric shock. Hold one in each hand, rub them together;—the harmless sparks fly in all directions, and the illusion of lightning is perfected.

—A. R. L., 1915.

---

#### FACULTY NOTES.

Allen R. Stockdale, from the First Congregational Church of Toledo, Ohio, sends hearty greetings to all the students of the college and assures them that he shall ever remember them wherever his field of labor may be.

Prof. E. Charlton Black lectured on "James Matthew Barrie, the Story Writer and Dramatist," at the Boston Public Library on February 8th.

All hope the illness of Mr. Eldridge will not prove serious or keep him from his usual place long.

Agnes Knox Black recently took an extended trip to Canada. Mrs. Black read "Hamlet," "As You Like It" and "Péléas and Mélisande" at Buffalo, Toronto and London.

# The Emerson College Magazine.

EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY, BOSTON, MASS.

## EDITORIAL STAFF.

BELLE MCMICHAEL.....Editor-in-Chief  
Post Graduate News.....DOCIA DODD  
Senior News.....JEAN WEST

VIRGINIA BERAUD..College News Editor  
Junior News.....EDITH GOODRICH  
Freshman News....PERCY ALEXANDER

ALBERT F. SMITH, Business Manager.

THE EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE is published by the Students' Association of Emerson College of Oratory, 30 Huntington Ave., on the 20th of each month, from November to May inclusive. Send all literary contributions to the Editor-in-Chief. Send all subscriptions and advertising to the Bus. Manager. SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.00 IN ADVANCE.

Entered in the Post Office at Boston, Mass., as second class mail matter.

VOL. XXII.

FEBRUARY, 1914

No. 4



## THE QUIET HOUR AT EMERSON.

Y. W. C. A.

Fridays, 2.00-3.00.

Room 510.

*The night has a thousand eyes  
And the day but one;  
Yet the light of the whole world dies  
With the dying sun.*

*The mind has a thousand eyes  
And the heart but one;  
Yet the light of a whole life dies  
When love is done.*

As a development of the work done by the Emerson Y. W. C. A. girls at the Civic Service House, arrangements have been made whereby the students may receive credit for this work, which will count toward their diploma from the College.

January has been a splendid month for the Association, which is very encouraging and gratifying to those in charge. Now that Christmas and Mid-Years' examinations are over, and our last semester well started, we hope that everyone will pull with the Cabinet to make the last months the best of the year.

---

Mr. Scott, the new Chaplain of Emerson, led the first meeting of the year. His talk was most interesting and instructive.

Mrs. Jessie E. Southwick led one of the meetings during January. She took for her subject the Parable of the Sower, and read the Parable in an inspiring way. Those present will never cease to remember the gracious presence, the helpful advice and words of courage delivered by this friend of the Association.

Miss Helen L. Calder, Secretary of the Congregational Board of Foreign Missions, spoke Friday, January 30th, on "The Little Child in the Midst of Them." She portrayed openings in the mission fields that were gained only by the means of the children. Miss Calder led a mission class at the college in 1910 and has addressed the Association on several occasions.

During the past month quite a number of readers have been sent out by the Y. W. C. A. department. Ida Leslie and Amy Le Vigne read at the Dennison House. Others who have read are Jean Matheson, Jennie Windsor and Louise West.

---

#### 1913.

The Dramatic Art Class has had three exceptionally good plays the last month: "The Game of Comedy," "Cathleen Ni Houlihan," and "Tragedy and Comedy." At the end of each play, Mrs. Hicks has come before the class with a look that suggested a warm and happy feeling 'round the heart as well as little "shivers up the spine."

"Cathleen Ni Houlihan" was repeated at Franklin Square House, January 27th. The cast was as follows:

CATHLEEN NI HOULIHAN .....	LILLIAN AUNE
MICHAEL GILLANE .....	INEZ BASSETT
PETER .....	LENELLA MCKOWN
BRIDGET GILLANE .....	DRUSILLA DODSON
PATRICK GILLANE .....	AMY LAVIGNE
DELIA CAHILL .....	ESTHER SMART

Drusilla Dodson read at the Congregational Church in East Lynn at a concert given Friday evening, February 30th.

Jane Rae read at the Fireside Social at Union Congregational Church, Sunday afternoon, January 25th. She rendered

"The Pettison Twins" and "Cherry Blossoms" with several encores in such a delightful manner that the audience has asked for her return.

Docia Dodd read at an Old Folks' Concert given by St. Joseph's Guild in Somerville, January 27th. Miss Dodd will hold an evening class in Elocution for the Guild every other week.

#### SENIOR RECITALS.

JANUARY 22

I.	The Story of Patsey	- - - - -	<i>Kate Douglas Wiggin</i>
		Frieda Michael	
II.	Wee MacGregor's Experiment	- - - - -	<i>J. J. Bell</i>
		Elizabeth Putnam Moir	
III.	'Op o' Me Thumb	- - - - -	<i>Frederick Fenn and Richard Pryce</i>
		Meta E. Bennett	
IV.	The Little God and the Machine	-	<i>Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd</i>
		Margaret Elizabeth Sullivan	
V.	The Death of Sidney Carton	- - - - -	<i>Charles Dickens</i>
		Mattie F. Lyon	

JANUARY 29

I.	The Ballad of the East and West	- - - - -	<i>Kipling</i>
		Sarah Eliza Dahl	
II.	Moses Junior	- - - - -	<i>Ella Middleton Tybalt</i>
		Hazel Alexander Tanner	
III.	In the Vanguard	- - - - -	<i>Katrina Trask</i>
		Madeleine Tarrant	
IV.	The Musicale	- - - - -	<i>Powell</i>
		Helen Schroeder	
V.	A Tale	- - - - -	<i>Browning</i>
		Ethel Vienna Bailey	
VI.	"Gentlemen, The King"	- - - - -	<i>Robert Barr</i>
		Arthur F. Winslow	

FEBRUARY 5.

I.	The Littlest Rebel	- - - - -	<i>Edward Peple</i>
		Margaret B. Conway	
II.	The Hunchback (Act V.)	- - - - -	<i>Knowles</i>
		Jennie E. Windsor	
III.	Everywoman (Act IV.)	- - - - -	<i>Walter Brown</i>
		Fern Stevenson	
IV.	Galatea of the Toy Shop	-	<i>Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland</i>
		Emma Belle Gallagher	
V.	The Two Mistakes	- - - - -	<i>Original</i>
		Stanley Newton	
VI.	Disraeli (Act III)	- - - - -	<i>Louis N. Parker</i>
		Belle McMichael	

Jean West is spending a week in the country recuperating from a recent illness. We hope that her recovery will be speedy and that she will be with us again very soon.

Judith Lyndon gave several negro dialect readings at Upham Memorial, Hyde Park.

Elsie Gordon read at Hanover, N. H., recently. She was enthusiastically received by the Dartmouth students.

Leah Thornton spent a few days with Adelaide Igo at New Boston, N. H.

Sadie O'Connell is coaching a play given by the Knights of Columbus in Milford, Mass.

Ethel Bailey, Virginia Beraud and Frieda Michel have each taken a class in Social Service work.

---

1915.

Louise Mace recently visited Mabelle Clough, '13, in Rochester, N. H.

Theodate Sprague of Chicago, coming from the Parker College Institute of New York city, and Abigail Hoffman from St. Mary's College in Monroe, Mich., have entered Emerson as Juniors.

Gertrude Morrison read the play, "Polly of the Circus," at entertainments in Needham and Somerville in January.

Margaret Chandler of Springfield, Mass., has returned to Emerson and will take work with the Juniors.

Hazel Cole of New Philadelphia, Ohio, has joined the Junior Class.

The Junior Class has issued invitations to their annual Promenade, to be held at the Copley-Plaza Hotel, February 19th.

Jennie Smith gave a reading at the banquet of the Daughters of Isabella recently.

We are glad to welcome the new members of the class who have entered for the second semester.

"Junior Week" has been a "central idea" for most of the Juniors during the past few weeks.

The class of '15 reported at Champlain & Farrar's one afternoon recently to have their picture taken for the Year Book.

---

1916.

Division B was tendered a tea by Miss Minahan, Miss Olin and Miss McAleer at 50 St. Stephen Street, January 30th.

Dorothy Hopkins read at the Masonic Lodge in Chelsea, January 15th.

Margaret Longstreet and Astrid Nygrin gave a tea to friends at the home of Miss Longstreet, January 31st.

Florence Bailey was the guest of Miss Mae Elliott at the Franklin Square House, Emerson night, January 28th.

The Emerson girls at the Franklin Square House held an informal dance January 17th in celebration of the completion of mid-years.

Ann Minahan was entertained, on February 1st, by relatives in Quincy, Mass.

---

#### SORORITIES.

##### PHI MU GAMMA.

We are pleased to announce the following pledges: Gladys Hunt, Molly Sayer, Anna Vail, Margaret Conway and Estelle Van Hoesen.

"A Virginia Courtship" has been chosen for the annual Sorority play, which will be presented in Jordan Hall, Friday evening, February 20th, under the direction of Walter Bradley Tripp.

Bertha McDonough read at the Roxbury Congregational Church, February 15th, and at Park Street Church, Boston.

Phi Mu Gamma entertained at a dinner-dance at Hotel Lenox, January 21st.

The marriage of Helen Brewer and Theodore Hilton Budd was solemnized at Trinity Church, Boston, February 4th. After an extended tour to Cuba and the South, they will make their home in Pemberton, N. J.

Jane Rae read at the Union Congregational Church during the past month.

Phi Mu Gamma entertained at tea at the Lenox and the Assembly Club recently.

Florence Newbold read very successfully at Newton, Mass.

Several members of the Iota Chapter attended the Pan-Hellenic Dance given at the Copley-Plaza as the guests of the Eta Chapter of the New England Conservatory.

## ZETA PHI ETA.

Zeta Phi Eta welcomes as its pledges: Ruby Loughran, Edith Goodrich, Stella Rothwell, Eleanor Jack, Dorothy Hopkins, Alice White, Helen Bartel, Zinita Graf, Marguerite Seibel, Etta Gore, Myrtie Hutchinson.

Jean West has gone with her mother to the mountains to recuperate from a recent illness.

Louise West read before the Woman's Club, held at the home of Mrs. Kepler, on Commonwealth Avenue.

Ruth Barnum has been elected Girls' Secretary of the Wilkes-barre, Pa., Y. W. C. A.

The January lunch of the Zeta Alumni was held at Filenes on January 10th, and was an unusually pleasant affair. Those who were present are Clara Spence '06, Helen Hammond '07, Grace Thompson Taylor '08, Bettie Baker '08, Marcella Martin Flagg '09, Amy Fisher '09, Winifred Bent '12, Helen Simonds '12, Theresa Cogswell '14, Mrs. Hicks and Mrs. Willard.

Sheila B. McLane is an instructor of Elocution and Physical Culture. She is giving special attention to growing children troubled with stuttering and other speech difficulties.

## KAPPA GAMMA CHI.

Kappa Gamma Chi welcomes as its pledges, Frances Bradley, Dorothy Canaga, Alice Evans, Louise Hainline, Leota MacAleer, May Miller, Anne Minahan, Rhea Olin, Elizabeth Sturdivant, Elizabeth Tack and Marion Wells.

January 13th was the birthday anniversary of Kappa; she was the recipient of several beautiful gifts, and the event was further celebrated by a dinner at the Chapter House, with Mrs. Kass as guest of honor.

Miss Tarrant of Saratoga, N. Y. was the guest of her sister Madeline during the past month.

Kappa entertained at tea on the afternoon of January 23d, at the Hotel Lenox.

Miss Helen Gallagher of Bangor, Me., was the guest of Stacia Scribner within the past month.

Mrs. Jetté of Danielson, Conn., spent a few days in Boston

recently with her daughter Georgette.

On the evening of January 22nd, Kappa gave a dinner at the Chapter House, with Dean and Mrs. Ross, and Mr. and Mrs. Whitney as guests of honor; later in the evening they acted as chaperones for a dance held at Le Petit Trianon.

Mrs. William H. Kenney was dinner guest at the Chapter House recently.

#### DELTA DELTA PHI.

The Delta Delta Phi Sorority welcomes as new members Helen Baxter, Mildred Carey, Margaret Emerson, Lois Perkins, Mildred Southwick and Catherine Tull.

Mrs. Walter Durfee, *nee* Elizabeth Davidson of Jamaica Plain, entertained the Sorority on the afternoon of January 26th.

Mattie Risely was a guest at the Delta Kappa Upsilon House at Rutgers College during Junior week.

The Sorority was entertained by Vera McDonald at a "Thé Dansant" at her home in Allston, on February 9th.

Abbie Fowler spent two weeks in Boston visiting friends. She will give an evening's program at the Rome Convent immediately after her return.

Ruth Southwick spent the week-end of January 28th with Gertrude Chapman at her home in Franklin.

Gertrude Chapman, Margaret Emerson and Mildred Carey were week-end guests, January 30th, at Phillips-Exeter Academy.

The Sorority recently entertained at tea at the Copley-Plaza for Abbie Fowler.

Helen Leavitt spent the week of January 20th at a house party in Concord.

---

#### FRATERNITY.

Members of the Fraternity recently enjoyed a banquet at Young's Hotel.

Prof. Walter Bradley Tripp returned to College on January 20th, after a ten days' recital through the Middle West.

John Roy is conducting evening classes in Dramatic Training at Charleston High School.

Albert Lovejoy read at Waltham, Mass., on February 8th.

Albert Smith gave a recital recently at the Union Church.

Messrs. Winslow, Smith and Lovejoy are rehearsing for the production of "Pygmalion and Galatea," to be given at the Plymouth Theatre on February 24th.

Rev. Stephen Lang has moved to Quincy, Mass., where he recently accepted a call as pastor of the Congregational Church in that city.

President Henry Lawrence Southwick returned to college recently after having spent a number of weeks in a lecture and recital tour.

Dr. Ward will act as toastmaster at the Senior banquet.

---

#### HEARD ABOUT CLASSROOM.

*Student in Platform Department*—"It is impossible to speak of the South without considering the negro. They may, indeed, be said to form much of the local color."

*Instructor in Critical Analysis*—"Where do you begin, Miss R.?"  
*Miss R.*—"I have much to say and no time to say it in."

*King Super of Forbes-Robertson Company to Mr. F.*—"Do you know your lines?"

*Mr. F.*—"Yes, sir! Hail Caesar!"

---

*Study the humanity, the heart, the English of Shakespeare as of the Bible—those two wonderful books of the same generation—the one splendidly revised and perfected by many scholars, the other produced in a state of nature, and yet almost perfect—study them, my young friends, inwardly digest your Bible and outwardly demonstrate your Shakespeare; you will then start in life pretty well equipped."*

—BEN GREET.



## BY THE EDITOR'S FIRESIDE.

### THE DEAR HOME HEARTH.

*"In many a dell and field afar  
The snow elves have their play,  
The jewelled monarch of the wood  
Can boast its bright array;  
But, after all, with book and nuts  
And embers sputtering,  
The home hearth claims me as its own,  
Snug comfort in the logs alone  
That hum and glow and sing. "*

LIFE            I sit in the flickering firelight and watch the  
 VERSUS        embers glow and fade—then as they rekindle again  
 ART.            I distinguish a face, dimly at first, but as the  
 features come into prominent relief I recognize the  
 quiet unassuming face of "The Stranger."

As Forbes-Robertson portrayed the Christ-like spirit in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," the Stranger has become a reality in my life. Such a reality that here before the warm firelight the Stranger comes to keep me company. We do not talk. What need to talk when one can commune with such a fireside companion?

As I gaze I recall the remark of a classmate who acted as supernumerary in Forbes-Robertson's late production of Hamlet. He told that when this great artist stepped from the atmosphere of Denmark to the commonplace world behind the scenes he carried the regal air with him, and in the same calm, rich voice which had depicted the intellectually strong Hamlet, he said to his helpers: "Good work, boys! Fine!"

What a spirit of helpfulness! Forbes-Robertson, who is

truly an artist, has time for a kind word and the gentle act for the stage hand or stranger. How many those words influenced Forbes-Robertson will never know. He does not care to know. He passes on from behind the scenes, and everywhere the same pervading atmosphere goes with him. Is this not art? Is this not life, too?

Some other artists take the opportunity, when behind the scenes, to work off the concentrated energy which has accumulated during an emotional dramatic production. The stage hands receive their share of this whirlwind of passion. Before the footlights this is art—but is it life?

As I sit by the fireside I wonder which means the more—the art for art's sake or the serene life permeating the art. Is the artist most admired who carries the spirit of "The Stranger" about with him? Do we love Forbes-Robertson's Hamlet because his own life illuminates the character?

Fireside dreams play queer tricks; maybe it's the shifting shadows; maybe it's the warmth creeping out into the chill of the room—maybe—But what does it matter when the picture I see is the Stranger looking over the field of his labor, and with the wonderful Christ light on his face he passes on because his work is done? Behind the scenes he is still the Stranger bringing the beautiful influence of a well-rounded life.

---

*List of suitable Plays for Readers—*

- "The Goddess of Reason," Mary Johnson—Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
- "The Mollusk," H. H. Davis—Walter Baker Co., Boston.
- "The Twelve-Pound Look," "The Legend of Leonora," J. M. Barrie—In manuscript.
- "The Attack," Bernstein—In manuscript.
- "Necessary Evil," Chas. Rann Kennedy—Harper & Brothers.



"I count myself in nothing else so happy  
As in a soul remembering my good friends."

—Richard II.

## SERIES OF STUDIES SUITABLE FOR EMERSON CLUB STUDY.

### FUTURE OF THE SHORT STORY.

#### II.

PROFESSOR E. CHARLTON BLACK.

It is significant that the bias of the best writers of short stories, the writers who hold the keys of laughter as well as those of tears, is always towards the novel. Action interests the true humorist as deeply as do description and analysis. The ethical energy of every noble, creative soul demands an outlet in the high epic, the great drama, or the great novel. The masters of the past, the poets, the dramatists, the novelists, knew the darkest and worst side of human existence; they gauged its abysses; they described it in language more relentless, more unflinching, than that of any of the so-called realists of today. But the reader rises fortified and sublimed from the perusal of the world's creative works, the writers of which, however much they might laugh at poor humanity's follies and absurdities, had a heart of quivering pity all the while and eyes wide open to the worth and ability along every highway side.

With few exceptions, the world's great novelists have been masters of the short story. They hammered at the short story until they perfected it as a literary form, as distinct and self-contained as a sonnet or a ballad. They found that the ideal

short story, like the ideal lyric, can deal with only one main emotion or experience—that the slightest irrelevancy is fatal—that every detail must be bound with living cords to the heart—that every word must bear on the main idea. But man is a complex kind of creature; every man, be he but a street scavenger, is a whole bundle of men, and every one of them of varying moods. Where is the chance to paint a man in a short story? At best there can be but a glimpse of one passing experience, one isolated emotion. Imagine "Tom Jones" in a single chapter, or "Le Père Goriot" in a *conte*! There have been of late a few strenuous and interesting attempts at a cross between the novel and a short story. The resulting hybrid has been sufficiently alarming to prevent, it is to be hoped, further experiments in this direction. It is worth noting, however, that the hysterical and emotional novelette is less painful to encounter than the amorphous and hydrocephalic short story. In the matter of literary forms, the mixture of bloods and crossing of strains seem less successful than biologists declare them to be in the animal world.

The history of the modern novel and clear recognition of the special literary qualities which must always inform the short story, indicate clearly enough the future of these great departments of modern fiction. The place of each as a work of art is distinct and assured. There can be no conflict between them; their spheres can not even intersect. As they have done in the past, so in the future they will act and re-act upon each other, and always in the end to the advantage of both. There are those who bewail the present prevalence of the short story all over the world, and read in this a dreary sign of the times and a bad omen for the future of fiction. They feel that as the telegraph, telephone, and modern business methods tend to make letter-writing a lost art, as the vaudeville and moving picture show are supplanting the legitimate drama, and short and pithy paragraphs in the newspapers are crowding out learned and philosophical leading articles, scrappy short stories are destined to have all to themselves the realms where of old reigned Cervantes, Richardson, Fielding, Balzac, and Walter Scott. But the world may get on very well without the letters of famous men. The fame of the author of "Sartor Resartus"

would not have been less bright today had he left as few personal memoranda as Shakespeare did. Vaudeville, too, may not tend to debauch a theatre-goer as much as a problem-play or a sex-drama does; and in the best short stories of the present day may be found nobler fulfilment and more hopeful promise for the future of fiction than in the ablest novels that have appeared since the masters became silent.

The attention to detail, the obliteration of the unessential, the concentration in the expression, which the form of the short story demands, tend to a beneficent influence on the style of fiction. No one doubts that many of the great novelists of the past are somewhat tedious and prolix. The style of Richardson, Scott, Dumas, Balzac, and Dickens, when they are not at their strongest and highest, is often slip-shod and slovenly; and such carelessly-worded passages as are everywhere in their works will scarcely be found in the great novels of the future. The writers of short stories have made clear that the highest literary art knows neither synonyms, episodes, nor parentheses. They have shown that this art is founded on that truth which has humor and tenderness as its essential qualities and which disdains any building whose architecture is not to its taste and the arrangements of which are ill-adapted to its comfort. Least of all has this truth to do with the affectations and pedantries of phrasemongers and epithet-hunters.

"When love begins to sicken and decay,  
It useth an enforced ceremony,  
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith."

De Quincey was fond of saying that Shakespeare extended the domains of human consciousness, and pushed its dark frontiers into regions unsuspected before his time. This is literally what the writers of short stories are doing. Like the Jesuit missionaries of old, they are going everywhere and opening up unknown regions in the best of all ways—by awakening sympathetic interest in the loves, joys and sorrows of the simple, common people, who are after all doing the most of this old world's hardest work. With clear vision and deft pen these writers are revealing the identity of human nature—that in its essentials it is the same amid the ice-floes of Baffin's

Bay as beneath South Sea palms, and that the difference between life in a far western mining camp and that in the Iceland fishing village is one of dress and trappings only. The short-story writer is the true explorer and conqueror of the modern world, and his work is only begun. That work has been sharply criticized, and he has been told that he is only pampering a taste for exotic literature. But he is doing much more than that. The worthiest of these writers of short stories are awakening men and women to the goodness as well as to the strangeness and fascination of their kind. They are taking down the old barriers of ignorance and aloofness and bringing man nearer man. They are vindicating the ideal element in fiction, for they are painting life as it is, and painting it from a point of ethical and ideal insight. The worthiest of these writers of penetrative imagination and supreme literary skill, whether they deal with the tragedy of life in a Cornish hamlet, or with the humors of a far off Bengali village, never slander their brothers and sisters. They are showing that human nature is, after all, a noble thing; that lowly folk, bowed with labor and environed by stern enough conditions of time and place, may be, like the king's daughter, all glorious within. The peculiar note of the short story at its best is the importance of the individual soul, be the surroundings of the humblest, or the most sordid. It is the heroism, the fidelity, the humor, the pathos, the inherent worth and beauty of life in the narrowest circumstances, that are the themes of the great writers of the short story. Unconsciously they have made it a more powerful antidote to the most dangerous tendencies in the life of the present day, than any of the elaborate schemes of social reform can possibly be. To the many who chafe under the wholesome restraints of law and order and domestic duty, who cry out if their personal comfort is interrupted in the very slightest, and who crave restlessly for new pleasures, the writers of the short story preach a practical and beautifully embodied gospel of patience, quietness and simplicity of life and thought. They preach this in the best of all ways by not knowing that they do so. And they speak to everybody. They reach the masses as well as the select few by the perfection of their literary art and the excellence of their prose style—a style that has many

of the elements that are found in great poetry, particularly a certain power of crystallizing thought into firm lines and a sharp point, so that it stands out clear, distinct, and penetrating. Such a style speaks to every man in his own tongue, and in a way that he can not forget even should he try.

As the strange years go on and humanity begins to realize that money-lust and power-lust, either in nations or in individuals, are more serious anachronisms than slavery or belief in the Ptolemaic system of astronomy, and that the complex social life of those who come under the influence of the so-called higher civilization of these days, is the most formidable foe that culture and refinement have, the short story will gain firmer and firmer hold upon the affection and imagination of the world. At its best it has always stood for what is real, for what is noble, for what is uplifting. When it has fallen even the slightest degree below the high level of its perfection, it has quickly degenerated into grossness, caricature, or pedantry. It has floundered through these quagmires and desert sands in the past; it is hard to believe that it can ever so lose its way in the future. Through the influence of the short story the novel may again take rank as an expression of the best thought of the passing time; and the twentieth century may accomplish what the latter half of the nineteenth panted after in vain—a great contemporary novel. The writer of it will have had strange trials and been at school with grim experiences, which he will not turn into magazine copy or send to the gossip column of a literary review. He will conserve his moral and intellectual energies for his high function of setting down in just, Shakespearian proportion, the truth as he has seen it with swift vision and as it has been revealed to his large heart. He will have learned from the short story that the true field of the artist is simply that of the moralist, for it is the field of common life—the field full of folk, as old Langland saw it in his dream away back in the fourteenth century. He will have learned from the short story that the family hearth is a very sacred place, and that, in the material world, there is nothing so tremendously binding and unalterable as that principle of which every great work of creative genius from the grey dawn of time to these latter days is a far-shining illustration—*the laws of morality are the laws of art.*

### THE EMERSON COLLEGE CLUB OF N. Y. CITY.

The February meeting of the Emerson Alumni Club of New York city was an interesting occasion. A reception was given to the honorary members, several of whom spoke most entertainingly. Mrs. Edgar F. Werner talked upon the subject of "Recitals and Programs," and Mrs. Ida Benfey Judd on "Awakening the Boy." Professor Fulton, the well-known teacher of oratory in the University at Del., Ohio, was also present, and made a few remarks. One of the New York Club members, Mr. William Palmer Smith, gave an address upon "The Teaching of Oral English." Mr. Smith's new textbook, "Oral English for Secondary Schools," which has been anxiously awaited for some time, has just come out, and more than fulfills expectations. It is sure to be widely used, and its author may well feel proud of his labor.

Miss Nina Mills, another member, who sings upon the concert platform, was present, and favored the audience with several selections. Miss Alene Buckhout, who teaches in the Metcalf School at Ossining, recited several Italian dialect pieces in her own inimitable manner.

At the conclusion of the literary program light refreshments were served.

---

### EMERSON COLLEGE CLUB OF HARTFORD.

After enjoying a performance of "Joseph and His Brethren," the E. C. O. Club sojourned to the studio of Miss Clara Coe, where a meeting was held.

Miss Ruth Adams reviewed the *EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE*, and Mrs. Campbell delivered the third lecture on parliamentary law, "Duties of Officers."

It was a great pleasure to have as our guests three Emersonians, Miss Janet Chesney, Miss Edyth Newton of West Haven, Conn., and Miss Blanche Fisher of "Joseph and His Brethren" cast.

## EMERSON COLLEGE CLUB OF BOSTON.

The January meeting of the club will long be remembered for two reasons: the bitter cold of the evening, and the royal (every letter of that word might well be a capital) good time that we had. It was a strictly informal meeting. The daintiness of the three tables, each with its chafingdish and pretty settings, presided over respectively by Mrs. Martha Mason Curry, Miss Lena Lenk and Mrs. Sadie Prescott Porter, and the coffee in the care of Mrs. Eva Lombard Ellison and Miss Bertha N. Whitmore, gave coziness to the college room. Not the least enjoyable part of the evening were the piano selections by Mrs. Webb, a group of Eugene Field's poems given by Mrs. Ellen Atwater Gondrey, and some delightful child impersonations by Miss Whitmore.

---

## ALUMNI NOTES.

'02. Mary E. Miller directed the production of "The Falcon" and "In a Balcony," which were given by her pupils in Forsyth, Ga.

'03. Maude Hayes has just completed a contract to give six readings at Chautauqua, N. Y., in August—an evening recital in the Auditorium, and the others in the Hall of Philosophy in the afternoons. Miss Hayes reports that the Emerson College Club in Moorehead, Minn., of which Mrs. Lillie Farnsworth Hubell is president, meets regularly every two weeks.

'05.-'06. Nellie Parker-Spaulding has returned from an extended trip to the Pacific Coast. Many stopovers were made en route for recital purposes. Among other things, she read "The Country Boy" and "The Dawn of a Tomorrow."

'06. Lena Budd Powers has charge of an unusually interesting piece of work, to be given in San Antonio, Texas. She is training the actors who are to appear in "The Pastores," one of the earliest of church plays. The purpose of staging this

ancient play is to demonstrate its beauty to the people of that city, and to show the possibility of developing the mass of Pastores material into a great Christmas festival, which shall be staged on a larger scale and last five or six nights. It is hoped that such a spectacle might grow into an institution similar in character to the Passion Play of Oberammergau.

'06. The following is a clipping taken from the *Warsaw Times-Union (Ind.)*:

#### RECITAL A GREAT SUCCESS.

"The Winona College Lecture Course which has been giving to the Winona and Warsaw public such a splendid series of lectures, won another triumph last Friday evening, in the recital given by Emma Saphene Wyman, head of the department of Public Speaking of Winona College, and Helen Cuykendall Barber, a dramatic soprano of Chicago.

"The audience showed much sympathy and seemed to grasp the finer artistic values in both readings and songs. The first number, 'The Set of Turquoise,' was admirably presented by Miss Wyman, who succeeded in bringing out the passionate intensity and the strong dramatic contrasts which characterize this piece by Aldrich."

Miss Wyman's other numbers were a scene from the "Rivals," "Little Boy Blue" and "The Red Fan," to music; and a monologue, "The Tennyson Club."

'10. The following is taken from a Providence (R. I.) paper, the account of the meeting of the Rhode Island Woman's Club:

"The entertainment of the afternoon was given by Miss Adelaide Patterson, of the Rhode Island State Normal School, who gave a superb impersonation of "Disraeli."

Miss Patterson first gave a brief synopsis of the play, explaining the various characters and their relation to each other. In her wide range of characters she kept each one separate and distinct, and entered herself into their personality with a vividness and perfection that brought out the minor as well as the more subtle characteristics of each. Charming in her manner, powerful in her portrayal, sympathetic in her understanding and admirable in her rendition, she held her entire audience in complete sympathy and accord, and at the close of her drama was heartily applauded."

'98, '10. Elizabeth M. Barnes, teacher of Expression and Dramatic Art in the Pocatello (Idaho) Academy, received a very favorable criticism in the *Idaho Technical* on her work in a recent recital in which she read scenes from "Merchant of Venice."

**'09, '10.** A Beverly (Mass.) paper, in speaking of "The Masqueraders," says:

"The play is one of the best seen here for some time, and was produced under the direction of the author, Rosella Zura, who staged and superintended its production. The plaudits rendered were certainly most deserved, not only by the company but to the author whose excellent work was apparent in all parts of the production. It was the first time the "Masquerade Party" had been given on any stage and its reception in Beverly presages a busy season for Miss Zura, its author and director. Miss Zura is a graduate of Emerson College of Oratory, is a young woman of splendid ability, and her work contributed much to the success of the presentation.

**'11.** From the Minneapolis *Daily News*:

"A feature of the graduating exercises held at the Greeley School yesterday afternoon was a series of readings by Miss Victoria Maxwell Cameron, well-known concert reader of Boston, consisting of poems by James Whitcomb Riley and Myrtle Reed.

**'11.** Annie C. Wallace has had charge of many splendid productions in Wesleyan College, Macon, Ga. It will be interesting to Emersonian teachers to hear of some of these plays.

Miss Wallace's pupils gave a very successful dramatization of "Our Mutual Friend" (by H. E. Shattuck). Also "Holly Tree Inn," by Dickens; a scene from "The Romances," by Rostand; the play, "As You Like It"; and an original sketch from "David Copperfield." It will perhaps be helpful to other Emersonians to hear of her original dramatization from "The Mill on the Floss," "The Visit from the Aunts and Uncles." This took Maggie and Tom, in their childhood, and ended with the quarrel between Mr. Tulliver and Mrs. Glegg at the dinner table.

**'12.** Announcement has been made of the marriage of Alicia Conlon to Mr. Elmer H. Schwarz.

**'13.** Emile R. Goss, besides teaching and being town librarian, also finds time to do considerable reading in Barnard (Vt.) and neighboring towns.

**'13.** Alice Rice has a large and growing class in Expression in Hawkinsville, Ga.

'12, '13. Neva Walter is doing quite a great deal of reading and singing in public, besides teaching her regular classes in Northland College (Ashland, Wis.) She is preparing her Glee Club girls for the production of a Chinese operetta called "The Feast of the Little Lanterns."

Harriet Jean Trappe supervised the production of "The Alkestis of Euripides" in Christian College, Columbia, Mo., which met with marked success.

Emerson students of several years back will be interested to hear of the success of an old friend of theirs, Alfred Baker Cheney. He has recently gone to San Diego, Cal., where he is considered a great addition to their music colony. The *San Diego Union* says the following of him:

"Although Mr. Cheney's opinions of what he considers criminally destructive methods among teachers of voice culture at the present day are mild, when one considers the volatile temperament usually associated with musicians, he nevertheless holds firmly to them. He does not attack the methods which he considers obsolete so much as he dilates on the virtues of the new school of voice culture.

"Disciples of this new school do not teach a method," says Mr. Cheney, "they teach a principle. They hold that vocal teaching is not a mechanical process, but a mental or spiritual one; that correct singing is to a wondrous extent a psychological process, and that if a student can be taught to grasp the correct mental picture of each tone in the scale he can sing it.

"This doctrine is and will be subject to vigorous attack from those teachers who are voice strainers, not voice trainers. They will tell you that there is one correct and invariable method of voice training—and, that they alone possess its secret. As a matter of fact, each teacher must work out his own method of correctly applying this new doctrine, and he must vary his method to suit each pupil, for no two pupils are alike in their peculiarities and requirements.

"First of all, it is absolutely essential that the teacher must possess a correct mental picture of each tone in the scale, for each one is a full, rounded whole, differing in some way from the one above or below it. It is like a series of graduated bottles or organ pipes, the difference in which, although sometimes almost imperceptible, is nevertheless a difference.

"Having grasped these correct mental pictures, the teacher must then be able to impart them to the pupil. This is a question of each teacher's own peculiar method and of each pupil's own peculiar vocal structure and requirements. Once the pupil is enabled to grasp the correct picture of a tone, his mentality will unconsciously control the muscles of his body and of the vocal instrument he calls his voice so that they will involuntarily assume the necessary positions for the perfect tone. Having once uttered this perfect tone, he will recognize a certain definite feeling that will always tell him when he has it, just as an acrobat has a certain feeling when he is ready to perform a trick, or a golfer has a certain feeling when he is correctly hitting a golf ball."





# The Emerson College Magazine.

VOL. XXII.

MARCH, 1914.

No. 5



## POLLYANNA.

ELEANOR H. PORTER

[Pollyanna, an orphan from a western town, has come East to make her home with her aunt, Miss Polly Harrington. Her mother's family felt bitterly toward her for marrying a poor minister, and had disconnected her from any of the fortune. At first it was a displeasure to Miss Polly to have her niece come to live with her, but Pollyanna's loving nature proved irresistible and she won her way into her aunt's heart.]

It was on the last day of October that the accident occurred. Pollyanna, hurrying home from school, crossed the road at an apparently safe distance in front of a swiftly approaching motor car.

Just what happened, no one could seem to tell afterward. Neither was there any one found who could tell why it happened or who was to blame that it did happen. Pollyanna, however, was borne, limp and unconscious, into the little room that was so dear to her.

It was some time during the next forenoon that Pollyanna opened conscious eyes and realized where she was.

"Why, Aunt Polly, what's the matter? Isn't it daytime? Why don't I get up? Why, Aunt Polly, I can't get up!"

"No, dear, I wouldn't try—just yet."

"But what is the matter? Why can't I get up?"

The nurse came forward—"You were hurt, dear, by the

automobile last night, but never mind that now. Aunt wants you to rest and go to sleep again."

"Hurt? Oh, yes; I—I ran—why, my hand is done up—and—it hurts!"

"Yes, dear; but never mind. Just—just rest."

"And, Aunt Polly, I feel so funny, and so bad! My legs feel so—so queer—only they don't *feel*—at all!"

"Suppose you let me talk to you now. I am Miss Hunt, and I've come to help your aunt take care of you."

"But I don't want to be taken care of—that is, not for long! I want to get up, you know I go to school, can't I go to school tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow? Well, I may not let you out quite so soon as that, but just swallow these little pills for me, please, and we'll see what they'll do."

"All right, but I *must* go to school day after tomorrow—there are examinations then, you know."

Pollanna did not go to school "tomorrow" nor the "day after tomorrow." Pollyanna did not realize anything very clearly until a week had passed, when her mind awoke to full consciousness. She had then to be told all over again just what had occurred.

"And so it's hurt that I am, and not sick. Well, I'm glad of that."

"G-glad, Pollyanna?"

"Yes, I'd so much rather have broken legs than life-long invalids. Broken legs get well, and life-long invalids don't. I'm glad it isn't smallpox that ails me, that would be worse than freckles. And I'm glad 'tisn't appendicitis, nor measles, 'cause they're catching—measles are, I mean—and they wouldn't let you stay here."

"You seem to—to be glad for a good many things, my dear."

"I am, I've been thinking of 'em—lots of 'em—I'm glad of some things I haven't said yet. I don't know but I'm 'most glad I was hurt."

"Pollyanna!"

"Well, you see, since I have been hurt, you've called me 'dear' lots of times—and you didn't before. I love to be called 'dear'—by folks that belong to you, I mean. Oh, Aunt Polly, I'm so glad you belong to me!"

Aunt Polly did not answer. Her hand was at her throat, her eyes full of tears.

When the specialist pronounced the verdict that probably Pollyanna could never walk again, it seemed her father's game of being glad must fail. She said to the nurse—"Father said there was always something about everything that might be worse; but I reckon he'd never just heard he couldn't ever walk again. I don't see how there *can* be anything about that that could be worse—do you?"

It did not take long for the entire town of Beldingsville to learn that the great New York doctor had said Pollyanna Whittier would never walk again; and certainly never before had the town been so stirred. To think that never again would that smiling face be seen on their streets—never again would that cheery little voice proclaim the gladness of some every day experience!

In kitchens and sitting rooms and over back-yard fences women talked of it. On street corners and in store lounging-places the men talked, too.

Then came Nancy's pitiful story that Pollyanna was moaning most of all the fact that she could not play the game, that she could not now be glad over anything.

It was then that the same thought must have come to Pollyanna's friends. At all events, the mistress of the Harrington homestead began to receive calls; calls from people she knew and people she did not know. Some came in and sat down for a stiff five or ten minutes. Some stood awkwardly on the porch steps. But all inquired very anxiously for the little injured girl; and all sent to her some message—and it was these messages which stirred Miss Polly to action.

Milly Snow had never before been to the Harrington homestead. She blushed and looked very embarrassed when Miss Polly entered the room.

"I—I came to inquire for the little girl."

"You are very kind. She is about the same. How is your mother?"

"That is what I came to ask you to tell Miss Pollyanna. We think it's perfectly awful that she can't ever walk again; and after all she's done for us too—for mother, you know, teach-

ing her to play the game. We thought if she could only know what she *had* done for us, that it would help, you know, in her own case, about the game, because she could be glad—that is a little glad—”

“I don’t think I quite understand, Milly. Just what is it that you want me to tell my niece?”

“Yes, that’s it; I want you to make her see what she’s done for us. You know nothing was ever right before—for mother. She was always wanting ‘em different, and really I don’t know as one could blame her much—under the circumstances. Now she lets me keep the shades up, and she takes interest in things—how she looks, and all that. All Miss Pollyanna’s doings, you know, ‘cause she told mother she could be glad she’d got hands and arms anyway; and that made mother wonder right away why she didn’t *do* something with her hands and arms. So she began to knit. And you can’t think what a different room it is now,—why it actually makes you feel *better* just to go in there now. We want you to please tell Pollyanna that we understand it’s all because of her, and—and that’s all. You’ll tell her?”

“Why, of course,” murmured Miss Polly, wondering just how much of this remarkable discourse she could remember to tell.

This visit was only the first of many; and always there were the messages—the messages which were in some ways so curious that they caused Miss Polly more an’ more to puzzle over them.

One day there was the little Widow Benton. By reputation she knew her as the saddest little woman in town—one who was always in black. Today, however, Mrs. Benton wore a knot of pale blue at her throat, though there were tears in her eyes. She spoke of her grief and horror at the accident; then she asked diffidently if she might see Pollyanna.

“I am sorry, but she sees no one yet. A little later—perhaps.”

“Miss Harrington, perhaps you’d give her—a message.”

“Certainly, Mrs. Benton, I shall be very glad to.”

“Will you tell her, please, that—that I’ve put on *this*. The little girl has been trying for so long to make me wear—

some color, that I thought she'd be—glad to know I'd begun. If you'll just tell Pollyanna—*she'll* understand.

A little later there was the other widow. The lady gave her name as "Mrs. Tarbell."

"I'm a stranger to you, of course, but I'm not a stranger to your niece. I've been at the hotel all summer, and every day I've had to take long walks for my health. It was on these walks that I've met your niece—she's such a dear little girl! I wish I could make you understand what she's been to me. I was very sad when I came up here; and her bright face and cheery ways reminded me of—my own little girl that I lost years ago. I was so shocked to hear of the accident, and then when I learned that the poor child could never walk again, and that she was so unhappy, because she couldn't be glad any longer—I just had to come. I—I want you to give her a message from me. Will you?"

"Certainly."

"Will you just tell her, then, that Mrs. Tarbell is glad now. Yes, I know it sounds odd, and you don't understand. But—if you'll pardon me I'd rather not explain. Your niece will know just what I mean; and I felt that I must tell her. Thank you; and pardon me, please, for any seeming rudeness in my call."

Miss Polly was thoroughly mystified now. The door had scarcely closed behind Mrs. Tarbell before Miss Polly was confronting Nancy in the kitchen.

"Nancy, *will* you tell me what this absurd 'game' is that the whole town seems to be babbling about? And what, please, has my niece to do with it? *Why* does everybody send word to her that they're playing it? As near as I can judge, half the town are putting on blue ribbons, or stopping family quarrels, or learning to like something they never liked before, and all because of Pollyanna. I tried to ask the child herself about it, but I can't seem to make much headway, and of course I don't like to worry her—now. From something I heard her say to you last night, I should judge you were one of them, too. Now *will* you tell me what it all means?"

"It means that ever since last June that blessed child has jest been makin' the whole town glad, an' now they're turnin' 'round an' tryin' ter make her a little glad, too."

"Glad of what?"

"Just glad! That's the game."

"There you go like all the rest, Nancy; *what game?*"

"I'll tell ye, ma'am. It's a game Miss Pollyanna's father learned her ter play. She got a pair of crutches once in a missionary barrel when she was wantin' a doll, an' she cried, of course, like any child would. It seems 'twas then her father told her that there wasn't ever any thin' but what there was somethin' about it that you could be glad about, an' that she could be glad about them crutches."

"Glad for—*crutches!*"

"Yes'm. He told her she *could* be glad—'cause she *didn't need 'em.*'"

"Oh-h!"

"And after that she said he made a regular game of it—findin' somethin' in everythin' ter be glad about. That's the game, ma'am, an' you'd be surprised ter find how cute it works, ma'am, too. It makes things so much easier. For instance, I don't mind 'Nancy' for a name half as much since she told me I could be glad 'twa'n't 'Hephzibah.' An' there's Monday mornins', too, that I used ter hate so. She's actually made me glad for Monday mornin's."

"Glad—for Monday mornings!"

"That blessed lamb found out I hated Monday mornin's somethin' awful; an' what does she up an' tell me one day but this: 'Well anyhow, Nancy, I should think you could be gladder on Monday mornin' than on any other day in the week, because 'twould be a whole *week* before you'd have another one!' An' I'm blest if I haven't thought of it ev'ry Monday mornin' since—and it *has* helped."

"But why hasn't—she told me—the game?"

"Beggin' yer pardon, ma'am, you told her not to speak of—her father; and so she couldn't tell yer. 'Twas her father's game, ye see. She wanted ter tell yer, first off. She wanted somebody ter play it with, ye know. That's why I begun it,—so she could have some one."

"And—and—these others?"

"Oh, ev'rybody, 'most, knows it now, I guess. She was always so smilin' an' pleasant ter ev'ry one, an' so—so jest

glad herself all the time, that they couldn't help knowin' it, anyhow."

"Well, I know somebody who'll play it—now."

A little later, in Pollyanna's room, the nurse left Miss Polly and Pollyanna alone together.

"Pollyanna, do you know a Mrs. Tarbell?"

"Oh, yes. I love Mrs. Tarbell. She's sick and awfully sad; and she's at the hotel and takes long walks. We go together, I mean—we used to."

"Well, she's just been here, dear. She left a message for you—she said to tell you that Mrs. Tarbell is glad now."

"Did she say that—really? Oh, I'm so glad!"

"Yes, she said she hoped you'd be; that's why she told you, to make you—*glad*, Pollyanna."

"Why, Aunt Polly, you—you spoke just as if you knew—do you know about the game, Aunt Polly?"

"Yes, dear. Nancy told me. I think it's a beautiful game. I'm going to play it now with you."

"Oh, Aunt Polly—you? I'm so glad! You see, I've really wanted you most of anybody, all the time."

"Yes, dear; and there are all those others, too. Why Pollyanna, I think all the town is playing that game now with you—even to the minister! And the whole town is wonderfully happier—and all because of one little girl who taught the people a new game, and how to play it."

"Oh, I'm so glad. Why, Aunt Polly, there is something I can be glad about, after all. I can be glad I've *had* my legs, anyway—else I couldn't have done—that!"

*By permission of the author and the publishers, S. C. Page and Company.*

---

#### NOTES ON THE ELIMINATION OF MINOR SPEECH DISORDER.

---

BY WALTER B. SWIFT, M.D.,  
E. C. O., 1898.

*To define.* A hasty voice is one that shows undue speed in utterance. By undue speed in this connection is meant a quicker succession of words than is called for by the circum-

stances where they are spoken. Hasty voice shows then undue quickness. We speak of rash acts—deeds that are precipitate, acting without deliberation and in Hasty Voice as an entity is included that same going onward with speed that is uncalled for under the circumstances of utterance.

*Causes.* The etiology of rapid speech has many subtle forms. *Imitation* is one of the often unthought of causes. We usually notice running in families certain other modes of speech, such as pronunciation, expression accompanied by facial twists; even forms of smiles run in a family; then, too, forms of gestures, ways and habits of eating, or removing a hat, saying good-night and what not, descend from father to son and down his family, as we know. But seldom do we notice likewise that the rate of speaking passes down too, through the medium of habitual imitation.

*Imagination*, vivid and prolific, is another mental background that results in hasty voice. Those whose mental creations go at a terrific rate of manufacture feel that words are too slow, that language utterance retards them,—and it surely does retard expression of their imagination at their rate of manufacture. The market is over-stocked—their storehouse of cogitation is overcrowded and seeks relief. Speed of speech is the only outlet and so a terrific haste is maintained to keep pace with the sweeping speed of their imaginative manufacture.

The *habit of stuttering* is another mental habitude that often demands speed in utterance. The stutterer sees ahead of him certain words where he knows he is going to stumble—certain sounds he will have to repeat perhaps ten times with severe muscle contractions of his throat, even of face, and rarely with gross bodily contortions. He also has discovered a trick to prevent such anticipated stutter—the trick to whip up his horses and go at a breakneck speed past his difficulty. Once having succeeded he learns to rely on speed to sidetrack these stutter contractions, and the more it brings success the more he tries it until finally Hasty Voice becomes the usual mode of his vocal production. And whether occasion calls for it or not, and in fact finally when it does not, he habitually rushes his words off with terrific dispatch.

*Interruptions* are frequently a cause for rapid speech in a family. In well-bred homes it is considered impolite to interrupt another in conversation. But in many families where they are not so particular about politeness, constant interruptions are in order. Then speed is resorted to in order to get finished when one sees an interruption coming, even to get finished before being cut off, and sometimes to even succeed in getting a word in edgewise. Here, then, the fear of interruptions is a cause for Hasty Speech.

Other causes there are, but whatever the cause the treatment is about the same, and therefore without going into any further etiological backgrounds let us proceed to consider

*Treatment*: The first requisite in all cases of hasty speech is to elicit the desire and ambition of the possessor of the bad habit to rid himself of this noticeable imperfection, and to wish for a normal voice enough to undertake the necessary steps to attain thereto.

Then if imitation is at the root of the matter separation from those he imitates will help; effort to cure those he imitates is another good move, and thirdly, practice in slowing down his own speech is the final remedy.

If the terrifically speedy imagination is the etiological setting—if the unhappy possessor of the hasty voice in this case thinks like the three witches in Macbeth from one end of the universe to the other, in an instant including everything between, then I must confess I hardly know any cure. Who can curb the flight of a witch's imagination; who can cut short such copious and prolific manufacture of visual pictures; who can control a mind thus let wildly loose? There are, however, certain precautions one can attempt: slowness, reserve, inhibition of expression. One can use the sedative of self-control, and this after years of practice may result in some change. But here the task is difficult and hardly worth while in the face of the truth that hasty speech is not such a terrible misdemeanor after all, and we should count the cost and see if such long effort to cure is worth the try.

If fear of stuttering is the promoter of rapid utterance there is at first but one step to take—refer the sufferer to some reliable practitioner and voice specialist, or to a lay

teacher thoroughly trained under the personal direction of such expert.

Stuttering is a pretty serious condition, as it prevents the possessor from all kinds of normal social intercourse with other people, makes friends impossible, postpones marriage, even often makes it entirely out of the question; and many times prevents a man from obtaining and keeping permanent employment. For these reasons such a serious condition should be under the care of the vocal expert so as to avoid relapses that so frequently occur when the casual, untrained teacher is employed. Training for slowness of speech will not cure stuttering; it may temporarily, or better, momentarily, sidetrack the malady, but a permanent cure requires a reformation of the inner personality by a long method of psychoanalysis and synthesis. This subject—the treatment of stuttering—is too large for adequate consideration in these short notes on minor speech disorder, but the part of it that logically comes up for consideration here is the speed of the stutterer's utterance. This sometimes lasts after the recovery; and sometimes is the main part of the stutterer's habit. A good way to secure slowness is to have the stutterer talk with a metronome ticking at the certain rate at which you wish the hasty voice to move. This is, however, materialistic external treatment; the better and the psychological method is to get slowness through mental concepts and their installation as a permanent mental possession.

*Summary:* Hasty voice comes out of impelling mental complexes—the demand of imitation, the effort to keep up with the flight of imagination, the resort to speed to sidetrack a stutter—concepts that sidetrack inhibition and allow utterance in uncalled-for speed. Briefly, the treatment consists in annulling the causes, reinstating a normal inhibition, and implanting new constellations of ideas that work as complexes for slowness.

#### VOICES.

I reckon I is, like you say, sir,  
Pa'lized an' half-stracted an' blin',  
An' maybe de voice dat I hear is  
De win' when it comes throo de pine.

I can't 'spote no white pusson's knowledge,  
I don't know de hows nur de whys;  
An' when I hears heavenly voices  
Dat seem like dey come from de skies

I don't fret myse'f wid book questions,  
But listens ter ketch eve'y note,  
An' when a bird sings me harp music,  
Don't sp'icion de shape of 'is th'oat.

De katydid close-t to my shoulder,  
I know he des saws wid 'is wings,  
But when de Lord sends 'im to cheer me  
He sits in de vines and *he sings*.

He sings songs I half disremember,  
An' all o' my mammy's ole hymns  
She used to sing while she was washin'  
Right under dese same ole tree limbs.

An even de brook dat's all dried up,  
Dat used to run down f'm de springs;  
De katydid mixes its tricklin'  
Right in wid de songs mammy sings.

An' often she'll stop in a measure,  
An' I'll hear 'er dip down 'er cloes,  
An' wring 'em, an' bat 'em an' rench 'em—  
All keepin' good time as she goes.

Yas, I knows de katydid's music  
Ain't no mo'n shufflin' o' feet,  
But dat nuver hindered 'en learnin'  
To sing other folk's song sweet.

Dis ole pine-tree over my cabin  
Dat's growed thoo a hole in de shed,  
I knows it's all blighted and knotted,  
An' half of its needles is dead.

I know whar de thunderbolt struck it,  
Its heart is split open en bare;  
An' folks say de spiders is tuck it,  
An' swung dey gray webs everywhere.

But when de night win' passes thoo it,  
An' all de plantation's asleep,  
It sings me some heavenly prromise  
Dat 'minds me I'm in de Lord's keep.

Dey ain't a dry twig ur a needle  
But sings its particular note,  
An' even de holler dat's blasted  
Seem like it turns inter a th'oat.

Yas, I knows I's pa'lized an' blinded,  
An half-stracted, des like you say;  
An' cose I ain't got education  
To 'splain all my comforts away.

So when a ole bumble-bee fetches  
Some story 'bout when I was young,  
Dat I done forgot, 'cep' in snatches,  
I don't make 'im show me 'is tongue.

I don't ax no impudent questions,  
But listens to ketch eve'y note;  
An' when a bird plays me harp music  
Don't s'pcion de shape of 'is th'oat.

—Ruth McEmery Stuart.

#### MESSAGE AND MELODY.

[Richard Burton, the poet, who finds music in everything, has made a collection of poems entitled *Message and Melody*. These poems sing their way into one's soul. Their theme speaks of the knowledge of a man who is able to look into an inner life and understand it. Their tune is the tune of life. The poems compiled in the four volumes are representative of his melodious manner of expressing the messages which appear to him. Mr. Burton's books are *Dumb in June*, published by Copeland & Day; *Lyrics of Brotherhood*, by Small, Maynard & Co.; *From the Book of Life*, by Little, Brown & Co., and *Message and Melody*, by Lothrop Publishing Co. The following poems quoted by the author's permission, are selected from *Message and Melody*:]

#### VIOLIN AND VIOLA.

*At times, when, with an anguish all too keen,  
The violin doth tensely tell of grief,  
Tugging at heart-strings till the tale, I ween,  
Is over-cruel, calls for some relief.  
I joy to hear, like cooings of lost doves,  
The grave viola plaining of old loves.*

#### SECOND FIDDLE.

*Just behind the first fiddle he bends  
To his bow, as a slave to the rod;  
All his soul to the music he lends,  
All his eyes to the leader, his god.*

*His skill is not blaring, but sure;  
Mark his bowing, the rhythmic accord  
Of his motions, the sound, crystal-pure,  
That he lures from the violin's board.*

*The crowd never look at his face;  
He is one of the sixty who try  
With wood-wind or brass to displace  
The world by a dream from the sky.*

*Not his, like the masters of strings,  
To step forth superbly alone  
And play a Cremona that sings  
With heavenliest tone upon tone.*

*No soloist he, but a part  
In the mighty ensemble that soars  
In the regions divine of an art  
Where man but aspires and adores.*

*His joy is the gladness of those  
Who feel they are helping the whole;  
Less fluent the harmony flows  
If an instrument flag, if a soul*

*Unfaithful should be to the beat  
Of the baton that bids him be true;  
And the music is oftentimes so sweet,  
Small matter what makes it or who.*

*And haply—who knows?—in the day  
When the ultimate piece is rehearsed,  
Shall come his Great Moment to play,  
And the fiddle called second, be first.*

#### THE UNSPOKEN.

*Our speech is but a surface foam; below  
Broods the unspoken, and her caves are rife  
With turbulent powers and passions, to and fro—  
The veiled vitalities of under life.*

*We meet and part, we say and straight unsay,  
Nor tell our mid-sea longings to our mates;  
But all the while, deep down and put away,  
The unsaid sways our fortunes and our fates.*

#### SONG OF THE SEA.

*The song of the sea was an ancient song  
In the days when the earth was young;  
The waves were gossiping loud and long  
Ere mortals had found a tongue;*

*The heart of the waves with wrath was wrung  
 Or soothed to a siren strain  
 As they tossed the primitive isles among  
 Or slept in the open main.  
 Such was the song and its changes free,  
 Such was the song of the sea.*

\* \* \*

*The song of the sea is a wondrous lay,  
 For it mirrors human life;  
 It is grave and great as the judgment day.  
 It is torn with the thought of strife;  
 Yet under the stars it is smooth and rife  
 With love lights everywhere,  
 When the sky has taken the deep to wife  
 And their wedding day is fair—  
 Such is the ocean's mystery,  
 Such is the song of the sea.*

*Dumb in June***DOVE NOTES.**

*The soft, strange note of the doves, to what may we liken the sound,  
 As they flutter high at the eaves or flock for food to the ground?  
 Their murmurings shy, remote, like a lost year's memory seem,  
 Like melody heard under water, or music dimmed by a dream.*

---

**THE VOICE**

There is only one law and only one God  
 For all things under the sun—  
 The sea, and the sand, and the wind-blown soul,  
 And the God and the law are one.

And whatever the law and the God be named  
 By beings like you and me,  
 They speak supreme in that cosmic voice  
 Which men call *Harmony*.

*Harper's Magazine.**—Albert Bigelow Paine.***THE PASSING OF SIR JOHNSTON FORBES-ROBERTSON**

The following words, survivors of the days of classicism, are engraved on the door leading to the room of philosophy at Edinburgh University: "In this world the greatest thing is man; in man the greatest thing is mind."

Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson contradicts this statement, saying to all mankind: "In this world the greatest thing is man; in man the greatest thing is soul." Night after night, during the recent performances of Hamlet at the Shubert Theatre, I listened as this eminent actor declaimed those peerless lines: "What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a God!" They became to me not the words uttered by Hamlet, the player, but the words uttered by Forbes-Robertson, the man. They ring with the conviction of reality because the listener knows that they come from the soul of a great man, who in them is sounding, unwittingly, the very key-note of his eminence and power. No word-grouping could picture with greater nicety the man from the depths of whose soul the melancholy Prince of Denmark has been given a new and lasting birth on the English-speaking stage. I say lasting because true art never dies. The creator may pass away, but his art lives, and will continue to live as long as there are human hearts to receive it.

With Sir John Forbes-Robertson there is no separating the actor from the individual; the actor is great because the man is great. As either he is the man who knows, not seems! He brings to his art only the genuine. He portrays the noblest passions of life because he has the capacity to suffer the noblest experiences of life. He steps into the rôle of Hamlet as naturally as an eagle glides into the air. His portrayal of the ghost-haunted Dane is, perhaps, his greatest achievement; so famed because of the great scope for that soul element which is as subtle, as indefinable, but as real and compelling as the great forces of the universe.

The attention of the theatre is instantly caught and held bound by the figure of the sable robed Prince. An atmosphere of insufferable gloom, of impending woe, pervades his entire being, and his whole person, whether active or still, is eloquent of the noble passion within. It is this radiance of power and personality, that manifests itself even in silence, which enables Forbes-Robertson to essay a rôle that he has in years long since out-distanced. Indeed, if he were playing

from age qualifications only he would have left Hamlet thirty years ago. Forbes-Robertson is, alas, no longer a young man. His sixty-one years are faithfully recorded in his face, and are reflected in that slight shrinking of the stature that accompanies one's declining years. He is about five feet nine inches tall. His height is enhanced by an unusually slender build, and by the footlights that act with certain physical attributes as the magnifying glass when held between the eye and the printed page. As Hamlet he towers with the emotion of great passages almost to grandeur, and his black garments heighten the illusion by their clinging folds. In "Caesar and Cleopatra," however, where he dresses entirely in white, and "carries the weight of the world upon his shoulders" he preserves his natural carriage, and is not noticeably tall. His face is angular, with prominent jaw-bones; a large, mobile and expressive mouth exposing when smiling or talking a full sweep of large, strong teeth. His nose is bold, with a delicate molding in harmony with his general slimness. His black hair, already sprinkled with the "snows of yesterday," is worn curled over a high, clear brow and parted down the back of his head.

In repose his face is stamped with extreme sadness, and in smiling is little less than a happyfied sadness. A boyish twinkle still gleams in his light blue eyes. His features reflect that greatness of heart and mind that suggests, in certain poses, the face of Abraham Lincoln. His gait is stately, dignified, and rhythmic even in excited, violent action.

As Hamlet, Forbes-Robertson uses no facial make-up, and wears his own hair. The simplicity of his dress serves to reinforce the sincerity of his interpretation. His suit of "sable black" is relieved only by a heavy chain of silver placed around his neck, and by the sword trappings by his side. He wears a single seal ring upon the third finger of his left hand. His pale and singularly classical face is emphasized by the sobriety and dignity of his apparel. This dress is preserved throughout the play, except in the grave-digging scene, where he wears a rich black coak and hood edged with brown fur.

The most asserting quality of Forbes-Robertson's Hamlet is the spirituality with which he invests the character, a spir-

ituality to which Hamlet is a prey; that he is incapable of analyzing, a poetic spirit turned to melancholy, the roseate hues of whose life are sobered by one bitter experience. The dreadful secret of his uncle's guilt, imparted by the ghostly visitation of a murdered father, coupled with the burning shame of his mother's impiety, clings like the Albatross about his neck, bowing his head to the dust. The dismal halls of Elsinore that once did ring merrily to the music of his noble parents' love are peopled with those grim shadows more in number than are "dreamt of in your philosophy." Suspicion that his secret is abroad leaps at him from every corner and lurks ever in the inflection of the most cherished voice.

It is in a "congregation of vapours" that Forbes-Robertson's Hamlet dwells. They radiate from his being like some subtle ghostly light, infusing the hearts of his audience until they pulsate to his own passionate intensity, and to the overwhelming sincerity of his grief. His Hamlet lives; it breathes; it makes its irresistible appeal because it is real. Fervidly emotional, he is at all times intellectual; keen in body and mind—the scholar, soldier and philosopher—he is withal the princely gentleman preserving that "something dangerous" that says to all "Though you can fret me you cannot play upon me."

The manner in which his rapid transitions of thought are reflected is marvelous. He turns from trust to mistrust, from hope to despair, with lightning rapidity, and the thought is reflected in his whole person, not only in his face but in his vigorous physical vitality. It is the motive that one sees rather than the thought, so perfectly is it reflected. This is convincingly portrayed in the strategy scene with Ophelia. Bending over the table Ophelia buries her face in her hands, and Hamlet yearning towards her leans above her and stretches out his eloquent hands as if to clasp her to his heart, but refrains from doing so as if struggling with some invisible barrier in which she is encased. Into the words, "Get thee to a nunnery; why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners?" is poured all the pity of the brutal intricacies of life against which he would shield this delicate and unsuspecting plant, all his tender hunger for that love he must renounce—that he would,

but cannot express. When he sees the unconcealed hand of Polonius he approaches Ophelia, and lifting her tenderly to her feet peers steadfastly into her face, asking in a voice that reflects his growing suspicion, "Where is your father?" Then flaming to bitter anguish at the lie she tells which again brings to his mind with cruel emphasis "frailty, thy name is woman!" he gives vent to his passion with "Get thee to a nunnery. Go!" The words come as on outlet for some inward pain, and they throb with pathos, agony and tenderness. The sincerity of his love for Ophelia is convincingly portrayed through the medium of his wondrously modulated voice. Like the rich tones of organ music his voice is clear, sonorous, but refined, flexible and soft. The perfect elocution is delivered with absolute ease, and with that magnetic quality that makes it profound, soothing, compelling and delightful to listen to. It is used to great advantage in the closet scene, where he is cruel to his mother only to be kind. The gentle sternness of his rebukes, the heart breaking appeal as he endeavors to reinstate those shattered idols in the heart of his noble father's "most seeming virtuous queen" throbs in its velvety inflections where caresses and rebukes mingle strangely until they cannot but break the mother's heart in twain. It is to be regretted that a discordant note was struck in this scene through the acting of Miss Adaline Bourne, who invested Gertrude with an element of coarseness, making painfully melodramatic a scene which in atmosphere might be likened to the leave-taking of King Arthur and his heart-broken Guinevere.

In the grave digging scene Forbes-Robertson's art is superb. When Hamlet learns that the body of Ophelia is being buried he huddles in pitiful collapse, and is half dragged, half carried by Horatio up the incline at the rear of the grave. Then, stung to the quick by the loud grief of Laertes, he throws aside his fur-edged hood with an utter abandon of reserve, crying magnificently: "It is I, Hamlet the Dane." Giving way to bitter grief, which flames into an invective passion at the cruelty of Laertes, he cries:

*"I loved Ophelia; forty thousand brothers  
Could not, with all their quantity of love,  
Make up my sum."*

Magnificent as the acting of Forbes-Robertson is throughout, it is supreme in the death scene. "Nothing in his life became him, Like the leaving it." There is something of the supernatural, something appalling, in the terrible reality of it. As the pale young prince sits on the throne of his fathers, his mission fulfilled, there creeps over his rapt, wan face something unearthly as if through the mists of disillusion his soul had caught a glimpse of the immortal; his face is transfigured with that light that must have deified the face of the dying Maid of Orleans. The hush of a great soul's passing rests upon the court. The eternal mystery of death silences everything. And the awed spectator murmurs in his heart with Horatio,

*"Good night, sweet Prince,  
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!—"*

In this Hamlet, of course, are converged supremely all those qualities which for the lack of words we call simply the spiritual in Forbes-Robertson. But through all his work there runs the compelling force of a great throbbing personality. Needless to say this is the motive power of "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," where the lodgers are at once appalled and fascinated by the silent Christ-like man who comes into their lives as the sun to some dim and foul retreat, dispelling darkness, instilling light, and passing as quietly as he had come. The same marvellous, still acting is felt in "The Light that Failed." In the last scene of this play the blind artist, Dick Helder, is sitting alone in his studio when there is borne through the open window the martial strains of band music. His body seems borne on the strains to joys he can no longer witness. His face becomes wondrously illuminated. His features shine with that light his dull eyes can no longer reflect, as, standing erect, he marks time with the dying strains.

In "Mice and Men" Forbes-Robertson is essentially himself; Mark Ambury, scholar, philosopher, scientist, is one with Forbes-Robertson, gentleman, scholar, and artist. Forbes-Robertson merely lends himself to the part. This is distinctly a Gertrude Elliot play, however, and is one of the few plays in the actor's repertoire peculiarly fitted to this beautiful, cameo-

like actress. In the impetuous, vivacious Peggy, Lady Forbes-Robertson puts all the beauty of girlhood freedom and boundless enthusiasm. It is her finest work, and is a delightful complement to the classical art of her talented husband.

Much might be said of Forbes-Robertson's Shylock, and of his Othello. Both are as masterful, as distinctly individual, and as clear cut portrayals as his Hamlet. His Shylock suggests a high-spirited Arab steed quivering under the spurs of its tormentor and glorying in the pride of its native wildness. His fine aquiline features lend themselves to an artistically complete disguise. A wild figure revealed in rugged picturesqueness against the polish of the Venetian gentleman, Forbes-Robertson's Jew is a dynamo of nervous energy—the smouldering fire within him flaming at times into volcanic outbursts of passion. It is a terrible and magnificent Shylock, invoking sympathy by its intensity, compelling admiration by its sublime isolation. I shall never forget this Shylock's exit at the close of the court scene. It was the crystallization of a brilliantly illuminative interpretation. As the Jew totters feebly away, his spirit crushed and broken, his passage at the door is impeded by Gratiano. Drawing himself to his full height Shylock towers above him, holding aloft one eloquent hand, tense, threatening. We could not see what leaped into those eyes, but Gratiano slinks abashed before them, as Shylock passes unmolested, to where—"the rest is silence." Who knows?

Forbes-Robertson, as I have said, is not only a great actor—he is a great man. There is nothing in his art nobler than his life. He is held in great respect by his cast, and their attitude towards him recalls Addison's picture of Sir Roger de Coverly and his household. It is not uncommon during the play to see him standing back of the settings talking with his players, and helping them kindly and graciously. During the second performance of Hamlet, an English girl who was taking minor parts in his company was unable to leave the stage when the actor and his wife were about to acknowledge a curtain call. As she attempted to do so she felt Forbes-Robertson holding her by her dress. When the curtain went up the audience discovered a star bowing and smiling whom

they had previously failed to acknowledge. The girl went to Forbes-Robertson to apologize, but he patted her on the back and dismissed her with a kind word.

On the closing night of his engagement Forbes-Robertson sounded a note of optimism as clear, hopeful, and encouraging as a beacon light on a sea of instability and doubt. "The theatre," he said, "is progressing steadily, purposefully, and definitely. It is calling more and more for trained intellects, for men and women of culture and fine discrimination. The time was when a man ventured in saying that the theatre was an educational institution, but he would be a bold man today who would dare to say that it is not. The time is coming when the theatre will be a great state institution, an educational necessity. We hear much to the effect that the motion picture, that the undesirable drama is detracting from the legitimate drama. This is emphatically not true. These plays are not revived. They never will be revived. They can in no manner shake the firm purpose of the great drama. There never will come a time when the spoken word, extolling the noblest passions of man, will not take its place in the ranks of the other great arts, painting, sculpture, and music, and be as great as any of them."

Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson will not pass this way again. He has said so. That is enough. But the path he has travelled is engraven deep in the hearts of his fellow men. When he passed "it was like the ceasing of exquisite music."

PERCY ALEXANDER.

---

#### WHAT MUSICIANS HAVE SAID OF MUSIC.

What love is to man, music is to the arts and to mankind. Music is love itself—it is the purest, most ethereal language of passion, showing in a thousand ways all possible changes of color and feeling; and though only true in a single instance, it can yet be understood by thousands of men—who all feel differently.

[Von Weber.]

My language is understood all over the world.

[Haydn.]

Ye pedlars in art, do ye not sink into the earth when ye are reminded of the words of Beethoven on his dying bed, "I believe I am yet but at the beginning"?

[Schumann.]

Often have I said from my very soul with Luther—and will here say again—"Music is a fair and glorious gift of God. I would not for the world forego my humble share of it."

[Thibaut.]

Music alone ushers man into the portal of an intellectual world, ready to encompass him, but which he may never encompass. That mind alone, whose every thought is rhythm can embody music, can comprehend its mysteries, its divine inspirations, and can alone speak to the senses of its intellectual revelations.

[Beethoven.]

In music it is as with chess-playing—the Queen, melody, possesses supreme power; but it is the King, harmony, who ultimately decides.

[Schumann.]

My idea is, that music ought to move the heart with sweet emotion, which a pianist will never effect by mere scrambling, thundering and arpeggios—at least not from me.

[Bach.]

Music herself teaches us harmony.

[Beethoven.]

The divinity of music is only perceived when it lifts us into an ideal condition of existence; and the composer who does not do this much, is, as far as we are concerned, a mere hewer of wood and drawer of water.

[Thibaut.]

Music is the mediator between the spiritual and the sensual life. Although the spirit be not master of that which it creates through music, yet it is blessed in this creation, which, like every creation of art, is mightier than the artist.

[Beethoven.]

*Boston Transcript.*

---

### BOOK REVIEW.

#### ORAL ENGLISH FOR SECONDARY SCHOOLS.

The MacMillan Publishing Company has recently published a book, "Oral English in Secondary Schools," by William Palmer Smith, principal of English in the Stuyvesant High School, New York. Mr. Smith was graduated from Emerson College, and since then has devoted his time in the Department of Expression. By his experience in this department, with his extended knowledge of the subject of expression, he has compiled this volume as a textbook for the use of those who may be interested in this line of work. Each subject is dealt with in such an attractive way that it will create an interest to know of the value of Oral Expression.

The textbook is divided into two parts. The first division dwells on the technical phase of oral English. It includes graded lessons in enunciation and pronunciation. The lessons are outlined with appropriate illustrations, well selected. The subject of breathing is discussed at some length. The vocal apparatus and pictures of the molds are given in connection with this subject.

In the chapter "*Intellectual Elements in Oral English*" such topics are discussed as: the value of ideals in oral composition; what imagination contributes to reading aloud; and how to increase a limited vocabulary.

The next chapters deal with the emotional elements, the technical elements and the preparation of oral English.

In Part II there are about seventy well-chosen selections in prose and poetry. These selections are of literary merit chosen from the works of modern authors, unhackneyed and of especial interest to high school boys.

The arrangement of the selections seems to follow Dr. Emerson's four *Volumes of Evolution of Expression*. They are grouped under the following heads: Vitality, Relative Values, Presenting Pictures by Delivery, and Directness in Delivery. The latter emphasizes the simple, direct and colloquial sailing over the undercurrent of vitality, which will result in bringing the literature near to the audience.

The object of this textbook is to emphasize the value of training in oral English so that the pupils may know for what they are working. Mr. Smith believes that the effectiveness of teaching oral English, as in most other subjects, is greatly increased by the use of a practical textbook.

High school students are taking a great interest in improving their oral English. They know that to have a command of good English is an element of success, a valuable business asset as well as a mark of education. From the author they learn that rightly directed and persistent effort to improve spoken English results in a permanent accomplishment—a working force for life.

This publication shows the author's well-rounded knowledge of the subject of oral expression. The treatise of the subject is as complete as any one volume could be. As a textbook it will be greeted by every teacher and pupil interested in oral English.

---

#### A BANJO SONG.

I plays de banjo better now  
Dan him dat taught me do.  
Because he plays for all de worl',  
An I jes plays for you.

He learns his chunes—I jes lets down  
A banjo string or two  
Into de deepest of my heart,  
An' draws up chunes for you.

Slowly dey comes swingin' up,  
A-quiv'rin through an' through,  
Till wid a rush of tinglin' notes  
Dey reaches light—an' you.

I never knows if dey will shine  
Wet wid tears or dew;  
I only knows dat, dew or tears  
Dey shine because of you.

*Bandana Ballads.*

—Howard Weeder.

---

#### FACULTY NOTES.

The second entertainment of the Southwick Literary Society was given by Maud Getchel Hicks on February 25th. Mrs. Hicks read "Monna Vanna" in a most inspiring way, and brought this wonderful play nearer its position as a classic.

February 12th was appropriately observed at Emerson College by a most interesting lecture on Lincoln by Willard Scott.

The following toast to Dr. Black appears in *The Hub*, the Boston University Year Book, 1914:

"Here's to Ebenezer,  
The true brand is he,  
Soul-warming and keen  
Like a good Scotch whiskey;  
In his speech, as the dram,  
Runs the peat flavor free,  
And he seeketh alway  
'What ees gude and worrthee.' "

# The Emerson College Magazine.

EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY, BOSTON, MASS.

## EDITORIAL STAFF.

BELLE McMICHAEL.....*Editor-in-Chief*  
Post Graduate News.....DOCIA DODD  
Senior News.....JEAN WEST  
ALBERT F. SMITH, *Business Manager.*

VIRGINIA BERAUD..*College News Editor*  
Junior News.....EDITH GOODRICH  
Freshman News.....PERCY ALEXANDER

THE EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE is published by the Students' Association of Emerson College of Oratory, 30 Huntington Ave., on the 20th of each month, from November to May inclusive. Send all literary contributions to the *Editor-in-Chief*. Send all subscriptions and advertising to the Bus. Manager. SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.00 IN ADVANCE.

Entered in the Post Office at Boston, Mass., as second class mail matter.

VOL. XXII.

MARCH, 1914

No. 5



## PHI MU GAMMA SORORITY PLAY.

"A VIRGINIA COURTSHIP."

JORDAN HALL, FEBRUARY 20, 1914.

### CHARACTERS

MAJOR FAIRFAX of "Fairfax," Va.	.	LUCY ROBERTS
CAPTAIN FAIRFAX, his son	.	BERTHA McDONOUGH
NEVILLE, his adopted son	.	KATURAH STOKES
BERKELEY, a young blood	.	MARGARET CONWAY
SQUIRE FENWICK, a lover	.	FLORENCE NEWBOLD
KENDALL, the overseer	.	MARION VINCENT
NEAL, master of the hounds	.	MOLLY SAYRE
SAM	.	SUE RIDDICK
MADAME ROBERT	.	JANE RAE
PRUDENCE ROBERT, her daughter	.	EMILY BROWN
BETTY FAIRFAX	.	DOROTHEA DEMING
LAURA FENWICK, niece to Squire Fenwick	.	GLADYS HUNT
MARIE	.	ESTELLE VAN HOESEN

ACT I—"The Oaks." A morning in 1815.

ACT II—"Fairfax." The next morning.

ACT III—Lovers' Gate. The next.

Music by students of the New England Conservatory.

## EMERSONIANS IN SOCIAL SERVICE.

One of the most interesting developments of Emersonian principles is to be seen at the Civic Service House, 112 Salem street. By appeals made through the Y. W. C. A. of this col-

lege, Emerson students have taken classes at this neighborhood centre in Articulation, Public-Speaking and Dramatics for several years.

First-hand communication with these ambitious future citizens is one of the most inspiring experiences possible. A sympathy with the struggling immigrant, who works at exhausting tasks all days, and then comes to evening classes in order to increase his efficiency, takes the place of the undiscriminating denunciation of the alien as a creature barely human enough to escape the title of the "missing link." The Civic Service House is a source of inspiration to all kinds and conditions of men, from the illiterate to students of Boston University Law School. Whether they have had previous "schooling" or not, every one of them is in the best sense a student, taking all occasions to make the most of the educational opportunities open to his time and purse.

Emersonians are not the only students to take advantage of this laboratory work. Harvard sends a number of young men, and several Boston University students have offered their services.

Emersonians are, however, peculiarly fitted for the work. Power to express is exactly what these people are trying to gain. They have many difficulties to overcome, correct habits of speech are to be formed; new elements of articulation, wholly lacking in their own tongue, have to be learned; the element "w" in "was" has never been heard by many of them. One man said to me, "When I first learned to say 'what' I was so very proud." The distinction between "th" and "d" is to them one of the fine subtleties of nature. Again, we find many who have learned English from their co-workers to the extent of talking fluently, but most incorrectly, and the establishment of the right sounds in place of the wrong is a doubly difficult task. A student of the Acoustics class should find here a splendid field for constructive work.

Every young man and woman who come there are particularly eager to "say things." Consequently we find that after a year or two of elementary work, the class turns itself into a club, learning to administer its affairs with a strict regard for Parliamentary Law. Then follow debates and discussions on

the most pertinent questions of the day, offering another valuable kind of experience to the Emersonian teacher, or as he is then called, director.

Thirdly, and perhaps for this reason most of all are Emersonians able to be of the greatest help: we find that the majority of the frequenters of the house are "laborers," unskilled workmen, men who use their brains to direct their hands, rather than other people's brains. Their constant effort is of course toward the latter, but their present need is to convince an employer to give them a job. Moreover, where they need to write a letter once, as Mr. Locke, the assistant director of the House, says,—they must talk every day. The man who *speaks* good English, briefly, and to the point, will be chosen nine times, where the man who speaks little English and that badly, will be chosen once. Most of us have a prejudice that the man who can tell what he wants is the man who can best do what we want; and without intentionally slurring the character or possibilities of the other, we hire the man whom we can understand. The men know this and for that very reason come to avail themselves of the privileges the settlement houses offer.

Mr. Locke, with the co-operation of the students and teachers, is at present engaged in getting out an elementary reader, based upon an action rather than upon a picture; this I mention as of particular interest to the students of Pantomime.

At the present time six Emerson students are in charge of various classes and clubs; at least six more are training various clubs for plays, or doing substitute work. The practical experience gained here is of course a feather in the cap of the prospective teacher. One of the finest positions ever offered a graduate of this College was gained by a reference from the Civic Service House directors as a result of the constructive work which he did while there.

The authorities of the College have recognized the value of this work by offering to give it credit which will equate the two-hour course of the Normal class in the regular curriculum. This requires teaching one evening a week from half-past seven to ten; it will naturally imply a regular report to the Normal class on the work done, in order that its connection

with the work of the College may be as advantageous as possible. Credit will be given also to a Senior or Post-graduate having had one year's experience at the Civic Service House, who will act as supervisor in direct co-operation with the Normal Department of the College.

Social Service work of this kind offers unusual opportunities to the Emerson student. There are many cities from which our students come, where similar work needs to be carried on. Mrs. Papazian, a former Emerson College of Oratory student, is doing splendid work in a Canadian Settlement house, having gained her previous experience at the Civic Service House. While there she coached a group of girls in "How the Vote was Won," and had such success that they played to audiences all over the state.

With the development of the College course to four years, a course in Social Service work of this nature, planned directly to help the immigrant, would be of invaluable service to other settlement workers all over the country; for no school could better realize the possibilities in such an undertaking than one whose philosophy is "Expression is Necessary to Evolution."

META E. BENNETT

---

#### THE QUIET HOUR AT EMERSON.

Y. W. C. A.

Fridays—2.00-3.00. Room 510.

*There are two good rules which ought to be written on every heart: Never believe anything bad about anybody unless you positively know it is true; never tell even that, unless you feel that it is absolutely necessary, and that God is listening while you tell it.*

—HENRY VANDYKE.

Surely there is no one in College who does not feel that the year is drawing very near its close. Indeed too near for some who go out this May never to return. There are only a few more meetings of the Association, and only a few more times that this Association will have the opportunity of inviting

students to come to the Y. W. C. A. It earnestly requests help in making the last meetings the best.

On February the 13th the Association had the pleasure of having Mrs. Black for the speaker. Her topic was "The Kernel of True Religion." She said that our Church is of little value unless we relate it to our fellow beings. Our Y. W. work must go outside of the Association and find expression in the smallest details of everyday life. In this day we are apt to lose sight of Jesus Christ. The world has never seen or never will see anything comparable to the revelation of God through His Son, and unless we see this we fail to recognize the will of God.

Vera Bradford and Isabel Burton read at Chelsea recently.

Virginia Beraud and Zenita Graf have taken classes at the Civic Service House.

The Association welcomes our Vice-President Jean West to College again.

The officers and cabinet of the Association recently had a picture made for the Year Book.

---

#### CANADIAN CLUB NOTES.

The Canadian Club gave a program before the Canadian Club of Boston on February 17. There were readings by Ida Leslie, Kathryn MacKay, Jennie Windsor, Maude Relyea, Jean Matheson, Mary Cody and music by Beth Moir. Miss Belle Wilson, a Canadian girl at the New England Conservatory, gave several delightful solos. After the concert the E. C. O. members were pleasantly entertained at supper by the ladies of the Boston Club.

Jennie Windsor gave several readings at the "Girl's Industrial Home" in Dorchester, February 9.

Laura Curtis read at Chipman Hall, Tremont Temple.

Percy Alexander played a part in "Pygmalion and Galatea" at the Plymouth Theatre.

Amelia Green gave readings at Wollaston, February 10.

The Emerson Canadian Club was entertained at an "At Home" by the Harvard Canadian Club on Saturday afternoon, February 21.

---

#### P. G. NOTES.

Bessie Bell read at a Colonial Evening given by the D. A. R., at Woburn, February 23; also at the Grace Church, So. Boston, February 24.

Jean Matheson and Docia Dodd read at the Cullis' Consumptive Home, February 6.

Myrtie Hutchinson read before the Sons and Daughters of Maine, Melrose, last month.

February 23, "Pygmalion and Galatea" was given at the Plymouth Theatre for the Mothers and Fathers Club for the benefit of the Child Welfare Fund. Lillian Aune took the part of Cynisca; Lillian Brown, Daphne; and Olga Newton, Myrine.

Amy LaVigne read "Her First Appearance," by Richard Harding Davis; "Rosa," "A Peach Pie," with encores at the Fireside Social, Union Congregational Church, Sunday, Feb. 22.

Jean Matheson read also at the Fireside Social, Union Church, March 1. Miss Matheson gave a cutting from "The Bonnie Brier Bush," "Each in His Own Tongue," and "Fairyland," with encores.

Docia Dodd read at the Banquet given by the Sabbathia Chapter of the Eastern Star, Norfolk Hall, Dorchester, Feb. 28; at Simmons College for the Junior Class Party, Feb. 14, and at the Pilgrim Congregational Church, Dorchester.

---

#### SENIOR RECITAL.

February 26.

I. Two Houses

*Kate Jordan*

ADELAIDE VERONICA IGO

II. Courtship by Telepathy

*Anonymous*

ISABEL BURTON

III. Laddie	<i>Laura E. Richards</i>
	MILDRED E. JOHNSON
IV. The Mallet's Masterpiece	<i>Edward Peple</i>
	MAUD LEANORE RELYEAE
V. The Blue Bird (an arrangement)	<i>Maeterlinck</i>
	LOUISE WEST
VI. Richard III. (Act 1, Scene 2)	<i>Shakespeare</i>
	THERESA ZAIDEE COGSWELL

February 19th the Senior class enjoyed the Junior Promenade which was given them at the Copley-Plaza Hotel. The Juniors made splendid hosts and hostesses, and the Class of 1914 are very grateful to them for an exceedingly pleasant evening.

The Senior class banquet was held at Riverbank Court, Feb. 23. Dr. Ward was toastmaster. It seems there is no other occasion when classmates come in closer touch with each other than a class banquet. It was decided to meet again at Riverbank Court in 1917. Among the interesting features of the evening, the class sang the song "Nineteen Fourteen Banquet," composed by Dr. Ward and presented to the class on the occasion of Junior Week banquet. The evening passed off pleasantly.

Luciel De Reynolds gave an evening's program at Newton Centre recently.

Jennie Windsor rendered several selections at an entertainment given at the First Presbyterian Church, Boston.

Marion Grant read before one of the gatherings of the Fireside Circle of Union Congregational Church.

#### '15.

The Juniors gave a vaudeville performance extensively advertised under the name of "It" in Faelton Hall on the afternoon of February 5th. The program was composed of various song features, a thrilling melodrama, a dance by "Harriet Lauder," some hypnotical demonstrations, and an interview between High and Sigh. About twelve dollars was netted to help on the expenses of Junior Week.

"Junior Week," the annual celebration of the Junior Class,

came this year from February 17th to 21st, and was a week of excitement for each member of the class. Following is the program as it was carried out.

Tuesday morning—The Junior march into Chapel — followed by a Class song.

Wednesday morning—Emerson exercises, led from the platform by ten of the Juniors.

Thursday morning—At the usual lecture hour the Junior “Stunt,” consisting of two vocal numbers, a vaudeville feature, a dance by “Harriet Lauder,” and a short skit, “The Emerson Sisters,” put on by nine of the Junior girls.

Thursday night the Junior Prom was given at the Copley-Plaza. Mrs. Whitney, Mrs. Hicks, Mrs. Southwick and Mrs. Josephine V. Smith were the patronesses.

Friday morning the “Co-Ed Society” presented their second annual farce, “Thirty Minutes for Refreshments.” Following is the cast of characters:

John Downley, a bachelor . . . . .	Albert Lovejoy
Clarence Fitts, his colored servant, . . . . .	Edwin Flanders
John Foxton, a young married gentleman, . . . . .	Arthur Winslow
Major Pepper, U. S. A., . . . . .	Albert Smith
Mrs. Foxton, . . . . .	Percy Alexander
Miss Arabella Pepper, a maiden lady, . . . . .	Stanley Newton
Polly, waiting maid at Highland Station, . . . . .	Fred Hubbard

*Scene*—Private room in refreshment department of Highland Station.

Friday night the Junior Class had a section reserved for them at the Phi Mu Gamma Play.

Saturday morning, after the Junior March into Chapel, President Southwick gave the annual address to the Class.

Saturday evening at the Hemenway Hotel the annual Class Banquet was held. This affair was informal and was a general “get together” party for the members of the Class. Mr. Kidder, acting as toastmaster, called on several members of the Class to respond to toasts.

The Juniors wish to thank the other class members for the cordial reception and appreciation of their efforts, and to thank the faculty members for their interest and time given, which helped to make Junior Week a success.

'16.

Fred W. Hubbard was leading man in David Belasco's "May Blossom," which was presented by the Ivanhoe Dramatic Club at Brante Hall, Cambridge, Jan. 29.

The "Co-Eds" presented "Thirty Minutes for Refreshments" at the Pilgrim Church, Dorchester, March 10 and 11.

---

### MUSIC.

In the wide-moving Sea  
Is hid a mystery  
That the ever-sounding swell  
Whispers of, but may not tell—  
With its deathless melody  
Guarding the secret well.

And the wind, in its sweep  
Above the mighty deep,  
Breathes a meaning few may know;  
Sings it in a cadence low;  
Thunders it from steep to steep—  
Farther than thought can go.

The Spirit hath no way  
Its master-word to say.  
But that chanting of the Sea—  
And the winds' high harmony!  
With immortal phrases they  
Invest the mystery!

HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE.

*Harper's Magazine.*

---

### SORORITIES.

#### PHI MU GAMMA.

We are pleased to welcome as members of Phi Mu Gamma the following:—Anna Vail, Gladys Hunt, Molly Sayer, Estelle Van Hoesen and Margaret Conway.

"A Virginia Courtship," the Annual Sorority Play, was pre-

sented at Jordan Hall, Feb. 20, with great success under the direction of Walter Bradley Tripp.

Janet Rae has taken up her duties as a teacher of Expression in a Girl's College in Pennsylvania.

Florence Newbold read in Newton Y. M. C. A. recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Stokes have been the guests of their daughter Katurah, for the play.

Florence Newbold had as a guest Miss Ruth Fisher of Lancaster, Pa., during the week of the play.

Doris Sparrell spent the week-end at Norwell, Mass., over the 22d of February.

Phi Mu Gamma entertained at a supper party after the play at which Mr. Tripp and Miss Sleight were guests.

Mrs. Vincent Allen (nee) Disa Brackett, was a guest at the Chapter House recently.

Katurah Stokes returned to her home in Moorestown, N. J., for the vacation.

Invitations have been received for an "At Home" to be given by Mr. and Mrs. Budd (nee) Helen Brewer, at their home in Pemberton, N. J., after their return from Palm Beach.

Sue Riddick spent the week-end in the White Mountains.

Bernice Loveland of Connecticut was a recent guest at the Chapter House.

Dorothea Deming spent the vacation in Weathersfield, Conn.

Doris Sparrell entertained at bridge at her home in Everett, Mass., during the recess.

Betty Perry gave a luncheon at her home in Reading, Mass., recently.

Molly Sayre spent the vacation at her home in Warwick, N. Y.

#### ZETA PHI ETA.

Theresa Cogswell recently read at the First Presbyterian Church of Cambridge.

We are glad to welcome back Jean West, after her illness.

Laura Curtis gave a reading at Chipman Hall, Tremont Temple.

Zinita Graf spent a recent week-end, and the spring vacation in Middletown, Connecticut, as a guest in the home of

President W. A. Shanklin, of Wesleyan University.

Elizabeth Bell participated in a Washington's Birthday party held in Woburn, Massachusetts. She also read recently in South Boston, at the Grace Church.

Jean MacDonald spent the spring recess with friends in New York City.

Louise West read again for the Woman's Club, held at the home of Mrs. Kepler on Commonwealth Avenue.

Alice White went to her home in New York City for the holidays.

Laura Curtis spent part of the spring recess with friends in Fall River.

#### KAPPA GAMMA CHI.

Kappa Gamma Chi welcomes the following initiates:— Frances Bradley, Dorothy Canaga, Alice Evans, Louise Hainline, Leota MacAleer, May Miller, Anne Minahan, Rhea Olin, Elizabeth Sturdivant, Elizabeth Tack, Marion Wells.

On the evening of February 17 Kappa was entertained with a spread by the new members.

Marion Wells read "The Mallet's Masterpiece" at a golden jubilee celebration of the Knights of Pythias at Waltham.

Fern Stevenson spent the spring vacation as the guest of Stasia Scribner of Bangor, Maine.

Rhea Olin entertained Marie Brown of Wellesley over a week-end during the past month.

Beth Tack spent part of the spring holidays at Wellesley.

Marguerite Grunewald was the guest of Frances Bradley at her home in Talcotville, Connecticut, during the vacation.

#### DELTA DELTA PHI.

Mrs. Sandy Beaver (nee Annice Lowry) is coaching the Gainesville Dramatic Club in their production of "Milestones."

Olive Clark has been a guest at the Hemenway several times during the past month. She is coaching a play for the D. A. R., of Milford, N. H.

Jessie Weems spent some time in Boston on her way to New York, where she is now playing.

Gertrude Chapman, Margaret Emerson and Mildred Cary, chaperoned by Mrs. Chapman, attended Junior Prom Week at Phillips Exeter Academy.

Beulah Batchelor was a guest at a house party in Brookline for several days.

Helen Baxter visited at the Torpedo Station in Newport over the week-end.

Mildred Cary spent the spring recess at her home in Troy, N. Y.

Lois Perkins was entertained by friends in Maine during the vacation.

Abbie Fowler has successfully presented three short plays at the Rome Convent, Rome, N. Y.

Lucile Boyer has lately become assistant English teacher of the Duluth, Minn., High School.

Julie Owen has been making an extended Southern trip during February.

Vera McDonald and Rhea Ashley spent a week in New York with Dr. and Mrs. Ashley.

Lillian Aune recently read for the Brightehuston Club of Brookline.

Helen Leavitt spent two weeks at her country home in New Hampshire.

---

#### DON'TS FOR COLLEGE MAIDENS.

A series of "don'ts" recently made its appearance on the bulletin board at a girls' college, causing considerable interest. Among the don'ts were these:

Don't swear or use bad language, not because we object to it, but because it sounds bad.

Don't flirt with the handsome fellow down in the village. His wife may not like it.

Don't chew candy or anything else while on the village streets. If you must chew, try the rag.

Don't be a freak. The squirrels have enough nuts to attend to now.

Don't kiss each other in the public highway. It's awful to see a woman doing a man's work.

Don't study too hard. Folks may think you are preparing to earn your own living.



## •BY THE EDITOR'S FIRESIDE•

### HEARTH SONG.

*Before the hearth I dream of many things,  
The red-eyed embers glow, dull down, expire;  
An evanescent life in each, that brings  
Sad omens for the Life that men desire.  
Will it not end in ashes, like the fire?  
Not death is here, but change! Each spark that gleams  
Is pent-up sunlight, and the back-log's tune  
Repeats the music of the woods and streams.  
Bend low and listen; it is Nature's rune,  
Singing of summer, chanting soft of June.*

*Dumb in June—*

—RICHARD BURTON.

**JUNIOR WEEK** Junior Week made an indelible mark in the history of this year's Junior Class. It culminated in all that the upper classmen had anticipated.

On the morning of the class march the students felt the pervading atmosphere of the Juniors by the fragrant rose each carried. The Class songs, indicative of rousing Class spirit, made every student enthusiastic with college loyalty. It called forth cheer upon cheer from the different classes. New possibilities were revealed in the Emerson physical exercises as they were led during the morning exercises by a group of Junior girls. The "Emerson Sisters," a group of girls in costume, presented the "Theology of Emerson" as they teach it in their travels from the north. They were veritable Shakespeares in their success of play on words. Much information was revealed by the local hits. The play "Thirty Minutes for Refreshments" as presented by the "Co-Ed Society" was admirably sustained throughout the general applause. The actors in turning the mirror to feminine nature

gave the young ladies a splendid opportunity to see themselves as others see 'em. The Junior Promenade at the Copley-Plaza, the President's address in Chapel, and the Banquet are events which will never be forgotten by members of the Class.

The Junior Class seems to include many of unusual talent. There is the whistling girl who can vie with any of the whistling agents of nature, the poet who tells of the ancient Indian legend of Maiden Rock in exquisite word-painting, the musician who by a compromise with the piano makes music to correspond with her inner feelings, and the dancer whose lithe movements express eloquence.

Every student thanks the Juniors for arousing more college spirit in every class.

*"The songs of Nature never cease  
Her players sue not for release.  
In nearer fields, on hills afar;  
Attendant her musicians are;  
From water brook or forest tree,  
For aye comes gentle melody,  
The very air is music blent—  
An universal instrument."*

"NO MUSIC IN NATURE?" Surely the elements have never kept silence since this ball was set swinging through infinite space in time with the music of the spheres. Their voices were ever sounding in combative strains, through fire and flood, from the equator to the poles, innumerable ages before the monsters of sea and earth added their bellowings to the chorus of the universe.

So far as the song is concerned, the hoarse thunderings of the elements, the bellowings of the monsters of both land and water, the voices of things animate and inanimate—all must be forced, age on to age, through her grand music crucible, and the precious essence given to the birds.

Though the birds expressed themselves vocally ages before there were human ears to hear them, it is hardly to be supposed that their early singing bore much resemblance to the bird music of today. It is not at all likely that on some fine morning, too far back for reckoning, the world was suddenly

and for the first time flooded with innumerable bird songs, and that ever since birds have sung as they then sang and as they sing now. There were no reporters to tell us when the birds began to sing, but the general history of human events chronicles the interest with which birds and bird-singing have been regarded by the nations of the past, leaving us to infer that when men and birds became acquainted, the birds were already singing.

—*Simeon Pease Cheney.*

#### A FEW HOURS AGO.

A few hours ago I was surrounded by the jargon of business, myself a part of it.

Now, somewhere near the middle of the night, I am sitting by an open Window.

Everything is still and the soft night air is cool.

The sky seems very near and the stars lie over the heavens like fields of daisies, stretching on and on.

The moon is passing in and out of the clouds, making a shadow-checkered day of the night, and breaking the sky with shafts of gold.

All silent the universe is doing its work—beautiful, mysterious, religious.

What was all the jargon about, a few hours ago?

—*Max Ehrmann.*



# ALUMNI

SERIES OF DRAMA STUDIES SUITABLE FOR EMERSON CLUB STUDY.

THE COMEDIES OF GOLDSMITH AND SHERIDAN.

DR. MARY ALICE EMERSON, BOSTON UNIVERSITY.

Interpretation of the nature, sources and dramatic handling of comedy has varied greatly at different periods and in different nations. Time was that the essence of comedy was thought to be farcical. Only the broadest caricatures, the most abusive jibes, and the most ribald jests would satisfy a coarse and often licentious audience. Small wonder that people of taste failed to include such extravagances in their scheme of ethics or aesthetics.

The check which comedy received was too abrupt, and human nature reasserted itself in satire. This proved unsatisfactory for general appeal, and subtler, kindlier forms of wit and humor developed. In succession comic situation, comic dialogue, and comic characterization were emphasized. This was the history of Greek and Roman comedy, and this in effect was the history of English comedy.

The comic drama has been more popular at some periods than at others. It has reached its lowest point at times of great social degeneracy, or at periods of conventionality and inertia, because then the presentation of "the social significance of the individual" could provoke no "thoughtful laughter."

Objective comedy may be a reflex of the age in which it is written, or it may be a criticism of that age. In the former case the result is realism; in the latter, it is satire. Subjective comedy presents a vision of the ideal made concrete, and tends

to be interpretative, constructive, and romantic. Both of these kinds of comedy have wide range of material, but they may not treat, except incidentally, the sacred or the sublime.

Shakespeare's masterly use of comedy as a dramatic form forever raised the standard in England. He used many of the situations so familiar in earlier plays, most of the stock characters, and even certain typical themes for dialogue. However, his purification of the love element, his wholesome moral tone, his genial sympathy, and his exquisite play of fancy put the stamp of genius upon his work, and almost made comedy a new art form.

Jonson, and later Dryden, tried to emphasize the classic ideals of comedy. The dramatists of the Restoration were greatly influenced by French models. Molière, the greatest of the French dramatists, chose social satire for his field, and showed great independence in it. He saw life sanely and saw it whole. Dryden, his English admirer and follower, was much more conventional, accepting the technique of reform, rather than the spirit. In 1704 Queen Anne issued a royal edict against the improprieties of the stage. Finally, with Addison's "Cato" and Steele's "Grief à la Mode," a crusade for dramatic reform was begun. Although the motives of these writers were excellent, the results of their efforts were unfortunate. Comedy, in its attempt to be moral, became sadly mediocre. Another much needed stage in the evolution of comedy came about through the efforts of Goldsmith and Sheridan.

Oliver Goldsmith had two strong reasons for turning dramatist; he appreciated the spectacular side of every situation, and he desired to reform the social manners of his day. Like Steele, he believed comedy to be an effective vehicle for moralizing. Fortunately his sense of humor generally saved him from being hopelessly didactic. In his preface to "The Good-Natured Man" he says he has attempted to follow not the "gentle comedy" of recent writers, but the nature and humor of earlier writers, and "hopes that too much refinement will not banish humor and character from ours as it has already done from the French theatre."

In this play there is only sufficient plot to carry the dialogue. The easy good-nature of young Mr. Honeywood has involved

him in money difficulties which have culminated in his being arrested for debt. Miss Richland, an heiress with whom he is in love, accompanied by her maid Garnet, pays him a visit. He induces the bailiff and his follower to feign to be friends of his; but this does not deceive the lady, who has already instructed the lawyers to pay his debts. Miss Richland's guardian, Mr. Croaker, a man of gloomy and repining disposition, wishes his son Leontine to marry her. Leontine is in love with Olivia, whose mercenary guardian, attempting to force her into a French convent, drives her to her lover for protection. Leontine brings her to his family, who refuse to accept her. The young people elope, accompanied by Honeywood's old servant, Jarvis. He has promised to supply them with funds, but the bill he gives Leontine is protested and their flight delayed. Sir William Honeywood knows Olivia to be the child of his old friend, Sir James Woodville, and successfully intercedes with Croaker for the young couple. Honeywood comes to an understanding with Miss Richland, and everyone is happy.

The play ridicules extravagance, social vice, credulity and selfishness. The "good-natured man" shows his folly in many extreme ways, but finally, taught by the discipline of his father, the good sense of his sweetheart, and the dawning of manly responsibility, decides to reform. The dialogue is usually crisp and bright, and there are many sly hits at the affectation of social climbers. Loftus and most of the other characters improve, but the change in Honeywood is most thorough-going. "I now too plainly perceive my errors; my vanity in attempting to please all by fearing to offend any; my meanness in approving my folly, lest fools should disapprove. Henceforth, therefore, it shall be my study to reserve my pity for real distress; my friendship for true merit; and my love for her who first taught me what it is to be happy."

Croaker is the one laughable character in this first play of Goldsmith's. The key to his character is found in his own words to his obliging listener, Honeywood: "It is a perfect satisfaction to be miserable with you." The scene in which he finds the letter to his son which has been dropped by the drunken butler is thoroughly characteristic. He reads the following illiterate epistle with the most excited comments:

"Muster Croaker, as sone as you see this, leve twenty gunnes at the bar of the Talbot tell called for, or yowe and yower experetion wil be al blown up. Our pockets are low, and money we must have. It is but a short time you will have to considir: for if this takes wind, the house will quickly be all of afame. Make quick dispatch & so no more at present. But may Cupid, the little god of love, go with you wherever you go."

After Croaker has tried in vain to alarm the family, he says: "Sleeping and eating is the only work from morning till night in my house. My insensible crew could sleep though rocked by an earthquake, and fry beefsteaks at a volcano."

Miss Richland reminds him: "But, sir, you have alarmed them so often already; we have nothing but earthquakes, famine, plague, and mad dogs from year's end to year's end. You remember, sir, it is not above a month ago you assured us of a conspiracy among the bakers to poison us in our bread; and so kept the family a whole week on potatoes." The amusement furnished by the character of Croaker was not enough to save the play, which was a sad failure on the stage.

Goldsmith's next comedy, "*She Stoops to Conquer, or the Mistakes of a Night*," was much more successful during the author's life, and has been deservedly popular ever since. It is a play rich in comedy of situation, character and dialogue. Based on experiences during Goldsmith's own wanderings, it has realism and strong human interest. There are still the old comic types and the traditional pairing off of the characters; but there are also genuine plot interest, strong characterization, adequate motivation, judicious suspense, and discriminating use of dramatic justice.

The hero, young Marlow, has the same shy, blundering, credulous immaturity of Honeywood, but he develops more artistically toward the balance of character which tends to lessen the number of times that a man makes himself the deliberate victim of the ironies of life. The heroine is a sprightly, bright and wholesome girl, unspoiled by Mrs. Hardeastle's false ideals of life. Tony Lumpkin, the would-be villain, is a ridiculous booby, whose ideas of a practical joke cause many of the ludicrous situations. He is an interesting version of the clown of earlier comedy. Underneath his foolery and coarseness, he

has native shrewdness and blunt kindness which promise something for his development after he becomes freed from his mother's unwise management. He plays no unimportant part in this comedy of intrigue, and we willingly give him his due meed when the lovers are properly paired off, the fathers bound in closer ties of friendship, and the mother made sensible, at least for the time being.

David Garrick, friend of both Goldsmith and Sheridan, influenced on comic stage of his day more than is often realized. The actor, by his versatility, industry and tact, did much to shame and stimulate his fellowmen. He revived the Shakespearean comedies and the best of the Restoration dramas. For nearly thirty years his Drury Lane Theatre was the "home for learning and culture." In 1776, one year after "*The Rivals*" had been first produced, Richard Brinsley Sheridan bought out Garrick's interest in Drury Lane. In 1777 appeared "*The School for Scandal*," called by some critics the best comedy in the English language, and in 1779 "*The Critic*" was produced. All three plays were prompt successes, and two of them have held the public eye and heart until our own day. Sheridan laughed at many of the social follies of his own time, but his pictures of foolish people were as kindly as they were clever. He has the Irishman's gifts of comradeship and fun-making. In "*The Rivals*" he burlesques sentimentality, arrogance, pretence, and hypocrisy; but his appeal is to the heart rather than to the head. We rise from a presentation of the play, not cynical but tolerant, not censorious but sympathetic. The most foolish character at times has shown a pleasant side.

Sheridan takes his material from contemporary sources. His plots are slight but natural. Domestic situations furnish his most telling themes. In "*The Rivals*," the scene in which Lydia discovers that Ensign Beverley, with whom she is about to elope, is none other than the rich and eligible Jack Absolute, the suitor approved by her Aunt, and the scene in which the ladies appear at King's Mead Field, just in time to prevent the final discomfiture of the rivals, are true dramatic crises. Yet, so cleverly are the subordinate scenes managed that every one of them tells not only for plot movement, but for cumulative fun. Who would miss one of those scenes, especially the dis-

cussion between Sir Anthony and Mrs. Malaprop on the education of girls, the battle of wills between the doughty, peppery knight and his opinionated son on the subject of choosing a wife, the announcement of Jack's sudden change of heart, Bob Acres' display of his newly-acquired social graces, or the composition of the letter of challenge?

Sometimes we think that it is the delightful story which amuses us most; again we feel sure that it is the characters that are most worth while; and at still another time we give the highest praise to the racy dialogue.

Many of the characters are as real to us as the people we meet every day. Though the jealous lover, sentimental sweetheart, stern and irate parent, timid, gullible swain, swash-buckling Irish soldier, and pert scheming maid, were types long used by the comic dramatist, Sheridan gives them distinct individuality; so that Falkland, Lydia Languish, Sir Anthony Absolute, Bob Acres, Sir Lucius O'Trigger and Lucy are friends to whose faults we are fain to be a little blind. Even Mrs. Malaprop, with her ridiculous vanity, perverted knowledge of her own "oracular tongue," and her "nice derangement of epitaphs," is not wholly contemptible.

In "The School for Scandal" the shams and false standards of fashionable society are held up to pitiless view; but Lady Teazle, Sir Peter and most of their friends are individually shown to be capable of better things. The plot is less interesting than the character development and the repartee. Charles Surface, an extravagant young city gentleman, has run through a fortune. In his extremity, Moses, a Jew usurer, is applied to. Sir Oliver Surface, Charles's uncle, a rich Indian Nabob, on his return to England, disguises himself in order to visit his nephews without being recognized. He applies to Joseph in the character of a poor relation, and is repelled civilly, but with sham protestations of benevolence. His visit to the spendthrift Charles in the disguise of Moses, the money lender, reveals to him Charles's true character. The scene is marked by liveliness, variety, wit, humor, knowledge of the world, and a touch of deeper feeling. Though less often quoted than the quarrel between Lady Teazle and Sir Peter, this scene has the same sort of human appeal, especially when Sir

Oliver presses the unsuspecting young man to relieve his embarrassment by selling the family portraits. After buying most of them, he says:

*Sir Oliver*—I suppose Uncle Oliver goes with the rest of the lumber?

*Charles*—No, hang it. I'll not part with poor Noll. The old fellow has been very good to me, and egad! I'll keep the picture while I've a room to put it in.

*Sir O.*—(Aside)—The rogue's my nephew, after all!—But, sir, I have somehow taken a fancy to that picture.

*Chas.*—I'm sorry for't, for you certainly will not have it.—Oons, haven't you got enough of them?

*Sir O.*—(Aside)—I forgive him everything!—But Sir, when I take a whim in my head, I don't value money. I'll give you as much for that as for all the rest.

*Chas.*—Don't tease me, master broker. I tell you I'll not part with it, and there's an end of it.

*Sir O.*—(Aside)—A dear, extravagant rogue! Good day! Come, Moses! Let me hear now who calls him profligate."

Sheridan's "Critic, or The Tragedy Rehearsed" is a clever bit of dramatic satire, but has not the modern touch and universal appeal of the social comedies. The names of the characters are significant and explanatory: Sir Fretful Plagiary, Puff, Dangle, Sneer, Senior Pasticcio Ritornello, Interpreter, and Under Prompter.

Sir Fretful Plagiary which is a character taken frankly from an unimportant playwright, is given new interest. He brings forward his new tragedy and asks for honest criticism. When told by Sneer that it lacks incident, by Dangle that the interest falls off in the fifth act, and by Mrs. Dangle that it is too long, the author is first indignant and then indifferent. In the second act this revised play is rehearsed at the theatre. It is full of improbabilities, inconsistencies, and artificialities. It needs constant explaining and excusing. The burlesque of the classic conventions, so recently revived by Addison, is funny; but is far-fetched, stilted, and of local rather than universal interest. This play will never rank with Sheridan's other comedies, which are genuine human documents, marked by brilliance, subtlety, sincerity, knowledge of human nature, kindness and charm.

In giving due credit to Goldsmith and Sheridan for their contributions to English comedy, we must remember that they rescued the stage from coarseness on the one hand and mediocrity on the other; that they permanently established the dignity and the charm of the comedy of manners; that they purified the comedy of intrigue; that they gave us some characters that are permanent dramatic favorites; and that their comedy, ranging as it does from farce to intellectual subtleties, is always wholesome, hearty, kindly and stimulating. They not only prepared the way for the modern psychological comedy, but also gave it a genial bias.

#### EMERSON COLLEGE CLUB OF BOSTON.

On Tuesday, February 10th, at the college rooms, was held the regular meeting of the club. To Dean Ross and members of the Post-graduate and Senior classes of Emerson we are indebted for an excellent programme. Indeed we felt in sympathy with Oliver Twist, for such work made us want "more."

The programme was as follows:

"A Ballad of East and West"	Kipling
MISS CAROLINE FERRIS	
"Daddy and the Boy"	Anonymous
MISS AMY L. LAVIGNE	
"Carlotta's Intended"	Ruth McEmery Stuart
MISS MARGARET A. STRICKLAND	
"Wee MacGregor's Experiment"	J. J. Bell
MISS ELIZABETH P. MOIR	
"Wooing Scene," Henry V., Act 2, Scene 2,	Shakespeare
MISS VIRGINIA BERAUD	

#### EMERSON COLLEGE CLUB OF RHODE ISLAND.

Miss Emily Parker, who is spending the winter in Providence, entertained the club very pleasantly on February 10th. Following is our programme for 1913-1914:

OCTOBER 14 . . . . .	John K. Bangs
Mrs. Fisher and Miss Nichols Hostess, Mrs. Bowen	
NOVEMBER 11 . . . . .	Joel C. Harris
Miss Patterson and Mrs. Littlefield Hostess, Mrs. Gray	
DECEMBER 9 . . . . .	Thomas N. Page
Mrs. Bowen and Mrs. Lamb Hostess, Mrs. Fessenden	

---

JANUARY 13 . . . . .	Mary Wilkins Freeman
	Mrs. Fessenden and Mrs. Westcott
	Hostess, Mrs. Murphy
FEBRUARY 10 . . . . .	Kate Douglas Wiggin
	Mrs. Gray and Mrs. Murphy
	Hostess, Mrs. Knulton
MARCH 10 . . . . .	W. D. Howells
	Mrs. Knulton and Mrs. Hesse
	Hostess, Miss Cameron
APRIL 14 . . . . .	Richard Harding Davis
	Miss Cameron and Mrs. Bell
	Hostess, Mrs. Westcott
MAY 12 . . . . .	T. B. Aldrich
	Mrs. Morse and Mrs. Richard
	Hostess, Mrs. Lamb

---

#### ALUMNI NOTES.

'92. The marriage of Faith Purman to Mr. Edward Murray Jarett has been announced.

'93-'94. The following is taken from a Gardner paper:

"Miss Mary Canney of New York gave an excellent reading before the members of the Catholic Women's Club of Gardner, last evening, in A. O. U. W. hall, taking for her subject, "The Maid of Orleans."

"The story of Joan of Arc is familiar to most people, and Miss Canney retold it in a fascinating manner. She is a graduate of the Emerson College of Oratory, and an accomplished elocutionist. Her work was artistic and the large audience was completely captivated."

'94-'95. A new novel by Ruth Holt Boucicault, entitled "The Substance of His House," has recently been published by Little, Brown & Co. It has already had a second printing.

'97. The "Dickens Fellowship" of Winnipeg recently entertained with an "Authors' Night." The programme consisted of readings by well-known Winnipeg writers, including "Black Rock," by Rev. Dr. C. W. Gordon ("Ralph Connor"); "Pickanack" by Rev. W. B. Heeney, and a new romance by Canon Gill. The following is what the *Telegram* had to say about Mrs. Spencer-Wiggin:

"One of the hits of the evening was the reading of "Tag," a humorous story by Mrs. Patriarche, whose forte is French-Canadian sketches. As Mrs. Patriarche was too retiring to appear on the platform herself, she supplied a substitute, in the person of Mrs. Spencer-Wiggin of New York city, who is at present visiting friends in Winnipeg. Mrs. Spencer-Wiggin is an accomplished reader, and delighted

the audience by her rendition of the amusing story of the woes of a bridal couple who befriended a tagged boy and a bull-dog on a train, and found both little Baptiste and Carlo on their hands when they landed in the New York depot."

'98. Dr. Walter B. Swift read a paper, February 27, 1914, before the New England Pediatrics Society, presenting his late researches upon the human voice in disease. The paper was entitled, "A Voice Sign in Chorea."

'98-'99. Laura V. C. Stewart, instructor in the Central New York Institution for Deaf Mutes, has recently sustained the loss of her mother. We wish to extend our sympathy to Miss Stewart in her grief.

'05-'06. *The Daily Ledger* (Tacoma, Wash.) has the following interesting news of work done by Prof. Bernard Lambert:

"A charming afternoon of Italian music and poetry was accorded the members and invited guests of Arequipa club yesterday afternoon at the annual guest-day reception. Prof. Bernard Lambert and Dr. Robert Schofield, assisted by Miss Preston, presented a very beautiful program of readings and music. The musical numbers were selected from the typical Italian composers, Scarlatti, Rossini, Verdi and Leoncavallo, and included numbers for violin, piano and voice. Mr. Schofield prefaced the opera numbers with an interesting talk on the origin of the operas and musical importance of the composers. Prof. Lambert read several of Browning's poems, written in Italy and showing the Italian influence, and gave a talk on Browning and an interpretation of the poems. The program was very artistically given and enthusiastically received.

'05. An article entitled "Spreading the Truth Among the Millions," by Edith M. Wills, recently appeared in the *American Advance*. She is Assistant Editor of the *Scientific Temperance Journal*, and Field Secretary of the Scientific Temperance Federation, and an associate of Miss Cora Frances Stoddard and the late Mrs. Mary H. Hunt.

'10-'11. While attending the Chicago University this year, Ruth I. Morse was offered the position of Instructor of Public Speaking and Music in the high school at Princeton, Ill., which she accepted.

**'12.** Mrs. Benna Harris Bailey, director of The Story-Tellers' League of Knoxville, Tenn., is building up a fine School of Expression in her home city. During this season Mrs. Bailey has been presenting a variety program with great success. Mrs. Bailey has recently put on several plays, among them "Farm Folks" and "Queen Esther," and is at present coaching the young people of the First Presbyterian Church of Knoxville in a Christian pageant called "The Vision."

**'12. From *The Union*, Manchester, N. H.:**

"Miss Ella F. Eastman has had her latest play, which she composed for the entertainment at the annual banquet of the Robinson Seminary alumnae, accepted by the Werner Publishing Co., of New York. It is a burlesque and entitled, "Graduation at Miss Lurch's Boarding School." The characters were taken by graduates of the seminary.

"Miss Eastman has also composed other plays which have been presented by local talent. The play entitled "Everystudent" and presented at the town hall for the benefit of the Exeter Cottage Hospital was her composition. This play was presented at the Commencement exercises of Chatham Episcopal Institute at Chatham, Va.

"She is also known as a monologist, her choicest compositions in this line being "At the Woman's Club" and "A Professional Street Car Passenger." She is a graduate from Robinson Seminary, Emerson School of Oratory and Dana Hall school. She is the daughter of former Attorney-General and Mrs. Edwin G. Eastman."

**'13.** Mabelle M. Clow read recently for the Rochester Woman's Club (Literature Department). Her program consisted of three readings, "A Set of Turquoise" (by T. B. Aldrich), "Madam Butterfly" (by J. L. Long), "Mme. Elf" and three solo dances.

**'13.** Bertha F. Gorman rendered a pleasing program at Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, on February 19th, at the opening of The Charlottetown School of Expression, where Miss Gorman is to teach.

**'13.** Gertrude Green has recovered from her accident and has accepted a position as head of the English Department in the High School at Sandford, Fla.

The lines that follow have been commented upon by literary critics as the most notable literary production of the kind in recent years.

---

“TSCHAIKOVSKY.”

(By H. G. Dwight in “The Century”)

*I have heard music, and I cannot sleep.*

*I have been in some sad and distant land  
Where silent steppes to dim horizons creep,  
And long, slow rivers wind through choking sand.*

*I have heard winds tempestuous in the night.*

*I have heard waters wailing far away.*

*I have heard forests trumpet in their might,  
And moan together at the break of day.*

*I have heard voices sobbing in the dark*

*Because of love and loneliness and pain.*

*I have heard singing when I seemed to hark  
To twilight fields and low skies gray with rain.*

*I have heard marching and the roll of drums*

*Across those steppes, within those forests dim;  
And I have felt the sudden thrill that comes  
Upon the chanting of a mighty hymn.*

*I have heard music, and I cannot sleep.*

*My heart shall know nor peace nor pity yet;  
For in me whirl, like clouds across a deep,  
Things I can neither utter nor forget.*

---

Of all the arts, music is the clearest exponent of movement. Sound does, indeed, reveal under a sensible form its vibratory nature, and the sonorous waves pass over us like thrilling violin bows, communicating their vibrations to the very depths of our being—Time and space enlarge their boundaries and become lost in the vaster aspirations. The musical phenomenon having once risen to the dignity of a true work of art, manifests itself as the symbol of an infinite language wherein every soul finds a response to its own yearnings.

—Professor Villanis.





## Especially in Winter

When the cares of earth oppress you,  
When the ills of life distress you,  
When futilities impress you,

Walk it off !

When the future's grave and graver,  
When the past has lost its savor,  
When the present finds no favor,

Walk it off !

That's the sport that legs were made for,  
That's the purpose roads were laid for,  
Well or ill, in debt or paid for,

Walk it off !

*Outing.*

—*Thomas Tinker.*

# The Emerson College Magazine.

VOL. XXII.

APRIL, 1914.

No. 6



Poetry is the rhythmical expression of the relation of the ideal, which is the beautiful, to the actual. And here in the April woods what poetry addresses me in voices of the wind! What does it say, rushing and roaring by, tossing and tumbling the heads of the towering trees? Within their fibrous hearts the responding timbre of a mighty music. Voices of jubilation shout their message over the barriers of the world, bidding it prepare itself for the advent of Loveliness; to doff its ashen-colored garb of penitence and don rejoicing vestments of azure and gold.

I heard the trees in the silence of the spring night whispering, murmuring among themselves, gossiping of the radiant garments, bud and blossom and leaf, which they were soon to don. And then I heard them quietly laughing--as old people might, telling quaint stories of their little ones, and speaking gently, crooningly to the tiny wild flowers nestling at their feet; flowers which the singing of the sap in their old hearts and roots had awakened, ere the rain and wind had called to them and the sunbeam had pointed them a place wherein to rise.

*Madison Cawein*

## LEGS.

HORACE LEWIS ROCKWELL.

Down the road they went together, a boy and a dog. A little, freckled-faced, bare-legged master trudging along in the dust with brown arms plunged deep in trousers pockets, with a faded shirt, once blue, open at the throat, a face that had in it all the bravado of boyhood, and lips that puckered, whistling,—that, the boy. Behind him, sniffing at his heels, a little, yellow, inquisitive pup, mostly legs and wagging tail, running along behind or fawning playfully upon him, his tail wagging the glee of young doghood,—that, the dog.

So they went on, over the brow of the hill and down the shaded road under the overhanging elms, the master scuffling the dust with his feet into little white clouds, and now and then dropping his hand for the dog to caress, the dog trailing until his whole body seemed to wag with it and his eyes worshipfully upon his master.

Of course they didn't see the big touring car that purred up behind them, and the driver didn't see them either. Things happened quickly. A dog yelped a wild puppy yawp of terror and skedaddled to a point of safety at the side of the road, just as the mud guard struck the boy, hurling him into a little motionless heap in the middle of the road.

With a quick, rasping screech the brakes went on, the panting engine coughed and stopped dead, while the big man in the back seat scrambled out in haste and ran toward the still, dust-covered bundle beside the car. A few seconds later the little fellow's eyes opened and he stared up into the faces leaning over him.

Well, that was the way that Carrots and his dog Legs came to join forces with the Roderick Stables, and that also marked the beginning of the days when Big Bill Roderick was on the top of his waves of prosperity,—when the purses at all the tracks seemed to have formed the habit of gravitating toward Roderick, and any horse he entered in a race simply could not lose. Luck! Luck was nothing then; it was habit. And all of it came after the little, red-haired codger and his long-legged, yellow pup drifted into the stables at Sheepshead.

Why, that boy and his dog fitted into the racing life as if

it has been made specially for their benefit! After spending the better part of his life traveling around with a circus learning to be an acrobat, or just drifting, Carrots slipped into the stable life like a hand into an old glove. The smell of the sawdust, the horses, the sight of the slick satin coats, the feel of the soft, trusting noses fumbling for sugar in one's pocket, the voices of the handlers,—all were as the breath of his nostrils.

And Miss Lucy, Roderick's daughter, was Carrot's goddess, worshiped from afar, the object of his abject adoration from the very minute when she had called him "a brave boy" and told him that swearing wasn't nice for little boys. Then, for the first time in his life that he could remember, he had had what he called "a real lady" take any notice of him.

As for Legs—well, he led a perfectly normal dog life. Lean, lanky, obstinately refusing to grow fat, Legs was just a typical "fool dog" such as you will find about any racing stable, and without which no stable is complete.

Yet, a strange thing happened. While Carrots at first showed no preference for any particular horse, after the first meeting, by some strange quirk of boy fancy his affections seemed to center on the one horse that was beyond doubt the most cantankerous and dangerous of the string,—a great, powerful, raw-boned stallion named Jupiter, black as the ace of spades, and with the devil's own temper. And Jupiter, though he bared his teeth and struck at him viciously when he first came poking into his boxstall, after awhile seemed to return the same feeling, horse fashion.

Anyhow, where Jupiter would tear a shirt from another boy's back with one bite of his bared yellow teeth, he even let that red-headed little tike Carrots crouch at his very heels and brush and bandage him, standing quiet for all the world like a great black statue. But let someone else only step into the stall—well, then things started!

And stranger still, in fact the oddest thing of all, was that Jupiter's liking for the boy seemed to extend even to Legs. In time the strange friendship that grew up among these three became so marked about the stable that it came to the notice of Roderick's trainer. Despite the stallion's racing value, Mat-

tern had about decided to sell him as a "bad actor" that no one could even get ready for a race; but finding that the boy could handle him, Mattern reconsidered his decision and assigned the horse to Carrots as his particular charge, and ten days later Jupiter ran and won—won in a canter!

That settled it. From that time on Jupiter, Carrots, and Legs were inseparable. Everywhere, went the three, sleeping in the same stall at the track or on the road, while Jupiter raced and kept on winning—a great black demon with flaming red nostrils, pawing the air and kicking at everything in sight while at the post, but after the race gently nosing like a kitten in the pocket of a little red-haired boy who took his bridle and led him away as he turned into the paddock.

But after awhile things began to go the other way. The winning habit was broken. Where before the Roderick horses couldn't lose, then they couldn't win, and, what was worse, the whole train of troubles that they had so miraculously escaped before seemed to settle on them all at once.

Result, money lost in both bets and stake, besides the hundred other things that cost money in starting a horse in a big race. Then one after another came close, hard luck races lost by a head or nose. Only Jupiter seemed to win with any regularity, and even he lost some heart-breaking races.

Things went from bad to worse, and the Roderick money disappeared into the air from which it had come; one by one horses were sold and boys and jockeys dropped away.

And finally, to cap it all, just prior to the Suburban, Big Bill Roderick died with apoplexy.

After that came the accounting and the preparations for the sale, the posting of sales notices, of pedigrees, the prospective buyers snooping round the stalls looking over the horses, with the dread, impending feeling of calamity hovering in the air, when there were no races to be run: just a long string of days to wait through before the end.

At last the day dragged round. To Carrots it meant the end. He was going to lose Jupiter! Silently, earnestly, with quivering lips and twitching face, a little red-headed duffer rubbed his horse until his coat shone black and satiny like jet, and then, after everything was ready, throwing his arms round the

horse's great neck, burst into an uncontrollable flood of tears; while Legs sat on his haunches with one fore paw raised and one ear cocked up, eying the proceeding with all the inquisitive wonder of a dog.

And it was a quiet, sad Miss Lucy who came to the door of the stall and leaning over it watched them. For a moment she did not speak. Perhaps it was because she couldn't, that the little catch in her throat wouldn't let her. Anyhow, it devolved upon Legs to open the conversation with a little yawp, as, with wildly wagging tail, he pawed the door frantically in front of her, in an ecstasy of canine joy. At first Carrots didn't notice; then, rubbing his sleeve across his tear-stained cheeks, sniffing forlornly, he turned toward the gate to behold —of all persons in the world to see him crying—Miss Lucy! For a moment he stared at her in amazement, with his mouth open, and then like a little red meteor he crossed the stall to the door and grabbed her white-gloved hand in his two dirty little paws.

"Miss Lucy, Miss Lucy, yer not a goin' to sell Jupe—my Jupe, are yer?"

"I have to, boy dear."

"But he's entered for the Suburban, Miss Lucy. He's entered, and the money's paid. And he'll win, Miss Lucy! He'll win! I'll ride him. I've worked him out. I know him, and he knows me—and he'll win for me, Miss Lucy! Honest he will!" Carrots thrust his hand impetuously backward toward the horse as his twitching, earnest little face pleaded with her, and a big black muzzle quivered over his fingers as the horse took playful little nibbles at them, nodding his head.

"See! See, Miss Lucy! Old Jupe says he will, Miss Lucy! And he will! And it'll mean a pot of money! Oh, won't yer wait till after the race, Miss Lucy? Say yer will!"

And for some reason, she never knew why, with a choked sob she said yes. ,

After that it didn't make any difference to Carrots whether or not the other horses were sold: he was busy. For three days, four days, a week, he worked, tending the horse, exercising him until the horse was fit.

So for days the preparations went on, with Jupiter showing better each day.

Carrots? Well, Carrots always grinned when he slipped to the ground. And Legs! Legs, chained in the stall to prevent his running on the track during workouts, always welcomed them in a wild ecstasy of tail-wagging dog joy, jumping on his master, and barking whole paeans of delight in short, quick, shrill, staccato barks.

Miss Lucy came to see them then every day, to watch the workouts and to cheer them with her presence or a word.

The memory of other things came to her, she was thinking how with the stake the debts on the little old place at home could be paid. Then, too, there was a very earnest young man who wanted her, and whom Miss Lucy—well, to whom she could not find it in her heart to go while saddled with a load of debt. If Carrots only could!

Meanwhile, out on the track, all unconscious of anything save that she—Miss Lucy—was watching him, a little red-haired tyke sat on top of a great, black plunging stallion as if he was glued to the saddle and guided him with a smile! Old Jupe was fit, and Miss Lucy was there—what more could he ask?

But up at the edge of the stand a man who watched them did not smile either at the speed of the horse, at the little codger on his back, or at the glowing face of the girl. Instead, Mattern, as he looked at a stop watch in his hand, shook his head and scowled. He knew Jupiter, and he had promised Miss Lucy to win the Suburban with him if she would only marry him. At the memory of his rejection, his face grew white. Maybe the girl might have a chance after all against the Czar, the horse he was training. But the combination of a broken sport, a red-headed kid, and a girl couldn't beat him, even with Jupiter!

Later, as he strolled over by the stable that housed the single Roderick entry, he heard a shrill, joyful yawping, and stopped abruptly, listening. Then a quick, shrewd look came into his eyes. Perhaps! Jupiter was a queer one. And, then, any horse, when trained down fine and ready for a race, is a delicate piece of mechanism, ready to go to pieces at the slightest provocation. He knew that smaller things than that had killed the chances of a high-strung horse.

The next morning sorrow and turmoil descended on boxstall 10 in barn No. 3—when Legs was found to have disappeared. Carrots searched the barns; but without success. The dog was gone. Left chained in the stall during the morning workout, when Carrots returned with Jupiter Legs had as completely disappeared as if an invisible hand had reached down from above and carried him off into the empyrean blue.

The rest of the day and that night Carrots searched, but to no avail. Inquiries, pleading, tears, brought no results. The only conclusion to which Carrots and the old swipe could come was that someone had lured the dog and carried him away unobserved down the little lane between the stables. He was gone.

That night Carrots cried himself to sleep, and Jupiter was uneasy. At every sound he pricked up his ears and looked toward the door of the stall. But there was no leaping yellow rush and high, staccato barking to greet him, and beside the sleeping boy there was no yellow, shaggy bundle of rough hair curled up into a knot and woofing now and then as in his sleep Legs dreamed wild dog dreams.

The next morning Jupiter's temper was dangerous. Without warning he tore the shirt off the back of a strange boy who in an unguarded moment passed too close to the stall door. Later, when Carrots took him out for the all important last workout before the race, he was ugly too, rearing and fighting viciously until, to the boy's astonishment, he had all that he could do to cling to the saddle. There was something wrong: not dope,—they had guarded the horse too carefully for that,—but something else, something he could not understand, bound up in the perverse nature of the horse.

There was no grin on Carrot's face as he slipped down from Jupiter's back or as he led the blanketed horse round the walking ring to be cooled off, while Miss Lucy and the gray-haired man stood silent, watching them. Gloom, gloom—nothing but gloom had taken the place of hope. Only one more day remained before the race. In a little over twenty-four hours it would all be over and—Jupiter was off form!

Not for a moment was the horse left alone that night. Carrots slept in little catnaps in a corner of the stall. The old

man slept outside the door. Yet Jupiter—in the pink of physical condition and on the night before the race—did not sleep; but fretted instead, stamping his hoofs, and standing always with his head toward the door as if waiting.

The next morning all was bustle and excitement in preparation. Jupiter was fed and watered, then later walked in the ring to loosen up his muscles. Still later came the last look at the racing saddle, the bridle, the examination of every buckle, every strap, to see that all was right.

From over at the gate of the track came the sound of confused voices: the crowd was coming.

Later Carrots led Jupiter out through the idlers at the stable door and through the crowd over to the scales; the horse scenting the race and rearing and pawing viciously.

Then the numbers were given out, and mounting, the boy rode with the rest of the field through the gate and out to the track for the parade in front of the packed and yelling stands,—a little fellow seated on the back of a great, black, rearing stallion which pranced and pawed and kicked, baring his teeth and striking at the other horses at the slightest provocation.

Back they came, the crowd hushed and silent, watching them. As he passed he heard a man in the stand say, "Look at the black fretting himself to death. It's all over for him. But just look at The Czar!" And Carrot's teeth clicked together. It was his first race, and as a jockey he was green; but they'd see! And they didn't know Jupiter! Yet he looked at The Czar himself a moment later, saw the bay coat, sleek, without a hair turned, while Jupiter was lathered, and his heart sank even as his jaws tightened. He had to win—just had to! Miss Lucy had said so!

Then the jockey on The Czar seemed by accident to strike Jupiter with his whip, and instantly the devil in both the horse and boy came to the surface. Cursing, forgetting everything in his anger, the boy rode the wildly plunging brute in and out among the starters trying to bring him to his place. The starter spoke to him sharply, warningly; but he did not hear him. Then, while Jupiter was pointed directly the other way, the boy heard the word as the barrier raised; the rush of the galloping hoofs, the roar of the stands, and as he swung

his whole strength on the bit the plunging black nearly unseated him as with a wrench he turned on a pivot beneath him and swung out after them—the last in a field of ten!

Like mad the stands raced by. The light dust from the heels of the onrushing horses ahead seemed to sweep back in a great wave, enveloping him. The boy leaned over him, talking to him, urging him, pleading, the great horse seemed to respond, to catch the spirit of it and settle himself to the running, his head stretched forward.

Straining forward, Carrots veered the horse cautiously outward to pass the fourth, and they swung along free to the right of the bunch of five near the rail, with The Czar leading and the others tapering off to Jupiter on the outside. Another furlong, the bunch of five had dropped to four.

The boy next to Carrots was flogging his horse; but Carrots did not raise his own. The three ahead became two. He heard a wild roar from the crowd, and, leaning over the horse's neck, he pleaded with him, urged him on, on, on. Another furlong. He swung the horse in closer to save the distance. The great, black neck was soaked with sweat, and he knew from the way Jupiter ran that he was doing his best; but he could not gain.

The Czar and another led them, The Czar by two lengths on the rail, the other by one, next Jupiter. Could he hold it? Could he pass them in the stretch?

Like a wild thing the boy flattened himself on his back and pleaded with the horse, tears running down his face, for Miss Lucy, Miss Lucy! Another ball—in an instant they would be in the stretch. Frantically, wildly, he urged the black, and gamely the black responded; but it was too much. The head of the horse next them came opposite Jupiter's, to the boy's head, to his knees, then slowly dropped from sight, and as they reached the stretch only The Czar was left—a length ahead!

The boy sobbed. He could not win—could not win—could not—when suddenly something came out through the rail, and far ahead he saw leading them a long-legged, yellow dog, a frazzled rope end trailing from his collar, racing like mad and barking in high, shrill, staccato barks.

And Jupiter saw and heard too. Carrots felt the great body beneath him spring forward, felt it settle as the horse sank

closer to the ground, saw his head go farther out, heard the rushing of flying hoofs closer to him, the pandemonium of howling stands, saw the green blouse of The Czar's jockey draw closer and closer, and falling forward buried his face in the horse's mane.

What followed was a dream. A surging, howling, crowd descended on them. Hands seized him, hoisted him aloft, and carried him away.

That night, after the stewards had heard the confession of one of the loafers about the Abercrombie stables and refused to disqualify Jupiter on Mattern's protest, a tearfully happy Miss Lucy clung to a young man's arm as she leaned over the door of stall 10 in barn No. 3 and saw a little red-haired boy curled up asleep, his arm round a yellow dog; while over them, guarding them, stood a great, black stallion.

*This abridgment is made and published with the permission of the author and publishers, The Sunday Magazine.*

---

### POEMS OF LOVE AND NATURE.

MADISON CAWEIN

Madison Cawein of Louisville, Kentucky, can truly be called a nature poet. His description of scenes from the Mid-West comes from a deep-rooted love of the locality and insight into nature. There is an ethereal touch to this writer's poetry of nature which has all the subtle elusiveness of the season's themselves. His writings contain a deep interpretation of the human element. An interesting and charming trait of his poetry is its constant theme of youth and its limit within the range that the emotions of youth take. The haunting music of Mr. Cawein's writings extend through many volumes which have been published during the last twenty years. The following poems are published with the author's permission:

#### A SOUTHERN SINGER

Written in Madison Cawein's "Lyrics and Idyls."

Herein are blown from out the South  
Songs blithe as those of Pan's pursed mouth—  
As sweet in voice as, in perfume,  
The night-breath of magnolia -bloom.

*James Whitcomb Riley.*

#### ONE WHO LOVED NATURE.

*He was not learned in any art  
But Nature led him by the hand,  
And spoke her language to his heart  
So he could hear and understand.*



*Louisville Herald*  
MADISON J. CAWEIN



*He knew all Nature. Yea, he knew  
What virtue lay within each flower,  
What tonic in the dawn and dew,  
And in each root what magic power.*

**"I HEAR THE WOODLANDS CALLING."**

*Oh, I must up and strike the trail,  
That often I have gone  
At sunset and at dawn.  
Where all the beauty of the world  
Puts all her splendor on.*

*I hear her bugles on the hills;  
I see her banners blowing  
And all her camp-fires glowing,  
The campfires of her dreams,—and I,  
I must be up and going.*

**IN A GARDEN.**

*The pink rose drops its petals on  
The moonlit lawn, the moonlit lawn;  
The moon, like some wide rose of white,  
Drops down the summer night.*

*No rose there is  
As sweet as this—*

*Thy mouth, that greets me with a kiss.*

*The lattice of thy casement twines  
With jasmine vines, with jasmine vines,  
The stars, like jasmine blossoms, lie  
About the glimmering sky.*

*No jasmine tress  
Can so caress*

*Like thy white arms' soft loveliness.*

*About thy door magnolia blooms  
Make sweet the glooms, make sweet the glooms,  
A moon-magnolia is the dusk  
Closed in a dewy husk.  
However much,  
No bloom gives such  
Soft fragrance as thy bosom's touch.*

*The flowers blooming now will pass,  
And strew the grass, and strew the grass;  
The night like some frail flower, dawn  
Will soon make gray and wan.  
Still, still above,  
The flower of  
True love shall live forever, Love.*

#### EPILOGUE.

*We have worshiped two gods from our earliest youth,  
Soul of my soul and heart of me!  
Young forever and true as truth—  
The gods of Beauty and Poesy.  
Sweet to us are their tyrannies,  
Sweet their chains that have held us long,  
For God's own self is a part of these,  
Parts of our gods of Beauty and Song.*

*What to us if the world revile!  
What to us if its heart rejects!  
It may scorn our gods, or curse with a smile,  
The gods we worship, that it neglects;  
Nothing to us is its blessing or curse;  
Less than nothing its hate and wrong;  
For Love smiles down through the universe,  
Smiles on our gods of Beauty and Song.*

*We go our ways; and the dreams we dream  
People our path and cheer us on;  
And ever before is the golden gleam,  
The star we follow, the streak of dawn!  
Nothing to us is the word men say;  
For a wiser word still keeps us strong,  
God's word, that makes fine fire of clay,  
That shaped our gods of Beauty and Song.*

#### MYSTERIES

*And I saw the things that none has seen,  
That mean far more than facts may mean,  
The dreams, that are true, of an age that has been,  
That God has thought into flowers.*

*And I heard the things that none may say,—  
That are holier far than the prayers we pray,  
The thoughts of music God breathes alway  
Through the hearts of all things growing.*

WOMAN'S LOVE.

*Sweet lies! the sweetest ever heard,  
To her he said:  
Her heart remembers every word  
Now he is dead.  
I ask: "If thus his lies can make  
Your young heart grieve for his false sake,  
Had he been true what had you done  
For true love's sake?"—  
"Upon his grave there in the sun,  
Avoided now of all—but one,  
I'd lay my heart with all its ache,  
And let it break, and let it break."  
  
And falsehood! fairer ne'er was seen  
Than he put on:  
Her heart recalls each look and mien  
Now he is gone.  
I ask: "If thus his treachery  
Can hold your heart with lie on lie,  
What had you done for manly love,  
Love without lie?"  
"There in the grass that grows above  
His grave, where all could know thereof,  
I'd lay me down without a sigh,  
And gladly die, and gladly die."*

—VALE OF TEMPE.

FROM "INTIMATIONS OF THE BEAUTIFUL"

*As Nature in herself resolves  
All parts of beauty to one whole,  
And from the perfect whole evolves  
The high ideals that control  
Advancement, till the time be ripe  
To doff disguise and, type by type,  
Reveal the emanated soul:*

*So should the Beautiful in man  
Evolve the best in him; to be  
The lofty purpose life began  
For ends which only Heaven shall see—  
The absolute, that sees how thought  
Its high ideals' shape hath wrought  
To be its far affinity.*

#### A YELLOW ROSE

*The old gate clicks, and down the walk,  
Between clove-pink and hollyhock,  
Still young of face though gray of lock,  
Among her garden's flowers she goes  
At evening's close,  
Deep in her hair a yellow rose.*

*The old house shows one gable-peak  
Above its trees; and sage and leek  
Blend with the rose their scents: the creek,  
Leaf-hidden, past the garden flows,  
That on it snows  
Pale petals of the yellow rose.*

*The crickets pipe in dewy damps;  
And everywhere the fireflies' lamps  
Flame like the lights of Faery camps;  
While, overhead, the soft sky shows  
One star that glows,  
As, in gray hair, a yellow rose.*

*There is one spot she seeks for, where  
The roses make a fragrant lair,  
A spot where once he kissed her hair,  
And told his love, as each one knows,  
Each flower that blows,  
And pledged it with a yellow rose.*

*The years have turned her dark hair gray  
Since that glad day: and still, they say,  
She keeps the tryst as on that day;  
And through the garden softly goes,  
At evening's close,  
Wearing for him that yellow rose.*

---

## NOTES ON THE ELIMINATION OF MINOR SPEECH DISORDERS.

### VI. SLOVENLY SPEECH

BY WALTER B. SWIFT, M.D.

E. C. O., '98.

*A Definition.* Slovenly speech may be bad English, since slovenly is usually employed to modify dress, but even if it is I make no apology, for it is good in placing just the connotation I wish to convey.

As slovenly dress differs from dirty, faded, unkempt and ragged dress, so slovenly speech differs from nasality, monotony, harshness, hoarseness or hasty speech. It is quite distinct in our minds and yet hard to define in words, as are so many truths of speech. The best one can do is to compare it with a person and say slovenly speech is like a relaxed, untidy, lazy person. Surely slovenly people have those characteristics. Yet we ought to have just another word to picture those same elements in the voice. It is a sort of lack of detailed mental guidance, a relaxation in following articulation models.

*Cause.* Mental states, mental attitudes, slumping to lower mental plains report themselves in the speech and show in the external element here named slovenly voice. Countries where women are tremendously submissive, as in Russia and some parts of Germany, show slovenly submissiveness in attire, physical attitude and voice. These all usually are found together, since they are all pretty much the exteriorization of similar mental states.

We come then to the search to find just what kind of a mental attitude it is; and first we notice a certain lack of the usual higher attitudes of mind, a slump, as it were, and a listlessness of the whole altruistic nature. Where the dress lacks neatness, order, and the refined touch that make the person slovenly, the voice lacks precision, good form, and subtle correlations that make it so. The real ultimate analysis would have its best diagnostician in our beloved Dr. Emerson. He could tell just what step in the "Evolution," or what perfective law needed to be complied with to bring the slovenly voice up to normal. It seems almost like taking the life, animation, enthusiasm out

of the whole range of vocal excellences—like the befogging of a picture, the mist over the landscape--when we see the voice so fallen from grace.

*Cases.* Upon a young man once came three disasters all in one day; (1) he failed in his Harvard entrance exams; (2) his father lost all his money, and in consequence (3) the mother went insane. The disgrace of failure, the degradation of poverty, and the sting of having an insane relative turned this young man from a gentleman into feeling like a tramp; lost ambition, lost means, lost mother, and the weight of it all made temporarily a slovenly youth with a slovenly voice.

Children who are made to work too early and not given ample instruction in manners and high moral education are apt to show slovenliness.

Women whose husbands are tyrants, whose subordinates can't be pushed down too low, are apt to show a marked kind.

Men who do menial labor and have never risen in the human scale to the level of commanding others or holding responsible positions, but are ever working under others, and that low down, show often elements of what we speak.

Degradation, poverty, neglect make people slovenly; and yet many pass these without it. So I am inclined to believe there must be voluntary mental slump in those people who are made slovenly by externalities—a mental slovenliness allowed to appear under certain depressing external conditions.

So I come to the conclusion that after all it is often an inward mental letting of oneself down that is the primary cause of slovenliness, and that external affairs are merely incidentals.

Imitation may sometimes cause an echo-slovenliness—a sort of family contagion. The case is like this: One member of a family is really deeply and persistently sloven; the children brought into constant view of it imbibe through imitation all the outward elements of this real slovenliness without really after all having the parent's mental condition as cause. Thus external dress, manner, and voice may echo a home slovenliness and still be quite absent in the young mind that parrot-like merely imitates.

*Treatment.* Is mostly mental in the way of instilling higher mental activities, self-respect, knowledge of the respect of

others, and a sense of the person's own real worth.

With the markedly submissive, ideas of equality among all men, religious, civil and private, will often banish a longstanding mental attitude of submissiveness, and with it the slovenly voice.

*Summary.* Slovenly voice comes from wrong mental attitudes—submissiveness, degradation, deprivation, rarely imitation, and is amenable to change and often cure by instilling the higher mental states of order, self-respect, altruism.

---

#### A SONG OF THE ROAD.

The gauger walked with willing foot,  
And aye the gauger played the flute;  
And what should Master Gauger play  
*But Over the hills and far away?*

Whene'er I buckle on my pack  
And foot it gaily in the track,  
O pleasant gauger, long since dead,  
I hear you fluting on ahead.

You go with me the self-same way—  
The self-same air for me you play;  
For I do think and so do you  
It is the tune to travel to.

For who would gravely set his face  
To go to this or t'other place?  
There's nothing under heaven so blue  
That's fairly worth the traveling to.

On every hand the roads begin,  
And people walk with zeal therein;  
But wheresoe'er the highways tend,  
Be sure there's nothing at the end.

Then follow you, wherever hie  
The traveling mountains of the sky.  
Or let the streams in civil mode  
Direct your choice upon a road;

For one and all, or high or low,  
Will lead you where you wish to go;  
And one and all go night and day  
*Over the hills and far away!*

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*



**EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY**  
**PROGRAM FOR COMMENCEMENT WEEK, 1914.**

**SUNDAY, MAY 3:**

10.30 a.m. Baccalaureate Service, Union Congregational Church.

**MONDAY, MAY 4:**

2.00 p.m. Senior Class Day, Huntington Chambers Hall.

8.00 p.m. Senior Recital, Huntington Chambers Hall.

**TUESDAY, MAY 5:**

9.30 a.m. Senior Recital, Huntington Chambers Hall.

11.30 a.m. Annual meeting, Emerson Alumni Association, Emerson College.

6.00 p.m. Annual Alumni Banquet, Hotel Vendome.

**WEDNESDAY, MAY 6:**

2.00 p.m. Physical Culture Exhibition, Debate, Pantomime, Jordan Hall.

8.00 p.m. Post-Graduate Play, "The Winter's Tale," Jordan Hall.

**THURSDAY, MAY 7:**

2.00 p.m. Post-Graduate Recital, Huntington Chambers Hall.

8.00 p.m. Senior Play, "For Bonnie Prince Charlie," Jordan Hall.

**FRIDAY, MAY 8:**

9.30 a.m. Commencement Exercises, Huntington Chambers Hall.

11.30 a.m. Faculty Reception.

## FACULTY NOTES.

Walter Bradley Tripp read "David Copperfield" for the Boston Emerson Club in Huntington Chambers Hall on the evening of March 17. This reading was given for the endowment fund.

On the morning of Mrs. Jessie E. Southwick's departure for her Southern reading trip she gave a most helpful talk to the students. She has recently visited through Tennessee, where her work is most appreciated. The following notice comes from Memphis:

"The members of Salon Circle and their guests enjoyed an unusual pleasure yesterday afternoon when the guest of honor was Mrs. Jessie E. Southwick of Boston. Mrs. Southwick gave a most delightful and interesting talk on 'The Drama and Human Life,' illustrating her points with poems of Tennyson, Shelley and others. Following this she gave the witches' scene from 'Macbeth,' of which the members of the Shakespeare class made a study the past year, and her final number was from 'Jeanne D'Arc,' which was splendidly given, the song of the soldiers, gradually growing softer in the distance, being specially good and bringing forth enthusiastic applause."

The college was most fortunate in securing Edward Howard Griggs for one lecture this year. On March 12 the regular Thursday morning lecture was delivered by this noted speaker. The subject of his message was "Savonarola."

Mr. Edwin M. Whitney, a graduate from Emerson and a reader of many years' lyceum experience, spoke before the student body, in chapel, on March 25. He especially emphasized the value of the Emerson course, which he has tested. Mr. Whitney then read "A Man with a Country, and Proud of It" with the keenest insight into characterization. The students were most appreciative of his kindness.

The *New York Sun* quotes the following:

Mrs. Ruth Holt Bouceacault, a former graduate of Emerson, is now playing in the Margaret Anglin company. During their stay in Boston, Mrs. Bouceacault visited the college and spoke to the students. The message of her talk was the crying need of absolute sincerity in expression, no matter what medium the art of expression may follow. The sincere manner with which Mrs. Bouceacault delivered this message shows that she is truly living the life of an artist. In closing she read the following poem:

## IF THIS WERE FAITH.

God, if this were enough,  
 That I see things bare to the buff  
 And up to the buttocks in mire;  
 That I ask nor hope nor hire,  
 Nut in the husk,  
 Nor dawn beyond the dusk,  
 Nor life beyond death:  
 God, if this were faith?

Having felt thy wind in my face  
 Split sorrow and disgrace,  
 Having seen thine evil doom  
 In Golgotha and Khartoum,  
 And the brutes, the work of thine hands,  
 Fill with injustice lands  
 And stain with blood the sea:  
 If still in my veins the glee  
 Of the black night and the sun  
 And the lost battle, run:  
 If, an adept,  
 The iniquitous lists I shall accept  
 With joy, and joy to endure and be withstood,  
 And still to battle and perish for a dream of good:  
 God, if that were enough?

If to feel, in the ink of the slough,  
 And the sink of the mire,  
 Veins of glory and fire  
 Run through and transpierce and transpire,  
 And a secret purpose of glory in every part,  
 And the answering glory of battle fill my heart;  
 To thrill with the joy of girded men  
 To go on forever and fail and go on again,  
 And be mauled to the earth and arise,  
 And contend for the shade of a word and a thing not seen with the eyes;  
 With the half of a broken hope for a pillow at night  
 That somehow the right is the right  
 And the smooth shall bloom from the rough:  
 Lord, if that were enough?

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

## SENIOR RECITALS

MARCH 19

I. Becket, Act IV, Scene II	Edna Mildred Mix	Tennyson
II. The Piper, Act III	Josephine Preston Peabody	
III. "Ole Mistis"	Hilda M. Harris	John Trottwood Moore
IV. The Habitant's Revenge	Mary Morgan Brown	Gordon Rogers
V. The Annexation of Cuba	Laura Curtis	Alice Hegan Rice
VI. Kathleen O'Hoolihan	Sue Wingfield Riddick	
	M. Ruth Timmerman	W. B. Yeats

## MARCH 26

I. The Master Builder, Act III		Ibsen
Stasia J. Scribner		
II. Aunt Katurah's First Visit to the City		Story
Anna Leah Thornton		
III. The Terrible Meek (an arrangement)	Charles Rann Kennedy	
Mattie Riseley		
IV. Twelfth Night, Act I, Scene V		Shakespeare
Bertha McDonough		
V. "Marse" Willie's Return	Martha S. Gielow	
Judith Hampton Lyndon		
VI. As You Like It, Act IV, Scene I		Shakespeare
Florence Lukens Newbold		

## APRIL 2

I. The Doll's House, Act IV		Ibsen
Alice May Kent		
II. Aunt Hitty Cleans House	Myrtle Reed	
(From The Spinner in the Sun)		
Hazel A. Jones		
III. The Gates Ajar	Wilson Barrett	
(From The Sign of the Cross)		
Lucille DeNevers Reynolds		
IV. a. The Other Side of the Moon	Edgar Fawcett	
b. Two Wives	Eugene Field	
	Marion Grant	
V. The Intervention of Gran'pap	Ella Middleton Tybalt	
Ethel Iola Beard		
VI. Medea (translated by Gilbert Murray)	Euripides	
Ida Mae Somers		

## APRIL 9

I. The Witching Hour, Act II		Augustus Thomas
Mary D. Langford		
II. a. Pitty Pat and Tippy Toe	Field	
b. Apple Blossoms	William Rand	
	Jean Edith West	
III. The Taming of the Shrew, Act II, Scene I	Shakespeare	
Octa L. Bassett		
IV. a. Epilogue to Asolando	Browning	
b. Evelyn Hope		
	Elizabeth May Davis	
V. The School for Scandal, Act II, Scene I	Sheridan	
Marion F. John		
VI. Much Ado About Nothing, Act IV, Scene I	Shakespeare	
Zinita Graf		



#### THE MORN IS FINE.

*The morn is fine, the wind smells sweet;  
The nomad man that lurks in me  
Arouses, and I fain would meet  
The fellowship of vagrancy*

*Along the mountain roads of day.  
Hail, foot-farers from near and far;  
Ye who do love the wandering way  
Of Beauty, show what stuff ye are,*

*And face the westward luring path;  
The hours are yours 'twixt dawn and night;  
And since that Youth's sure aftermath  
Is Memory—use the day aright,*

*That by the fire, when evening's here,  
Your cronies gathered close around,  
The old-time deeds may twinkle clear  
And peace be in the back-log's sound.*

—RICHARD BURTON.

**WALK !** The time is ripe for walking. You need it. Now is the time to rejuvenate the spirits, time to renovate the foggy brain, time to allow the scattered thoughts to convalesce through the influence of air and sunshine. The road with these attendants is calling. Its great winding length beckons. Not only the vagrant need answer the call, but every pent-up spirit can find freedom by following it.

The business man says to take an automobile ride; the athlete says to take a hike; but in reality the best results are gained by taking simply an old-fashioned walk. That which Thoreau says of sauntering might well apply to walking. He says that the word is derived from Mediæval times, when people roved about the country and asked charity under pretence of going *à la Sainte Terre*—to the Holy Land. The children would exclaim: “There goes a ‘Sainte-Terrer’”—a saunterer. To be a walker in good earnest one must walk as if going to the Holy Land. There is a heaven all about a well-chosen path, but it often requires a dispensation from heaven to be able to understand and appreciate it.

Praises of walking have been many. The nature of the men who have sung those praises have been as varied in temper and interest as they were numerous. Thoreau and Burroughs give the fruits of their keen observation in studies of nature. Stevenson and Mark Twain in stories of vagabond traveling show a study in human nature. The results of this appreciation is found in all forms of art. From the realm of music Beethoven speaks of his inspiration from extended tramps. To him the woods were a Holy of Holies, a home of mysteries. He said: “Nature is a glorious school for the heart! I shall be a scholar in this school, and bring an eager heart to her instruction. Here I shall learn to know God and find a foretaste of heaven in his knowledge. Among these occupations my earthly days shall flow peacefully along until I am accepted into that world where I shall no longer be a student but a knower of wisdom.” The poet is ever reveling in the scenes along his path. It is told of Wordsworth that a tourist once stopped at his home and inquired of the servant to see the poet’s study. The servant remarked, upon showing a room, “Here is the library, his study is outdoors.”

To study that which is outdoors is the way to recuperate. A brain laden with indoor facts is invincible to outdoor influences. To walk into the open bodily, but not in spirit, is to gain but a small percent of return value.

Naught like a rural walk to re-create the mature business man, the truant boy, or the pent-up student. Take rest in a diversion and Walk!

*SPRING SONG.*

*Make me over in the morning  
From the rag-bag of the world!  
Scraps of dream and deeds of daring,  
Home-brought stuff from far sea-faring,  
Faded colors once so flaring,  
Shreds of banners long since furled!  
Hues of ash and glints of glory,  
In the rag-bag of the world!*

—BLISS CARMAN

# The Emerson College Magazine.

EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY, BOSTON, MASS.

## EDITORIAL STAFF.

BELLE McMICHAEL.....	<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>	VIRGINIA BERAUD.. <i>College News Editor</i>
<i>Post Graduate News.....</i>	DOCIA DODD	<i>Junior News.....</i> EDITH GOODRICH
<i>Senior News.....</i>	JEAN WEST	<i>Freshman News.....</i> PERCY ALEXANDER
	ALBERT F. SMITH,	<i>Business Manager.</i>

THE EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE is published by the Students' Association of Emerson College of Oratory, 30 Huntington Ave., on the 20th of each month, from November to May inclusive. Send all literary contributions to the Editor-in-Chief. Send all subscriptions and advertising to the Bus. Manager. SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.00 IN ADVANCE.  
Entered in the Post Office at Boston, Mass., as second class mail matter.

VOL. XXII.

APRIL, 1914

No. 6



## A GOOD-BY.

For love of the roving foot  
And joy of the roving eye,  
God send you store of morrows fair  
And a good rest by and by!

—Bliss Carman.

## THE QUIET HOUR AT EMERSON

Y. W. C. A.

Fridays—2.00-3.00. Room 510.

"Here you stand at the parting of the ways; some road you are to take; and as you stand here consider and know how it is that you intend to live."

—EPHRAIM PEABODY.

This will be our last word to the students before leaving for their homes. The Association thanks every student for what they have done towards making this the best year in the history of the Association, at Emerson. We wish each one a happy, pleasant vacation, and are in hopes of seeing many familiar faces back next fall.

A large number from the Association attended a very interesting lecture given by Dr. John R. Mott, president of the Student Volunteer Association of the World. He gave definite reasons why we should all reserve a part of each day for abso-

lute communion with God. He said that Christ, while on earth felt that he must have a "quiet hour" with the Father. And if Christ thought this, how much more should we. Dr. Mott said, "However this will cost—as all the things we value most do. It will cost time and perhaps friends. But let us pay it with a generous hand." He closed with this motto, "Cost what it may, we will every man of us preserve a zone of silence around us."

The Association has had three meetings during the month of March. One of the meetings was in charge of Dr. Crackin, who made a most beautiful and practical talk.

The recent Y.W.C.A. Country Fair was well worth the price of admittance to the grounds. Music was furnished by the Dixon Trio continuously. On the right, as you entered the grounds, were booths of sizzling "hot dogs," pink lemonade and the other things found at a Fair. On the left were the attractions, huge giants, wee dwarfs and fortune tellers. The grounds were closed at ten-thirty. Gatekeeper Newton reported it a great success.

Hilda Harris acted as a judge in a recent debate at the Boston Young Men's Christian Association.

Vivian Dietrich and Louise West gave an evening's program at the Social Settlement House.

---

#### POST-GRADUATE

The recitals of the graduating class, given under the direction of Foss Jamprell Whitney, have creditably reflected conscientious work.

#### GRADUATE RECITALS

March 25

I. Esmeralda (Act IV, arranged)	Burnett-Gillette
II. In the Children's Hospital	Tennyson
	Mary Cody
III. Mary Magdelene (Act III)	Maeterlinck
Caroline Wood Ferris	
IV. A Reasonable Courtship	Myrtle Reed
Lenella Baker McKown	
V. L'Aiglon (Act III, arranged)	
Rose Johnson Willis	

## April 1

I. Lohengrin (Act I)	Inez Washburn Bassett	<i>Retold by Oliver Huckel</i>
II. Molly-Make-Believe	Bessie Bell	<i>Eleanor Hallowell Abbott</i>
II. Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking	Jessie MacKenzie Matheson	<i>Walt Whitman</i>
IV. a. De Nice Leetle Canadienne	Ida Leslie	<i>William Henry Drummond</i>
b. De Stove Pipe Hole	Olga Newton	<i>Shakespeare</i>

## April 8

I. The Dawn of a Tomorrow (arranged)	Mary Francesca Blanchet	<i>Frances Hodgson Burnett</i>
II. The Pipes of Pan	Eva Eleanor Felker	<i>Cecil Fanning</i>
III. A Phantom Vanished (translated from the French)	Myrtie May Hutchinson	<i>Sherwin Laurence Cook</i>
IV. Francesca da Rimini, Act IV, Scene III	Lillian Marie Aune	<i>George Henry Boker</i>
V. The Bear Story	Amy Loyola Lavigne	<i>James Whitcomb Riley</i>
VI. Les Miserables (arranged)	Amelia Myrl Green	<i>Victor Hugo</i>

1914.

The Senior class gave a Dance-Party at the Dorchester Club, April 2nd.

The members of the class who remained in Boston for the spring recess spent a very pleasant vacation at the Public Library as guests of "Romeo and Juliet." Mrs. Hicks, although an especial favorite of the host and hostess, was careful to call upon them only during the temporary absences of the guests.

Mrs. Towne entertained at a theater party during one of the recent performances of "The Taming of the Shrew," by Margaret Anglin. After the play the members of the party were dined at the Hotel Thorndike.

Jean West entertained at a birthday party given in honor of her mother, March 10th.

Mr. Henderson visited Mrs. Henderson during the spring vacation.

Mrs. George West, Milwaukee, entertained at tea at the Cop-

---

ley-Plaza before her return home after a month's visit with her daughter, Jean.

Beth Moir entertained at a whist party, March 12.

Hazel Tanner was guest of honor at a birthday party given by Mrs. Read of Arlington.

The class is glad to welcome Isabel Burton into their ranks once more.

Sadie O'Connell is engaged in coaching a play at Milford, Mass.

Elizabeth Sullivan coached a play which was given by the Herze Girls' Club at Fauntleroy Hall, Roxbury, March 30th.

Elsie Gordon continues her tours with the White Bureau. Miss Gordon has accepted engagements for next year with the Bureau.

Octa Bassett and Arthur Winslow gave readings during the month at Tremont Temple before the Boys' Club there.

Mrs. Carpenter gave a program before a Springfield, Mass., audience recently.

Meta Bennett read before a Boston University Klutch.

Leah Thornton and Jennie Windsor read at the Knapp School, Somerville.

---

### JUNIOR

Vera Snyder gave a reading at the Congregational Church in Lynn, Mass.

At the Choral Union Concert in Gardner, Mass., Marjorie Chandler gave several readings.

Albert Lovejoy read recently at Tremont Temple, and also at the Civic Service House.

Albert F. Smith has read at the following places during the month: at the Bethany Church in Foxboro, Mass., on March 23; at the Davis Memorial on March 27, and at the Tremont Temple on April 10.

On March 25 Amy Gildersleeve read at the Congregational Church in Chelsea.

Theodate Sprague gave readings at the Italian Settlement in South Boston.

Abbie Hoffman read three numbers at the Brookline Methodist Church on March 5th.

## JUNIOR RECITAL

## Program for March 24

The Child		Annie H. Donnell
When Albani Sang	Rebecca Farwell	Drummond
Cutting from "The Crisis"	Georgette Jette	Churchill
Knee Deep in June	Minnie B. Frazine	James W. Riley
An Object of Love	Albert F. Smith	M. Wilkins-Freeman
Love Among the Ruins	Vera Bradford	Browning
Arrangement of Horatius at the Bridge	Margarette Root	William Kirk
The Desert of Waiting	Edith Goodrich	Annie Johnston
The Courting of Towhead's Bell	Louise Hainlain	Barrie
The Lioness	Katherine MacKay	Stopford Brooks
	Genevieve McGill	

## Program for March 31

His Wedded Wife	Nellie Marrinan	Kipling
Bobby Shaftoe	Marjorie Chandler	Homer Greene
(a) Lullaby of the Iroquois	Jessie MacAloney	E. P. Johnson
(b) Moinset.	Jennie Smith	L. Dalrymple
Uncle Noah's Inspiration	May Miller	A. J. H. Dugamer
Charactacus	Glady sane Waterhouse	
(a) The Shave Store		Edmund Vance Cooke
(b) Which One Was Kept?		Lillian Street
(c) Mamma's Precious Girl		J. C. Challis
Mon Pere	Abigail Hoffman	U. B. Amsbury
(a) The Wonderful World		William Rand
(b) Sonnet		Wordsworth
(c) Apple Blossoms		William Martin
Risa	Marguerite Grunewald	
Parliamentary Law	Mildred Carey	Myrtle Reed
The Highway Man	Hazel Cole	Alfred Noyes
	Marion Vincent	

Jennie Pulaski Smith assisted at a concert given at Riverbank Court. The *Boston Sunday Post* quotes the following:

"An additional number on the program was Jennie Pulaski Smith, a bright Junior of the Emerson College of Oratory, who is a charming Southern girl, daughter of a well-known family of Charleston, S. C. Miss Smith gave a number of dialect readings. Her persuasive charm carried the audience to demand repeated encores. She read "Matrimonial Experiment" and "A Sad Mistake" with much vivacity."

The Misses Ramona and Ethel Hawkins of Jamaica Plains held a musicale at the West Roxbury High School for the benefit of the *Post* Elephant Fund. The program of the evening was splendidly selected, including vocal and instrumental music, readings and step dancing.

---

#### FRESHMAN CLASS.

Mildred Southwick has joined "Parker's New Era Sextette" under the Eastern Lyceum Bureau. Their opening engagement was in New Bedford, where they appeared before the Y. M. C. A.

Anna Vail entertained several friends at a dinner at Dana Hall, one of the Conservatory of Music Dormitories.

Elizabeth Spalter was the guest recently of Carolyn Walker at the latter's home in Mansfield.

Freda Walker was a guest at the dansant given by the Gamma Delta Psi Fraternity at the Copley-Plaza, April 7.

Stella Rothwell was the guest of Fred W. Hubbard at a reception to the Toy players at Riverbank Court, Cambridge.

Fred W. Hubbard played "Mr. Barclay" in "The Rebellion of Mrs. Barclay" presented recently by the Woman's Club of Newtonville.

Edythe Price and Stella Rothwell were entertained by Marjorie Leach, with a week-end party, at the latter's home recently in Stoughton, Mass.

---

#### SORORITIES.

##### DELTA DELTA PHI.

Mrs. John Ahlers (nee Estelle Henry) has been spending a few days in the city during the past month.

Lois Perkins recently read at Dana Hall, Wellesley.

Gertrude Chapman entertained a number of our girls at her home in Franklin over the week-end.

Margaret Emerson gave an informal tea for the sorority at her home in Brookline.

Lillian Aune was entertained at the home of Gertrude Tingley in Greenwood, Mass.

Julie Owen has returned home from her extended Southern trip.

Rachael Thayer is spending the winter in Peru, South America, and reports very interesting experiences.

Lucile Boyer spent some time in Chicago during her vacation visiting Emerson friends.

#### ZETA PHI ETA.

Zeta Phi Eta is at home to her friends every Sunday afternoon from four-thirty to six.

Theresa C. Cogswell gave a program of Shakespearean readings for the Franklin Woman's Club, Franklin, New Hampshire.

Louise West read recently at the Whiting Hall Seminary, South Sudbury, Mass.

Laura Curtis spent the week-end of March 30 with friends in Medford, Mass.

Theresa C. Cogswell read for the Newton Highlands Shakespeare Club.

Jennie Windsor and Laura Curtis read for Mrs. J. Wilson of Brookline, at an "At Home" recently.

Rebecca Farwell read for the Fathers' and Mothers' Club of Dorchester.

#### KAPPA GAMMA CHI.

Mr. and Mrs. John Adelbert Wright announce the engagement of their daughter, Berenice Ella, to Mr. Isaac Kenneth Lewis of Duluth, Minnesota.

Elizabeth Beattie gave a program of selected readings at a private banquet given at the Thorndike Hotel on the evening of March 10.

Mr. and Mrs. O. V. Chartier were guests at the Chapter House during the past month.

Announcement has been received of the engagement of Marjorie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lucius Kinne, to Mr. Godfrey Dewey of Lake Placid, New York.

Kappa entertained at tea on the afternoon of April 1st at the Hotel Lenox.

Beth Tack spent a recent week-end as the guest of Helen Reed at West Acton, Mass.

#### PHI MU GAMMA.

Eva Churchill was a guest at the Chapter House during her vacation.

Phi Mu Gamma entertained at an informal dancing party at the Chapter House during the past month.

Maude Fiske spent a few days with us recently.

Florence Newbold read at Hyde Park during the month.

Marion Vincent is assisting Mrs. Bloomfield in the production of "The Pirates of Penzance."

Dorothea Deming is ill at her home in Weathersfield, Conn.

Phi Mu Gamma entertained at tea recently.

Bertha McDonough read for Governor Walsh and Judge Meade at Chevers Hall, Boston.

Margaret Conway was a guest at Wellesley recently.

#### FRATERNITY.

Messrs. Winslow, Roy, Smith, and Lovejoy gave recitals recently at Chipman and Lounex Halls, Tremont Temple.

Albert Smith read at the Foxboro Men's Club in Foxboro, Mass., on March 26.

Albert Lovejoy acted as chairman of the board of judges at the Gardner High School Prize Speaking Contest on March 27.

Messrs. Smith and Lovejoy took part in the Castle Square production of "Midsummer Night's Dream."

---

#### THE CALL OF THE WILD.

Have you gazed on naked grandeur where there's nothing else  
to gaze on,

Set pieces and drop-curtain scenes galore.

Big mountains heaved to Heaven, which the blinding sunsets  
blazon,

Black canyons where the rapids rip and roar?  
Have you swept the visioned valley with the green stream  
streaking through it,  
Searched the vastness for a something you have lost?  
Have you strung your soul to silence? go and do it;  
Hear the challenge, learn the lesson, pay the cost.

Have you wandered in the wilderness, the sage-brush desolation,  
The bunch-grass levels where the cattle graze?  
Have you whistled bits of rag-time at the end of all creation,  
And learned to know the desert's little ways?  
Have you camped upon the foothills, have you galloped o'er the  
ranges,  
Have you roamed the arid sun-lands through and through?  
Have you chummed up with the mesa? Do you know its moods  
and changes?  
Then listen to the Wild—it's calling you.

They have cradled you in custom, they have primed you with  
their preaching,  
They have soaked you in convention through and through;  
They have put you in a show case; you're a credit to their  
teaching—  
But can't you hear the Wild?—It's calling you.  
Let us probe the silent places, let us seek what luck betide us;  
Let us journey to a lonely land I know.  
There's a whisper on the night wind, there's a star agleam to  
guide us,  
And the Wild is calling, calling, let us go.

ROBERT W. SERVICE.

*Spell of the Yukon and other verses.*



## SERIES OF DRAMA STUDIES SUITABLE FOR EMERSON CLUB STUDY.

---

### HENRIK IBSEN.

---

AGNES KNOX BLACK  
SNOW PROFESSOR OF ORATORY, BOSTON UNIVERSITY.

Henrik Ibsen was of Viking stock, the scion of a long line of men who had sailed the sea in the grand old way. His great-great-grandfather was a Danish skipper who settled in Bergen and married the daughter of a German emigrant. His son and his son's son followed the sea; both died young, the grandfather in the wreck of his own ship off Hesnaes, and each left an only child to be brought up by the mother. The immemorial tragedy and incommunicable mystery of the sea were in Ibsen's blood; he was a Scandinavian berserker in the nineteenth century. Breadth of outlook, abhorrence of the trivial and the conventional, steady vision into the heart of things, grim experience, made him what he was and for ever prevented him from being a mere literary artist or a philosophic dilettante.

To the women of his race Ibsen was indebted for those subtler powers which led to his many-sided delineation of character and the intuition that divined the wrong when the outward seeming was so fair. Austerity, seriousness, and a religious sense, marked his grandmother's outlook on life. His mother was shy, sensitive, and solitary, a quiet, lovable woman, the soul of the house, devoted to her husband and children. She lives again in Inga of "The Pretenders." Her husband was a man of great intelligence and frank open-heartedness who

failed not on occasion to speak out his thought with curt emphasis, but withal of a sociable disposition, seeking and enjoying the company of his fellows. His was the nature that needed joy and gladness, to whom life must yield part of its Heaven now. The sun, the mountain side, the wild gladness of living, all that sensuous delight can yield of sheer luxury, were part of Ibsen's paternal inheritance.

Ibsen's birthplace was Skien, a typical lumber village on a Norwegian fiord. His baby eyes looked out on the steeple of a church and his baby ears heard the hum and buzz of innumerable saws. But the fiord was the gateway to the far ocean and into the harbor would come the Stranger who was to loose the eyes of the Lady from the Sea. But most prosaic and humdrum were the traffic and the petty businesses transacted in the village market place. The evils of the usual small town were here in full force—the gossip, the narrow outlook, the purse-proud burgher, the deaf ear to what brought no return in material prosperity. Ever present was the class distinction of privilege and people, and when ill-fortune came in the form of bankruptcy, as it did to Shakespeare's father, the Ibsen family found themselves, as all poor people do, without the pale of double-belled doors.

The child Ibsen was early made to feel the sting of poverty, but his lonely and in so many ways unlovely childhood only deepened in him that spiritual appreciation of all that gives to life its sensuous delight, and his overburdened boyhood never lost its hope of high achievement. His formative years are a significant object lesson in the development of genius. At the age of sixteen he left Skien with its prison, its old disused pillory, its madhouse and barriers of distinction between affluence and poverty, and the future dramatist, pestle in hand, found employment pounding drugs in the little apothecary's shop at Grimstad. Grimstad, with its uniform red houses set in a region of featureless hills and naked rocks, had not the scenery to feed the love of the romantic. But here amid pills and plasters, at the drudgery of mixing black draughts, Ibsen trained and disciplined that imagination which found expression in a symbolism titanic as that of the old Scandinavian mythology.

He remained in Grimstad seven years, preparing himself by assiduous reading and self-education for what he felt was to be his life-work, and in his twenty-second year he went to Christiania. The year which saw him enter as a student at the university saw the publication of his first play, the blank verse tragedy of "Catilina." This was wholly imitative, and now for upwards of ten years he sought to find where his true strength lay. He soon wearied of formal academic study, and after an attempt to live by journalism he became associated with Ole Bull's theatre at Bergen and afterwards with the National Theatre at Christiania. As in the case of Sophocles, Shakespeare, and Moliere, this connection with the stage on its practical side came to be of supreme value to him in the development of technique. These were years of struggle and dire experience. The hollow hypocrisy of the social system—sham taste, sham morals, sham religion—pressed heavily upon him. He came under the influence of romantic drama and saga drama, only in the end to be thrown back upon himself and to evolve a form of expression that would be of the highest importance in the renaissance of the drama. That form was realistic symbolism.

When genius visits the earth it not seldom disturbs the established order of things. A man whose experience leads him to look on the dark places of men's souls is not likely to commend himself to general favor. If he troubles the complacent prosperity of the outwardly good, the conveniently moral, he is in a fair way to bring down upon himself a storm of abuse. If he adds to this a bitter, scathing, denunciatory tone in his manner of treating society and social problems, he antagonizes many worthy people who really hold his views on questions of vital import. But if Ibsen's cast of genius has led him at times to the contemplation of foul, ignoble things, he always makes vice horrible, and he always stimulates the imagination to more than merely aesthetic pleasure.

The revolutionary unrest throughout Europe in the late sixties and early seventies awakened Ibsen to the great issues in the political and social world. But the revolution which he hoped for was not a revolution of government. Ecclesiastical liberty, political freedom, extension of privilege—these things

were bound to come; what Ibsen longed for was freedom to bring into full being and action whatever force exists within us. True liberalism, he held, is to realize ourselves in spirit and in truth. "Up till now," he wrote, "we have been living on the crumbs from the revolution table of the last century, a food out of which nutriment has long been chewed. The old terms require to have a new meaning infused into them. Liberty, equality and fraternity are no longer the things they were in the days of the late-lamented guillotine. This is what politicians will not understand; and therefore I hate them. They want only their own special revolutions in externals, in politics. But all this is mere trifling, what is all-important is the revolution in the spirit of man."

Much hostile comment on Ibsen and his work arises from ignorance of his true sphere. Ibsen was not a professor of sociology or social economics. He was something far different. As a creative artist with prophetic insight, he deals with the elemental things in life and morality. His work is not of the kind that must be re-written to meet the demands of an ever changing code of social ethics. The genius of Ibsen, passionately hostile, in moments of insight, to every deflection from its perfect ideal is a greater, a more effective force for regeneration than any number of the ordinary formal restraining agencies for the welfare of humanity. Like his own Maximus, Ibsen dreamed of a "third empire," to be attained when man reaches complete self-realisation and the temple of the flesh shall be a building not made with hands. Though he never posed as a prophet or a reformer, he knew that his dramas would exercise a profound moral influence. In 1880 he wrote to Ludwig Passarge these significant words: "In every new poem or play I have aimed at my own spiritual emancipation and purification—for a man shares the responsibility and the guilt of the society to which he belongs."

In Ibsen's development as a dramatist are two well marked periods. The first is that of the romantic plays from "The Viking's Barrow," 1850, to "The Rival Kings," 1864. In these the story material is furnished by saga and history. Here Ibsen is faithful in the main to the literary tradition of the older epic drama with regard to both structure and dialogue.

These early romantic plays show him to be a careful student of his art with mastery of all the conventional dramatic metres. He began as a writer of verse and when he uses prose dialogue, it is marked by artistic restraint and reserve. The second period is that of the social and symbolic dramas in prose, from "The Pillars of Society," 1877, to the great trilogy, "The Master Builder," 1892, "Little Eyolf," 1894, and "John Gabriel Borkman," 1896. In these later plays the general theme is the life of the modern workaday world with its tragic message and infinite meaning. Here is the great Ibsen who has challenged the attention of the whole world, and won revolutionary significance as a dramatist. A noteworthy connecting link between the early romances and the later plays is in the two lyric dramas of singular beauty and power, "Brand," 1866, and "Peer Gynt," 1867. Though these poems offer a strong contrast both in subject and treatment, they gather up the rich poetic fruitage of the plays already written and prophesy of an unflinching earnestness of purpose in those to come. Brand, the stern priest who attempts to live like Christ, is the ideal of renunciation—the realization of self by the crucifying of self. "All or nothing" is the cry of the self-tortured soul. The vision may be circumscribed, but it is true. In "Peer Gynt" Ibsen sought to represent, as in a type, the Norwegian character, but in this study of egotism, quixotic enthusiasm and vacillation, the poet transcends what is merely local and national and gives the world a play that is as universal in its appeal as "Faust" or "Hamlet."

In the evolution of the modern drama the influence of Ibsen comes pre-eminently from the later plays in which his poetic imagination, ethical vision and demonic restlessness of intellect forced him to create a dramatic form that would express what he felt on the subject of man's responsibility to man. This was no mere adaptation either of the satirical prose comedy of the eighteenth century or of the so-called *bourgeois* drama. Ibsen is virtually independent of these influences; to him the comedy of manners was meaningless and no life was *bourgeois* or middle-class. Dramatic literature has too often been written to meet the demands of the stage; Ibsen used both the drama and the stage to meet the demands of the time, and in

his work questions of the hour were deepened into questions of life. The stage-setting is always of the simplest; the accessories are the drawing-room with folding doors, the horsehair sofa, the high-backed arm-chair, the lighted lamp with a shade. The minute and copious stage directions show that every chair and shaded lamp in its particular place were part of the dramatist's scheme and essential to the effect which he wished to produce. Scenarios drafted with the utmost care were before him when he began to write. Every detail had for him cosmic significance. The *dramatis personae* are real persons—those who may jostle us in the street, and their world stage is the office, the work-room, the nursery, or the garden. The dialogue is concise to curtness and devoid of declamatory rhetoric; the soliloquy and formal speech of explanation are discarded. The drama begins where the usual play ends. The situation is fully defined before the curtain rises, the events all past, the deeds all done; we are concerned now with the effects of these events and those deeds to their remotest consequences. Without resort to any device or stagy expedient, Ibsen gives us rich and varied soul portraiture; men and women divulge their secret motives, and all is done in so direct and homely a fashion, with such simplicity and poignant sincerity, that the plot lacks nothing of the power in the complexity of an Elizabethan tragedy. As a playwright Ibsen's work is everywhere that of a master, who knew the capabilities of the modern stage on its practical side and used them to the utmost. The architecture of his plots is flawless, and what makes this more remarkable is that the interest throughout is not that of incident but is psychological. It follows that the interpretation of life is in terms of the unities of time and place; this results in a swiftness and inevitability that suggest the ancient Greek drama.

"The Master Builder" reveals Ibsen's view of the responsibility of being and the eternal issues of life in his most characteristic dramatic method. The curtain rises on a plainly furnished work-room in the house of Halvard Solness. Three characters are discovered, Knut Brovik, his son Ragnar, and Kaia Fosli, each the victim of injustice on the part of the Master Builder. Old Knut Brovik rises suddenly, as if in dis-

tress, from the table, breathes heavily and laboriously as he comes forward into the doorway, and says "No, I can't bear it much longer." These first words strike the keynote of revolt and struggle; this is the motif of the play. Presently Hallvard Solness enters, a man no longer young but healthy and vigorous. His first words are to Kaia, Ragnar Brovik's betrothed, and his attitude of command and familiarity and her behavior indicate the deadness of the finer spiritual instincts. This is intensified in the interview between the Master Builder and the elder Brovik, who realizes that he is near death and wishes justice done to his son:

### BROVIK

[*Rises with difficulty*]. Then am I to pass out of life without any certainty? Without a gleam of happiness? Without any faith or trust in Ragnar? Without having seen a single piece of work of his doing? Is that to be the way of it?

### SOLNESS.

[*Turns half aside, and mutters*]. H'm—don't ask any more just now.

### BROVIK

I must have an answer to this one question. Am I to pass out of life in such utter poverty?

### SOLNESS

[*Seems to struggle with himself; finally he says, in a low but firm voice*]:

You must pass out of life as best you can.

An everyday tragedy this, but one more poignantly pathetic perhaps than any involved in knightly adventure or medieval romance!

The action lasts but from twilight to twilight. The external events of the play are few—Dr. Herdal's calls, the arrival of Hilda Wangel, Mrs. Solness's shopping, Knut Brovik's fatal stroke, Solness's tardy justice in the matter of Ragnar's drawings, Hilda's morning walks in the deserted garden, the traditional ceremonial of hanging the wreath on the summit of the new building, the death of the Master Builder—all of them or-

dinary enough happenings but never commonplace, for each has its revealing moment and is seen in its relation to the supreme spiritual verities. The entrance of Hilda Wangel, buoyant, freedom-loving, fresh from the little town of Lysanger, brings about a change in the household of the Master Builder. Aline, the sad, dejected wife, again finds interest in life; the empty nurseries have an occupant, and Solness himself recaptures the vision and courage of his youth. The main theme of the play is his soul-history, with its incessant, individual struggle towards higher spiritual achievement. It is given in dialogue between Solness and Hilda. He tells her of his hopes and fears, his inborn conviction of genius and his morbid terror of being supplanted by the new generation that is crowding upon him. He speaks to her of the visions that once lifted his life out of the rut of material things, and in her sympathy, inspiration and noble enthusiasm, his former power returns. He will build a castle on a great eminence with clear outlook on the infinite horizons. The dialogue throughout is that of everyday conversation, now laconic, and now but a half-expressed exclamation, but everywhere the language like the action has a significance deeper than the direct obvious import. The death of the Master Builder at the height of his achievement is a superb example of dramatic symbolism; through death he passes to the larger life:

#### HILDA.

[*Immovable, follows Solness with her eyes*]. He climbs and climbs. Higher and higher! Higher and higher! Look! Just look! \* \* \* There he is standing on the topmost planks! Right at the top! \* \* \* So I have seen him all these years. How secure he stands.

#### RAGNAR

I feel as if I were looking at something utterly impossible.

#### HILDA.

Yes, it is the impossible he is doing now! [With the indefinable expression in her eyes]. Can you see anyone else up there with him?

## RAGNAR

There is no one else.

## HILDA.

Then do you hear no song in the air, either?

## RAGNAR

It must be the wind in the tree-tops.

## HILDA.

I hear a song—a mighty song! [*Shouts in wild jubilation and glee*]. Look, look! Now he is waving his hat! He is waving it to us down here! Oh, wave, wave back to him! For now it is finished! [*Snatches the white shawl from the Doctor, waves it, and shouts up to Solness*]. Hurrah for Master Builder Solness!

[*The ladies on the verandah wave their pocket-handkerchiefs, and the shouts of "Hurrah" are taken up in the street below. Then they are suddenly silenced, and the crowd bursts into a shriek of horror. A human body, with planks and fragments of wood, is vaguely perceived crashing down behind the trees.*]

## A VOICE

[*Below, in the garden*]. Mr. Solness is dead.

## HILDA.

[*As if in quiet spell-bound triumph*]. I can't see him up there now. But he mounted right to the top. And I heard harps in the air. My—my Master Builder!

The north, the stern north, has ever been the home of mystery and romance as much to the lover of literature as to the geographical explorer, and not a little of this mystery and romance may be found in such symbolism as this. Realist as Ibsen is by virtue of his ethical earnestness, his dramas are shot through with exquisite imagination. They suggest the country of his birth, where the mist-haunted cliffs of the fiords are eternally washed by the challenging waves and the brief day of summer is shadowed by the long darkness of the winter night, a darkness irradiated by the mystery and color of the Northern Lights.

## ALUMNI NOTES

## EMERSON COLLEGE CLUB OF BOSTON.

At the March meeting of the club we were the guests of Mrs. Anna Mills Phillips, at her home in Jamaica Plain. As always, when we meet with Mrs. Phillips, the evening was cosy and delightful. Music was furnished by Miss Alice Phillips, daughter of the hostess. Mrs. I. D. Cutter gave Robert Browning's "The Statue and the Bust," calling it a poem of positive virtue. She also read "One Way of Love." The club feels that it owes a large debt of gratitude to Mrs. Cutter. Around the open fire we closed the evening with a social half-hour.

HETTIE B. WARD,  
*Secretary.*

## EMERSON COLLEGE CLUB OF RHODE ISLAND.

The E. C. O. Club of Rhode Island held its regular monthly meeting at the home of Mrs. Gertrude Gariepy Carroll. William Dean Howells was the author chosen for the afternoon's study. A sketch of Mr. Howells' life and a brief discussion of his more notable novels were read by Mrs. Eva J. Hesse. Mrs. Agnes Henderson Gray reviewed the *Emerson College Magazine* for February, and Mrs. Edward B. Fessenden read "The Register," one of Howells' plays. After tea the club adjourned to meet with Mrs. Westcott in April.

MRS. CHARLES CARROLL.

'96-'97. Edna Sutherland is soon to leave for a professional trip to Europe. Miss Sutherland is a very successful reader, and has gained an enviable reputation for herself.

'03. The Mexico (Mo.) *Evening Ledger*, in speaking of the work done by Lena M. Dickinson, says, in part:

The entertainment at Hardin College by the Dramatic Club last night was one of the most delightful of the year and was enjoyed by a large and most appreciative audience. The young ladies of Hardin College, under the training of Miss Dickinson, show clearly that they appreciate the advantages they enjoy. The entertainment as a whole was the most successful that has been given during the present year, and placed another feather in the "chapeau" of Miss Dickinson, head of the department. "The Burglars," as presented by an all-Freshman cast, was excellently done and assures great work in this department in the future.

"Tyranny in Muslin," the principal production of the evening, is one of the most popular plays written under another title. It is far more subtle than anything ever attempted in the school before, and the clever work done by every member of the cast cannot be too highly praised.

Miss Dickinson is to be congratulated upon another success, as she has offered some unusually hard productions since coming to Mexico, and they have always been well played.

**'04. From the Charlotte *Evening Chronicle*:**

Miss Olive Rigor Rusk, director of the Elizabeth School of Expression, assisted by Mrs. R. Sydney Cauthen, soprano, gave a recital in the college auditorium last evening. This is the first recital Miss Rusk has given this year and a large audience heard the attractive program.

The selection in the list of offerings made up a delightful medley consisting of songs, monologues and readings, both humorous and serious. The scene from Macbeth showed unusual ability. Miss Rusk reads Shakespeare with fine appreciation and genuine dramatic skill. Her art was never more delicate and exquisite in its variations than last evening.

Miss Rusk is an artist of fine acquirement and of long practice. This is not her first recital in Charlotte, and all who have heard her before will remember her former programs with a great deal of pleasure. Since coming to Elizabeth College she has done much toward building up the school of expression in the college, which has reached large proportions during the present year.

**'00-'06. A School of Expression, in which Public Speaking, Piano, and German are taught has been opened in Philadelphia. It is under the direction of Clara C. Adams and another teacher.**

**'06-'07. The pupils of Bernard Lambert, head of the School of Oratory in the University of Puget Sound, appeared in a successful recital recently. Some of the readings were: "Spreading the News," by J. L. Harbour; "The Story of a Stepmother," by Kate M. Cleary, "The Book Agent," by Beatrice Herford; "At the Matinee," by Marjorie Benton Cooke; the "Tent Scene" from "Julius Caesar," Act II of "Herod," by Stephen Phillips, and parts of Acts III and V from "As You Like It."**

**'09-'10. Mary Eleanor Rogers coached, with success, a play called "Bachelor Maids" given by the members of the Clover Club, under the auspices of the Young Women's Christian Association of Brockton, Mass.**

**'10.** Company D, 7th Regiment, N. G. C., presented "Barbara Frietchie," under the direction of Elma Smith, in Pomona, Cal. The affair was a large and elaborate one, and owed much of its success to Miss Smith's coaching.

**'10-'11.** Georgia M. Newbury reports that the Department of Elocution at the London Conservatory of Music (Ontario), is growing rapidly and becoming very popular in the surrounding vicinity. She coached the Western University play, "The House Next Door," which was pronounced the finest amateur performance ever done in the city.

**'11.** (Special). Mary Blair was a visitor at college recently.

**'10-'11.** Ruth I. Morse is teaching Public Speaking and Music in Township High School, Prineton, Ill. One of her pupils won first place in the "Big Eight Girls' Declamation Contest," held in Rock Island. Public Speaking is a new department there, having been established only since the beginning of the year. In this short time it has become very successful and popular.

**'12.** Mrs. Frances Riordra Prouty is the proud mother of a baby daughter, four months old.

**'12.** Mary G. Kellett, who is teaching Expression in Minneapolis, has just returned from a very successful concert tour. She read "The Taming of the Shrew" in Butte and Spokane; "The Man of the Hour," in Dillon; "Lohengrin," in Helena; "The Importance of Being Earnest" and "The Terrible Meek" in Great Falls.

Appearing at the Auditorium last night, under the auspices of the Butte Lyceum Course promoters, and giving a well-nigh faultless interpretation of "The Taming of the Shrew," Miss Mary G. Kellett was among friends and former associates in educational work. Their hearty tributes in the form of applause were in honor of both the woman and the artist, and she could not but have been pleased with the kindly reception extended. The Auditorium was filled, and without exception the members of the audience were edified and entertained in a most pleasing manner. The occasion was one that many took advantage of to renew the acquaintance formed when Miss Kellett was

instructor of dramatic art in the schools of the city, and the meetings were pleasing alike to them and to her.

The reader gave the selection in four acts, with the brief intermission. The reader's versatility, the flexibility of her well-governed voice and the ease with which she changed from one part to another were remarkable.

'12. Harriett C. Palmer, who is teaching Dramatic Art and Vocal Technique at Bristol School, Washington, D. C., is preparing to give the play, "Pygmalion and Galatea," at the close of the school year.

The Christmas Mystery Play, "Eager Heart," was given at the holiday season with great success. Miss Palmer played the title role in this play during her Senior year at the college, when it was staged at Copley Hall by the author, Miss Buckston. She again played the title role last year in New York city, when the play was put on for the third time by the Eager Heart Society.

'13. The engagement of Clara McDonald to Albert C. Brown of Newburyport is announced.

'12-'13. The pupils of Neva Walter, head of the Expression Department in Northland College, Ashland, Wis., appeared recently in a recital.

'13. Isabel MacGregor was a visitor at college recently.

'13. A Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, paper has the following to say of Bertha Gorman's work:

A large and brilliant audience assembled in the Prince Edward Theatre (Opera House) last night for the dramatic recital by Miss Bertha F. Gorman, assisted by those vocalists and readers who are properly numbered among the best in the province. It was an evening of artistic delight.

The programme, to begin with, was balanced and varied just right; and those present appreciated every number upon it, as evidenced by the frequent encores and the loud, enthusiastic and continued applause.

Miss Gorman, who was "the star" of the occasion, appeared in four numbers, namely, "The Lion and the Mouse," "Jakey at the Kindergarten," "Who's Afraid," and "Courage." Every number was perfectly presented, and this talented young lady has sprung into artistic fame in a night—with the people of Charlottetown.

Sila Belle Stillman, in a recent letter to the Magazine, submitted the following poem:

ALL'S RIGHT.

Days pass by as they always will do,  
And I'm happy, content with my lot,  
But sometimes, I just wonder if you  
Ever long for the things that are not.

Do you ever regret what has passed  
In the midst of this worry and strife?  
Do you sometimes stop long to recast,  
And weave over the thread of your life?

We're all weak, it can not be denied;  
We all have our moments of doubt;  
But the times when I'm most sad and tried,  
For my comfort there comes this sweet thought.

Just as true as God is up above  
There's a reason for all that takes place,  
Because He in His infinite love  
Guardeth all who run in life's race.

So, dear heart, pluck up hope and be strong,  
Let us laugh, and be happy and gay;  
For all's right, though it now appear wrong,  
And so we shall see it, some day.

A SONG OF THE ROAD.

O I will walk with you, my lad, whichever way you fare,  
You'll have me, too, the side o' you, with heart as light as air;  
No care for where the road you take's a-leadin'—anywhere,—  
It can but be a joyful jaunt the whilst *you* journey there.  
The road you take's the path o' love, an' that's the bridith o' two—  
And I will walk with you, my lad—O I will walk with you.

Ho! I will walk with you, my lad,  
Be weather black or blue  
Or roadsides frost or dew, my lad—  
O I will walk with you.

Ay, glad, my lad, I'll walk with you, whatever winds may blow,  
Or summer blossoms stay our steps, or blinding drifts of snow;  
The way that you set face and foot is the way that I will go,  
And brave I'll be, abreast o' you, the Saints and Angels know!  
With loyal hand in loyal hand, and one heart made o' two,  
Through summer's gold, or winter's cold, it's I will walk with you.

Sure, I will walk with you, my lad,  
As love ordains me to,—  
To Heaven's door, and through, my lad,  
O I will walk with you.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

## THE MORNING SUMMONS.

When the mist is on the river, and the haze is on the hills,  
And the promise of the springtime all the ample heaven fills;  
When the shy things in the wood-haunts, and the hardy on the plains,  
Catch up heart and feel a leaping life through winter-sluggish veins.

Then the summons of the morning like a bugle moves the blood,  
Then the soul of man grows larger like a flower from the bud;  
For the hopes of high Endeavor is a cordial half divine.  
And the banner cry of Onward! calls the laggards into line.

There is glamour of the moonlight when the stars rain peace below,  
But the stir and smell of morning is a better thing to know;  
While the night is hushed and holden and transpierced by dreamy song,  
Lo! the dawn brings dew and fire and the rapture of the strong.

*By permission of the author.*

—Richard Burton.





# Ode Class of 1914

Bewildering Time!

Why goest thou so speedily,  
Why snatchest thou so greedily  
Our little hours and days?  
For we would love to linger,  
Our roses fondly finger  
The roses of our Mays.

Relentless Time!

Unto each friendship clinging,  
At thee defiance flinging,  
We've passed three happy years.  
But now thy blast doth tear the strand  
That binds us, and throughout the land  
The breeze is wet with tears.

Oh, monstrous Power!

That presseth us so fearfully,  
That driveth us so tearfully,  
Thou art a mighty wind.  
Oh, do but let us linger,  
Our pleasures fondly finger;  
Oh, let us drop behind.

*Meta Bennett*

# The Emerson College Magazine.

VOL. XXII.

MAY, 1914.

No. 7



## THE GREAT DAY.

\*ELSIE SINGMASTER.

Billy Gude, an old soldier of the Battle of Gettysburg, strode slowly into the kitchen, where his wife bent over the stove. Just inside the door he stopped and chewed meditatively upon the toothpick in his mouth. His wife turned presently to look at him.

"What are you grinning at?" she asked pleasantly. "Won't you speak or can't you? What is the matter?"

Then Billy's news refused longer to be retained.

"There's a great day comin'. The President of the United States is comin' here on Decoration Day to see the battlefield."

"What of that? It won't do you no good. He'll come in the morning in an automobile, and he'll scoot round the field with Jakie Barsinger, a-settin' on the step tellin' lies an' you can see him go by."

"See him go by nothin'. That's where you're left. He's

---

*Arrangement made from Elsie Singmaster's book of short stories "Gettysburg," published by permission of Houghton Mifflin Company.*

comin' in the mornin' on a special train, an' he's goin' to make a speech at the Nostrum."

"An' Jakie Barsinger will drive him over the field and to the Nostrum, and you can sit and look on."

"That's where you're left again. I bein' the oldest guide, an' the best knowed, an' havin' held Mr. Lincoln by the hand in '63, an' havin' driven all the other big guns what come here till automobiles an' Jakie Barsinger come in, I am selected to do the drivin' on the great day."

Mrs. Gude sat down heavily on a chair near the door.  
"Who done it, Billy?"

"I don't know who done it. An' I don't care. Some of the galoots had a little common sense for once."

"*Why* did they do it?"

"Why? Why? Because when you get people to talk about a battle, it's better to have some one what saw the battle, an' not some one what was in long clothes. I guess they were afraid Jakie might tell something wrong. You can't fool this President."

For forty years he had shown visitors over the battlefield. At first his old horse had picked his way carefully along lanes and across fields; of late, however, his handsome grays had trotted over fine avenues. The horses knew the route of travel as thoroughly as did their master. They drew up before the National Monument, on the turn of the Angle, and at the summit of Little Round Top without the least guidance.

"There ain't a stone or a bush I don't know," boasted Billy.

Presently, however, came a creature which neither Billy nor his horses knew. It dashed upon them one day with infernal tooting on the steep curve of Culp's Hill, and neither they nor Billy were prepared. He sat easily in his seat, the lines loose in his hands, while he described the charge of the Louisiana Tigers.

"Fom yonder they came. Up there, a-creepin' through the bushes, an' then a-dashin', an' down on 'em came—"

And then Billy knew no more. The automobile was upon them; there was a crash as the horses whirled aside into the underbrush, another as the carriage turned turtle, then a succession of shrieks. No one was seriously hurt, however, but

Billy himself. When, weeks later, he went back to his old post beside the station platform, where the guides awaited the arrival of trains, Jakie Barsinger had his place, and Jakie would not move. He was of a new generation of guides, who made up in volubility what they lacked in knowledge.

For weeks Billy continued to drive to the station. He had enlisted the services of a chauffeur, and his horses were now accustomed to automobiles.

Nevertheless, trade did not come back. Jakie Barsinger had become the recognized guide for the guests at the Palace, and it was always from the hotels that the best patronage came. Robbed of the occupation of his life, which was also his passion, Billy grew rapidly old. Abbie, his wife, listened in distress as, sitting alone, he declaimed his old speeches.

"Here on the right they fought with clubbed muskets. Here—" Often he did not finish, but dozed wearily off. There were times when it seemed that he could not long survive.

Now, however, as Memorial Day approached, he seemed to have taken a new lease of life. No longer did he sit sleepily all day on the porch or by the stove. He began to frequent his old haunts, and he assumed his old proud attitude toward his rivals.

"I'm goin' to set up once more an' wave my whip at 'em, with the President of the United States beside me. No back seat for him, Colonel Mott said the President 'd want to sit on the front seat. An' he said he'd ask questions. Let him ask. I ain't afraid of no questions nobody can ask. No s'tistics, nor manoeuvres nor—"

"But Jakie Barsinger might do you a mean trick."

"There ain't nothin' he *can* do. Mott said to me, 'Be on time, Gude, bright and early.' They're going to stop the train out on the sidin' back of the Seminary, so as to fool the crowd. They'll be waitin' in town, an' we'll be off an' away. An' by an' by we'll meet Jakie with a load of jays. Oh, it'll be—it'll be immense!"

Through the weeks that intervened before the thirtieth of May, Abbie watched him anxiously. Each day he exercised the horses, grown fat and lazy; each day he went over the long account of the battle, as though he could forget what was part

and parcel of himself! His eyes grew brighter and there was a flush on his old cheeks.

The planning for a President's visit was no light task. There were arrangements to be made with the railroad companies, the secret service men were to be stationed over the battlefield, there were to be trustworthy guards, a programme was to be made out for the afternoon meeting at which the President was to speak.

At daylight of that eventful day, Billy Gude was astir and Abbie helped him dress. His hand shook and his voice trembled as he said good-bye.

Half an hour later he drove to the siding where the train was to stop. A wooden platform had been built beside the track, and on it stood Colonel Mott and the rest of the committee.

"Drive back there, Billy," Colonel Mott commanded. "Then when I signal to you, you come down here. And hold on to your horses. There's going to be a Presidential salute. As soon as that's over we'll start."

Billy drew back to the side of the road. Evidently, through some mischance, the plans for the President's reception had become known, and there was a rapidly increasing crowd. On the slope of the hill a battery of artillery awaited the word to fire. Billy sat straight, his eyes on his horses' heads, his old hands gripping the lines. He watched with pride the marshal waving all carriages back from the road. Only he, Billy Gude, had the right to be there. *He* was to drive the President. The great day had come. He chuckled aloud, not noticing that just back of the marshal stood Jakie Barsinger's fine new carriage, empty save for Jakie himself.

Presently the old man sat still more erectly. He heard, clear above the noise of the crowd, a distant whistle—that same whistle for which he had listened daily when he had the best place beside the station platform. The train was rounding the last curve, the fields were black now with the crowd, the gunners watched their captain, and slowly the train drew in beside the bright pine platform. At the door of the last car appeared a tall and sturdy figure, and ten thousand huzzas made the hills ring. Then a thunder of guns awoke echoes,

which had been silent forty years. Billy listening, shivered. The horror had not grown less with his repeated telling.

He leaned forward now, watching for Colonel Mott's uplifted hand; he saw him signal, and then—from behind he heard a cry and turned to look; then he swiftly swung Dan and Ben in toward the fence. A pair of horses maddened by the noise of the firing dashed toward him. There would not be room for them to pass. After all he would not drive the President. Then he almost sobbed in his relief. They were safely by. He laughed grimly. It was Jakie Barsinger with his fine new carriage. Then Billy clutched the reins again. In the short glimpse he had caught of Jakie Barsinger, Jakie did not seem frightened or disturbed. Nor did he seem to make any effort to hold his horses in. Billy stared into the cloud of dust which followed him. What did it mean? And as he stared the horses stopped, skillfully drawn in by Jakie Barsinger's firm hand beside the yellow platform. The cloud of dust thinned a little, and Billy saw plainly now. Into the front seat of the tourists' carriage, beside Jakie Barsinger, climbed the President of the United States.

The old man's hands dropped, and he sobbed. It had all been so neatly done; the pretense of a runaway, the confusion of the moment, Colonel Mott's excitement—the crown of his life was gone.

Long after the crowd had followed in the dusty wake of Jakie Barsinger's carriage, he turned his horses toward home. A hundred tourists had begged him to take them over the field, but he had silently shaken his head. He could not speak. Dan and Bess trotted briskly, mindful of the cool stable toward which their heads were set, and they whinnied eagerly at the stable door. They stood there for half an hour, however, before their master clambered down to unharness them. He talked to himself freely and when he had finished, went down the street, and out by quiet alleys and lanes—to the National Cemetery. Sometimes he looked a little wonderingly toward the crowded main streets, not able to recall instantly why the crowd was there, then remembering with a rage which shook him to the soul. Around the gate of the cemetery a company of cavalry was stationed. It was after-

noon now, and almost time for the trip over the field to end and the exercises to begin. As Billy passed through the crowd, he felt a hand on his shoulder.

"Thought you were going to drive the President," said a loud voice.

Billy saw for an instant the strange faces about him, gaping, interested to hear his answer.

"I ain't nobody's coachman," he said coolly; and walked on.

He walked slowly up the wide avenue, and presently sat down on a bench. He saw the throng gathered around the wistaria-covered rostrum, on which the President was standing. Billy sprang up. At least he would hear the speech. Nobody could cheat him out of that. He pushed his way through the crowd, which, seeing his white hair, opened easily enough. Then he stood trembling, all his misery rushing over him again at sight of the tall figure. He was to have sat beside him, to have talked with him! He rubbed a weak hand across his eyes. Suddenly he realized that the formal portion of the speech was over, the President was saying now a short farewell.

"I wish to congratulate the Commission which has made of this great field so worthy a memorial to those who died here. I wish to express my gratification to the citizens of this town for their share in the preservation of the field, and their extraordinary knowledge of the complicated tactics of the battle. Years ago my interest was aroused by hearing my father tell of a visit here, and of the vivid story of a guide —his name, I think, was William Gude."

Billy Gude repeated:—"His name, I think, was William Gude." It was a few seconds before the purport of it reached his brain. Then he raised both arms, unaware that the speech was ended and that the crowd had begun to cheer.

The crowd, pressing toward Jakie Barsinger's carriage, into which the President was stepping, carried him with them. They looked about them questioningly; they could see Colonel Mott, who was at the President's side, beckoning to someone; who it was they could not tell. Then, above the noise they heard him call, "Billy Gude!"

"It's me!" said Billy.

He stared, blinking, at Colonel Mott, and at the President. Colonel Mott laid his hand on Billy's shoulder. He had been trying to invent a suitable punishment for Jakie Barsinger. No more custom should come to him through the Commission.

"The President wants you to ride down to the station with him, Billy. He wants to know whether you remember his father."

As in a dream, Billy climbed into the carriage. The President sat on the rear seat now, and Billy was beside him.

"I remember him like yesterday. I remember what he said an' how he looked, an'" the words crowded upon each other as eagerly as the President's questions, and Billy forgot all save them—the cheering crowd, the wondering, envious eyes of his fellow citizens; he did not even remember that Jakie Barsinger was driving him, Billy Gude, and the President of the United States together. He caught a glimpse of Abbie's frightened face, and he waved his hand and the President lifted his hat.

At the railroad station the President took Billy's hand in his and remarked, "It has been a great pleasure to talk to you."

The engine puffed near at hand, there were new cheers from throats already hoarse with cheering, and the great man was gone, the great day over. For an instant Billy watched the train, his hand uplifted with a thousand other hands in a last salute to the swift-vanishing figure in the observation car. Then he turned to meet the unwilling eyes of Jakie Barsinger, helpless to move his carriage in the great crowd. For an instant the recollection of his wrongs overwhelmed him.

"Jakie—" he began. Then he laughed. The crowd was listening, open-mouthed. For the moment, now that the President was gone, he, Billy Gude, was the great man. He stepped nimbly into the carriage. "Coachman, you can drive home."

## VACATION THOUGHTS.

*"THE SMALL"*

*"What is there but the sky, O sun, which can hold thy image?  
I dream of thee, but to serve thee I never can hope,"*

*The dew-drops wept and said,*

*"I am too small to take thee unto me, great Lord, and thus my  
life is all tears."*

*"I illumine the limitless sky,  
Yet I can yield myself up to a tiny drop of dew,"*

*Thus said the sun and smiled.*

*"I will be a speck of sparkle and fill you,  
And your tiny life will be a smiling orb."*

Rabindranath Jagore.

## DREAMERS OF DREAMS.

*We are all of us dreamers of dreams;*

*On visions our childhood is fed;*

*And the heart of the child is haunted, it seems*

*By the ghosts of dreams that are dead.*

*From childhood to youth's but a span*

*And the years of our youth are soon sped;*

*Yet the youth is no longer a youth, but a man,*

*When the first of his dreams are dead.*

*There's no sadder sight this side of the grave*

*Than the shroud o'er a fond dream spread,*

*And the heart should be stern and the eyes be brave*

*To gaze on a dream that is dead.*

*'Tis as a cup of wormwood and gall*

*When the doom of a great dream is said,*

*And the best of a man is under the pall*

*When the best of his dreams is dead.*

*He may live on by compact and plan*

*When the fine bloom of living is shed,*

*But God pity the little that's left of a man*

*When the last of his dreams is dead.*

*Let him show a brave face if he can,  
Let him woo fame or fortune instead,  
Yet there's not much to do but bury a man  
When the last of his dreams is dead.*

*William H. Carruth.*

### WORK.

*Let me but do my work from day to day,  
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,  
In roaring market-place or tranquil room;  
Let me but find it in my heart to say,  
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,  
"This is my work, my blessing, not my doom;  
Of all who live, I am the one by whom  
This work can best be done in the right way."*

*Then shall I see it not too great, nor small  
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;  
Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring hours.  
And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall  
At eventide, to play and love and rest,  
Because I know for me my work is best.*

*Henry Van Dyke.*

### THE WIND AND THE STREAM.

*A brook came stealing from the ground,  
You scarcely saw the silvery gleam  
Among the herbs that hung around  
The border of that winding stream,  
The pretty stream, the flattered stream,  
The swiftly gliding bashful stream.*

*A breeze came wandering from the sky  
Light as the whispers of a dream  
He put the o'erhanging grasses by  
And softly stooped to kiss the stream  
The pretty stream, the flattered stream,  
The shy yet unreluctant stream.*

*The water as the wind passed o'er  
Shot upward many a glancing beam  
Dimpled and quivered more and more  
And tripped along a livelier stream.  
The flattered stream, the simpering stream,  
The fond, delighted silly stream.*

*Away the airy wanderer flew  
To where the fields with blossoms team,  
To sparkling springs and rivers blue,  
And left alone that little stream  
The flattered stream, the cheated stream,  
The sad forsaken, lonely stream.*

*That careless wind came never back  
He wanders yet the fields I deem  
But on its melancholy track  
Complaining went that little stream,  
The cheated stream, the hopeless stream,  
The ever-mumuring lonely stream.*

William Cullen Bryant.

#### FIND YOUR WORK.

*No man is born into the world whose work  
Is not born with him; there is always work  
And tools to work withal for those who will.  
The busy world shoves angrily aside  
The man who stands with arms akimbo set  
Until occasion tells him what to do  
And he who waits to have his task marked out  
Shall die and leave his errand unfulfilled.*

Lowell.

---

#### A ROSE.

*It breathes the All-Divinity of God  
Transformed in terms of earth;  
In sun-caressed petals,  
In Heaven-painted colors,  
In life that flows in each green tender stem  
Which feeds the soul of every brief-blown rose.*

Lucy Roberts, '14

## NOTES ON THE ELIMINATION OF MINOR SPEECH DISORDERS.

### VII. LOCAL PECULIARITIES.

BY WALTER B. SWIFT, M. D.

E. C. O., '98.

*To Define.* By local peculiarities is meant the mode and method of articulation found pretty much exclusively in any one locality. These speech modes are found everywhere; no place is free, and yet every place feels *it* is free and that every other place is obsessed. Localisms are no more nor less than regional habits of speech, caught one from another, and through imitation passed on. The extent of those regions may be from a whole country down to states, counties, cities and even families. I knew a family once among whom were a certain number of set expressions, and if anyone became acquainted with one member, he could tell any of the other members merely through those modes of utterance. The counties of Ireland perhaps vary more than any other small group of land division. The brogue is known by all. Some people can tell approximately from what part of Ireland the native comes. It is well known that in the city of London a few localities are characterized in this way. Whereas such small spacial differences in speech are rare, we all know of those that are more extensive. The real "Down Easter," the Southerner, the Bostonian, the New Yorker, show these larger regional vocal deviations, and give a very distinct idea of what is meant by the local peculiarity.

*Causes.* Often it is hard to trace the cause of the occurrence of vocal deviations—as difficult as to trace the origin of such expressions as "not on your tintype," "he could not do it to save his gizzard," and "it is raining cats and dogs," or a similar expression used in other regions, "it is raining pitchforks." The probable origin of deviations in vocal expression is somewhat like this. A person who lives in a community entirely accidentally, has certain personal deviations from the usual pronunciation of that community. As long as he remains where so many speak normally he is not followed by any outside his family. He now migrates to where no one lives. He hires a boy to work for him. Soon the boy has

adopted these speech peculiarities because they are the only ones he hears. He finally marries and his own family have them. This spreads and spreads from the few to the many, until in a hundred years a whole town is known by the peculiar twang the inhabitants have in conversation.

Some such similar origin lies behind most localisms. As for the origin of the different languages, reference to the Tower of Babel may settle that for the present. But what we are considering are changes *within* the languages. Isolation of peoples through many years before newspapers, railroads and telephones annihilated distance, is responsible for many changes within the languages, as for example, the dialects in Germany. But still smaller changes inside the languages come under the head of local peculiarities.

*Cases.* A few illustrations may help us in understanding more definitely just what these peculiarities are. A girl from Canton, Ohio, says little for little. She claims no one notices the difference out there! In a London boarding house I once turned to a waitress and said (New England pronunciation), "I would like two boiled eggs." She turned in utter astonishment and could not understand until I repeated (in the most pronounced London twang I could imitate), "Oi want tiew baild aigs." Then she quickly brought them. A compliment to my imitation! The ring of the Southern voice betrays the South just as much as their colloquial use of the word "reckon."

When I was a boy, we used to claim we could tell a New Yorker by the way he pronounced girl and worm, and sure enough, "guirl" and woirm" often gave them away!

Thus cases could be repeated almost innumerable; but these are enough to illustrate what is meant and show what some of the real cases are. Multiplying them further could in no way change the treatment.

*Treatment.* Isolation; improvement in the educational environment and otherwise correct ideals. These alone generally clear defects away when sufficient time is spent to allow these changes to modify the already deeply instilled modes of vocal utterance. I knew an American lady of refinement and with typical beautiful New England articulation, who mar-

ried an Englishman and lived thereafter near London. In five years the New England "ring" had gone and the English "twang" had ingrained itself upon her every utterance. Thus it is with all migrations more or less. The young are changed over more quickly; older people often will not try and seem to be fossilized and unmoldable.

In the place where one lives vocal changes can be engrafted by the vocal expert if time and attention enough are given. But these patients are often very unsatisfactory because they do not stay long enough to get full benefit, but as soon as they learn a bit about methods and means of cure run away thinking they can complete the treatment themselves, but relapse. There are some, strange as it may seem, who consider their vocal peculiarities are an ornament and want to keep them. All such I meet, soon find they are welcome to do so; but generally later, after they have added unto themselves some of the real ornaments and accomplishments of value in this life, wish to rid themselves of the lesser.

All vocal cases need at least a first visit upon a vocal expert who is also a physician in the broadest sense of that term—and better still, if he be also a trained nerve specialist, best of all if he be also an Emersonian, with all the vocal, mental, spiritual and interpretative culture that it implies. You always can tell good physicians by looking up their records, or asking some of the test questions, to which all reputable medical men can answer yes—as, Have you passed the State Board examination? Are you a member of the Massachusetts Medical Society? and others many already know, that separate the pretender from the expert. The answer "No" to any of these questions should make the inquirer immediately suspicious that something is wrong, and should be ample reason to refuse employment at once. If you doubt a man, merely look up his record! It often saves money and time. The vocal expert especially should be well investigated, for few can tell in voice changes what the real setting is—whether it be merely a functional passing change or whether it be a case of insanity, feeble-mindedness, or idiocy. But "a word to the wise leadeth them."

In brief, then, treatment of localisms is through instilling

correct enunciation by example and by training. Besides this, there should be a court of general and final articulation appeal, where the sounds for all are determined—a sort of Supreme Court of vocal sound. This would set a universal norm for all classes.

*Summary.* Local peculiarities of pronunciation exist in groups of people, from the family circle to the immense country-wide group, caused by local habit and imitation and eliminated in individual cases by personal training, and in general, for all groups concerned, by a union of authorities joined into a committeee of final appeal to establish a code of correct articulation and have it distributed to schools of all these localities and countries.

---

### HEART'S TIDE

I thought I had forgotten you,  
So far apart our lives were thrust!  
'Twas only as the earth forgets  
The seed the sower left in trust.

'Twas only as the creeks forgot  
The tides that left their hollows dry;  
Or as the home-bound ship forgets  
Streamers of seaweed drifting by.

My heart is earth that keeps untold  
The secret of the seeds that sleep.  
My thoughts are chalices of sand;  
Your memory floods them and I weep.

*Ethel M. Hewitt.*

*Harper's*



#### A POET PASSES.

"The Dream goes with the Dreamer." Nay, not so,  
Passes the Rose when mortal vision dies?  
Shall we decree no tender breezes blow  
Beneath wide alien skies,  
Because none feels their lingering caress?  
The whispering music is but breathed in vain;  
With no wind-harp within the wilderness  
To catch the wild sweet strain.

O Poet, O Interpreter, the dream  
Remains with us who may not understand!  
Across vast spaces may some radiant gleam  
Reach us from that far land  
Where thou hast gone, and make the darkness glow  
That we may follow where thy feet have led!  
"The Dream goes with the Dreamer?" Nay, not so;  
The Dream is with us, uninterpreted.

*M. E. Bühler.*

*Century Magazine.*

---

#### "AS IS."

(*A Message to the Seniors.*)

Some live in the memory of "As used to be," some think of life "as ought to be." The pessimist talks of good "as never will be." But the true, courageous, normal soul meets the world "as is."

The spirit who gets the most out of the experiment of living is the one who takes each day as a game of Golf. Life is like

this noted sport for the play on the ball must be "as is." You stand on the tee with a well defined idea of what ought to happen, you know the motions, you see the direction, you address the ball, you try the stroke. It may be a clean cut drive or it may be hook or slice that lands your ball in some bad territory with a poor lie. In either case you must play the ball "As Is." The ball in the fair green may be poorly played, while the hard lie may challenge your skill and result in a perfect stroke. The interest in Golf is sustained because the ball must be played "as is."

The student must play each day "As Is." You stand upon the diploma tee with all the theory of the stroke perfect, but the days carry you out upon the links of life. Your first attempt to do the world's work is your chance at the world "As Is."

Why waste time in useless musings about the "used to be." Why rave in haughty superiority about the "As ought to be." Select from your powers and talents, trained for the day, and made ready for some step, that appropriate club and play the ball of opportunity "As IS."

The game of life is full of uneven ground and distracting hazards. Long drives and careful approaches, restrained efforts and accurate putts are not alone confined to Golf but also apply to successful living. The city or town in which you live and work may lack much for which your nature longs, but why be miserable, unhappy and inefficient, play the ball "As Is."

You may meet the limitations of money, the distresses of ill health. You may find yourself surrounded by hazards not of your own making, with injustice and unfairness marked plainly upon them. Why rant about the "ought to be" till weak and exhausted? Play that ball in the game of life "As Is"!

You may discover that your dreams have not come true, the world does not seem to be restless about giving you a high and noted place. You discover a deep and wide valley between you and the mountain peak of fame that seemed so near just over the foothill. You discover the difference between the solid foundation of experience and the inspiring enthusiasms

of ambition, you become lonely and feel insignificant in a sphere of strangers. Why halt, and grow discouraged? Why underestimate your power? Why contrast the first attempt with the dream of the first tee? Grit your teeth, pull yourself together, address the task, and inspired by the truth of Golf, play the day "As Is."

ALLEN A. STOCKDALE.

*First Congregational Church, Toledo, Ohio.*

---

#### FACULTY NOTES.

On May 8th President Southwick leaves Boston for an extended trip through the States. He will speak twenty-five times and will make stops in the following states: Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, North Dakota, Idaho, Washington, Oregon, California, Utah, Virginia, and Tennessee.

Dean Ross will remain at the college until June 1. Then he will go into the country, where he will remain until early fall.

Mrs. Southwick returned from her Southern Reading Trip in time to meet with the students several times in chapel.

Miss Gertrude McQuestin will sail May 23d for Europe where she will visit until her return for college in the fall.

The last morning in chapel Miss Gordon, President of the Students' Association, presented the President and Mrs. Southwick with a vase of roses. The flowers were given by the Association as a token of love and congratulations upon the Silver Wedding Anniversary of the President and Mrs. Southwick.

---

#### OUTLINE OF “A BOOK OF IDEALS”

*By Jessie Eldridge Southwick*

The first chapter treats of Self-Command as the keynote of personal character. It is necessary to attain the power to control, and summon to action, all the faculties of the person before one can have the power of choosing right or wrong.

Bodily command means both strength and adaptability—which should be secured by proper training.

Mental self-command means the power of concentration and the ability to summon faculties upon the call of motive or occasion.

Spiritual command means the power to harmonize one's activities with high motives under all conditions, and to control and guide emotion and imagination.

Self-Command is consistent with prayer and obedience, the one being the invocation of the divine element in oneself and the other being voluntary accord with the higher law.

The second chapter attempts to demonstrate the essential necessity of The Golden Rule as the basis of society; since we always demand obedience to it in others' action toward ourselves and pretend or assume to use it as our motive in every appeal for co-operation or sympathy. It is a psychological imperative.

The third chapter is devoted to the advocacy of motive in Education. We now aim for skill, learning, utility and practical good citizenship; it is also necessary and possible to educate the spirit by appropriate appeal to motive in every department of education. Ethical precept is not enough. The controlling idea of every subject should be the motive of service to human welfare.

The fourth chapter is to demonstrate that The Province of Government is to educate its citizens on higher lines of culture and the refinement of art as well as in practical sciences. The government should secure freedom of self-expression to every individual so far as he does not encroach upon the same privilege for others, should provide equal opportunity of livelihood for all classes and safeguard the necessities of life from the appropriation of greed; it should reform (not revenge upon) its delinquents and criminals, and so organize its functions (governmental) as to eliminate the possibility of success in fraud and abuse of office or privileges of citizenship. Tests for citizenship should try one's integrity rather than mere learning or skill in getting a livelihood.

The fifth chapter stands for the claim that the basis of human exchange in all industrial life is justice and that it is dis-

honor to misrepresent one's own wares or to depreciate others'; but true competition rests only in quality of production, while co-operation is justifiable only in securing some end of general welfare. To rob the weaker of his just proportion is as hurtful to human justice in the community as direct theft—and by its exemption from legal punishment works more moral harm to the popular mind.

The sixth chapter deals with The Criterion of Intelligence which is not in shrewdness, cunning, nor even intellectual cleverness, but in the plane of perception—which determines the motive which either exalts or depreciates the value of reason.

The seventh and last chapter deals with the Spiritual Life, the presence of which is discernible as harmonious and aspiring activity in all planes—and is especially glorious in its own sphere where it enables one to see that every sacrifice of selfishness, every undeserved wrong or suffering and every apparent failure of right effort is indeed recompensed in the divine economy of the Soul!

J. E. S.

---

NOTICE—This book is to be ready in the fall and any friends desiring to subscribe now will receive grateful acknowledgment and be furnished with copies at wholesale rates. Bound in cloth the price will not exceed \$1.25 at retail.—J. E. S.



JACK ROY

### SMOKE.

*Light-winged Smoke! Icarian bird,  
Melting thy pinions in thy upward flight;  
Lark without song, and messenger of dawn,  
Circling above the hamlets as they nest;  
Or else, departing dream, and shadowy form  
Of midnight vision, gathering up thy skirts;  
By night star-veiling, and by day  
Darkening the light and blotting out the sun;  
Go thou, my incense, upward from this hearth,  
And ask the gods to pardon this clear flame.*

*Henry David Thoreau.*

EMERSON              The fire has gone out. The fireplace PROGRESSION loses its charm. It is May. The frequenters of the fireside obey the summons DURING vacation. Then comes the thought--how VACATION. can a vacation be made a value in the Emerson work. Does vacation mean to simply lay down the oars and glide with the current. The oarsman gains a recreation by exploring new channels. The Emerson student can find new channels in the work of Expression during vacation that never are seen during the smooth sailing work in the college.

The first channel to be investigated is the next year's curri-

culum. It contains new studies from which you will be able to gain much more if you are familiar with the subject. Each subject contains much which supplementary reading only is able to reveal. There is little time in the usual students' schedule to do this supplementary work during the college year. Vacation is the proper time to enjoy this recreation.

The second channel for exploration is the subject of repertoire. Now is the time to increase that neglected repertoire. Search in the late fiction, watch the short stories in the current magazines—there is a field open for your summer investigation. Do not depend on the latest selection you have heard and which appeals to you, but which perhaps is not in the least suitable for your rendition. Get new ideas and if in the fall you have a surplus of these fresh ideas on hand the Magazine board would accept them most gladly.

The channel for the coming Seniors and graduating class is to watch for an opening for next year's work. It is not too early to discern in which direction the current is running. Begin now to chart the course, by deciding yourself just what you want to do, by talking with Superintendents, by interesting schools and individuals in the department of Expression.

The passing Seniors and graduating class can still improve their Emerson principles to better fill the position opening for them in the fall. It is not enough simply to be graduated. It is not enough merely to carry the Emerson course to others. But it is the aim to so transmit that course through your instruction that your personality illuminates every part of it in such a way as to throw new light on the oldest subject.

All along the route of vacation sailing there are many who are interested in landing at the same port. Find these persons. Tell them of Emerson. If you want to enjoy the roaring logs by Emerson's fireside next year, bring company. They will enjoy the Emerson warmth and you will enjoy them. We shall then resume our fireside chats. All come back with renewed vigor from your prosperous vacation.

# The Emerson College Magazine.

EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY, BOSTON, MASS.

## EDITORIAL STAFF.

BELLE McMICHAEL.....	<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>	VIRGINIA BERAUD..	<i>College News Editor</i>
<i>Post Graduate News.....</i>	DOCIA DODD	<i>Junior News.....</i>	EDITH GOODRICH
<i>Senior News.....</i>	JEAN WEST	<i>Freshman News.....</i>	PERCY ALEXANDER
	ALBERT F. SMITH,	<i>Business Manager.</i>	

THE EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE is published by the Students' Association of Emerson College of Oratory, 30 Huntington Ave., on the 20th of each month, from November to May inclusive. Send all literary contributions to the *Editor-in-Chief*. Send all subscriptions and advertising to the Bus. Manager. SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.00 IN ADVANCE.  
Entered in the Post Office at Boston, Mass., as second class mail matter.

VOL. XXII.

MAY, 1914

No. 7



*Leave your school better for having studied in it.  
Leave your home better for having lived in it.  
Leave the world better for having worked in it.*

At a recent meeting of the Students' Association the following officers were elected for the coming year:

President of Student's Association,	Irene Dickson
Vice President " "	Louise Hainline
Secretary " "	Evelyn Benjamin
Treasurer " "	Sadie O'Connel
Editor of Year Book,	Lois Perkins
Assistant Editor Year Book,	Theodate Sprague
Business Manager of Year Book,	Albert Lovejoy

The Student Association and Faculty held a "Rally Day" during chapel one morning. The enthusiasm of all reached a high point when telling of individual interests in the college. Plans were discussed for the advancement of Emerson and ways and means were provided by which each could come in personal contact with some prospective student. The following is one of the means:



Magazine Board



### A LETTER FROM BOSTON.

At the recent meeting of the Emerson College Student Body to study the campaign for the next freshman class, it was stated by one of the students that a letter from Boston was heartily welcomed by the publisher of her local home paper. It was then suggested that news letters are always welcomed by local papers, and even by city papers which are not in the immediate metropolitan districts.

The student body at Emerson College has always been composed to a large degree of candidates who were sent to the college by former graduates. Such opportunities as are available for this kind of work are usually more or less limited to individuals, and perhaps owe their greatest success to this very fact, as concentrated effort always accomplishes the most. It is possible, however, that news letters to the home papers have been somewhat overlooked, or neglected. While they would not have the immediate effect of individual exertion, they, nevertheless, meet a much larger requirement, and might prepare the way for personal influence in a vastly increasing number of cases.

The basic principle of all advertising is the breadth of circulation which can be given to an idea through the almost infinite multiplication of its appeal through the printed page. It is only the professional advertiser who is likely to realize the force of this multiplication. The ordinary layman has little idea of the magical power of the wider appeal, as it is probably natural for everyone to rely primarily on the directness of personal effort. It is only as we note the astonishing results of the wider publicity that we come to realize the enormous influence of the press. Besides this, a personal letter has a vastly deeper interest for the average reader than any form of advertising. People are accustomed to see a great variety of advertisements and to pass them by as such; but a letter from a distant metropolis, especially when signed by a local name, has not only the advantage of being news but the added force of personal opinion.

If our students were aware of the ceaseless campaign which is now carried on by nearly all our colleges in their efforts to secure publicity, they would not regard an occasional letter to

their home paper as anything out of the usual. The truth is, nearly all of our colleges employ an endless series of agencies, many of which are so clever that they merely seem to happen from natural causes. This is because the competition has become so intense that strenuous efforts for publicity seem to be necessary. Compared to all these exertions a few letters from each student, in the course of the year, would only be what circumstances would seem to justify. At least, it is an experiment which is well worth trying; and we sincerely hope, and believe, that it may be employed hereafter with great success.

(Extract from an Address of Dr. A. E. Winship, Massachusetts State Board of Education.)

"There is not a state or city in the Union, scarcely a college or university, in which there has not been in its Faculty some disciple of Dr. Charles Wesley Emerson . . . Today the fruition of the College that he founded has recognition as one of the literary institutions of Boston. To the College that bears his name come students from all parts of this broad land, and those who are graduated go into institutions of learning over wider area than do teachers of English or Expression of any other institution."

Copy of a letter from Rev. Allen A. Stockdale, former Pastor of Union Church, Boston, now Pastor of First Congregational Church, Toledo, O.

I congratulate you on your work for the Endowment of Emerson College of Oratory. Such a splendid Educational Institution needs a large Endowment and what is better still, deserves all it needs.

Emerson College is doing a unique work in education, this work will not be done by any other institution. No instruction can open the way into our best literature as Emerson College can. I have been in a position to see the work clearly for the last five years and the true education of body, mind and soul in Emerson College is a joy inexpressible to me. Such work must have its largest financial liberty and its greatest opportunity in the educational world. The Endowment is the thing, and Emerson College will give many-fold returns for the money given to such work.

---

#### A STATEMENT CONCERNING EMERSON COLLEGE.

The Emerson College of Oratory is a professional school chartered by the State of Massachusetts for preparing teachers of Public Speaking and Debate, and of the speech arts in gen-

eral, including physical training, dramatic art, and the interpretation of great literature.

One fifth of its students are graduates of liberal-art colleges or normal schools, or have taken part courses in such institutions before coming to Emerson, and all other of its students are required to present the usual qualifications for admission to any liberal-art college.

The courses of study are as thorough as in any liberal-art college, and in such subjects as psychology, logic, rhetoric, and English composition they are identical with liberal-art college courses; while in anatomy, physiology, hygiene, and in physical and vocal culture they are superior to liberal-art courses.

In the subject of English literature they are vastly superior to the average liberal-art college, both as to extensive and intensive treatment. Of this I am certain since I have been in the faculties of liberal-art colleges all my life, and was for many years the head of the department of English in Syracuse University, when that department included five to six professors and instructors. The Emerson College offers more than twenty courses in English literature including every branch of the subject.

All of our graduates are required to take a thorough training in English. This training is superior to that of any ordinary liberal-art college, even though the student has specialized in English by making it his major subject. With twenty courses in literature, our training is as wide as that of any college; but in intensive stress it is far superior, for the reason that intensive work in literary analysis and literary interpretation is the major work of each student.

So thorough is this phase of their training that every one of our graduates is required to stage a play, to write an original drama, or to dramatize a work already written, as well as to give original and powerful interpretation to the noble literature of all countries. All of the foregoing is the natural preparation for the original work as teachers of natural and dignified utterance, in public speaking and debate. Many of our students are lawyers and clergymen who have had years of experience in their chosen professions. They would not come

to us unless we had something to teach which was worth their while.

Next to their good health, and their mental and spiritual poise, the distinguishing characteristic of our students is their ability to handle an audience, and their ability to handle a class. Our graduates are now at the head of the department of English and of Expression in over one hundred and fifty colleges and academies in this country, and in many instances the presidents and principals of these institutions have acknowledged their indebtedness in the art of leadership to the instructor in expression, on account of the great influence over the public which they are able to acquire and therefore to use for the good of all concerned.

The arts of public speech and of literary interpretation have been so often neglected that the press is calling for a remedy. But where is the remedy to be found? Competent teachers can alone meet the demand and these must come from specializing in literature and speech, and not from general scholarship.

Respectfully,

William G. Ward.

I heartily concur in the foregoing

A. E. Winship.

(Prof. Ward has been a teacher of literature at Emerson College for sixteen years, previous to which time he had served as President of Spokane College, Wash.; Prof. of History, Baldwin College, Ohio; and Prof. of English Literature at Syracuse University, New York. His work as an author of books on Tennyson and Browning is well known.)

(Dr. Winship is perhaps better known to school men through his work as editor, lecturer, teacher, executive, and member of the Mass. Board of Education, than any other man in the United States.)

---

#### 1913 FAREWELL MESSAGE TO E. C. O.

The end of the four years that looked so far ahead to the "Baby" Freshman of 1911 has now come, and the "Eldest Daughter" must leave home to make room for the "New Baby" that is expected in the fall. Yes, it is hard to say good-bye:

to the younger members of the family; to the good times that have taken place within the dear home walls; to the wise and loving guidance of the Parents who have brought this "child" up to meet life as it is. Now, the "Home" training is over. We are to be sent out into the world to spread the influence of the wonderful atmosphere in which we have been reared; to carry the teaching of a better and nobler life, a life reaching toward the great ideal—where Truth and Beauty are united, a life that lifts humanity by its magnanimity.

For whatever degree of success we may have attained as a class we feel has been largely due to the radiant spirit of our Class President, the ever ready, self sacrificing, powerful personality of Amelia Green.

---

### SENIORS.

The Seniors have been busy in preparation for the Commencement Week exercises, therefore their attention has been bent entirely upon rehearsals. A few, however, gave readings.

Miss Jennie Windsor and Miss Maude Relyea read in Grafton, Mass. Miss Windsor read for "The Little Mothers Club" also.

Miss West was the guest of Miss Lucy, of Lawrence, for a recent week-end.

Florence Newbold gave several readings during the month.

Miss Gertrude Chapman gave an evening's program in Providence.

Belle McMichael read at Revere and Waverly during April.

---

### JUNIORS.

The Junior class has elected the following officers for next year: President, Jean McDonald; Vice-President, Irene Dickson; Secretary, Albert Lovejoy; Treasurer, Albert Smith.

Much interest has been centered in the classes in Pantomime during the past few weeks as several original pantomimes have been put on.

Gladysmae Waterhouse read recently at a concert given by some of the Conservatory of Music students at City Point.

On April 29, Abigail Hoffman read at a concert of St. Mary's Episcopal Church.

Nelly Marriman read for the Woman's Club at the club room in Filene's store recently.

Louise Mace spent the week-end of April 19 with a company of fellow students at Silver Lake, N. H.

Several of the Junior girls are planning to spend some time at Lake Placid this summer.

Helene Henry read in Somerville at Eastern Star Lodge, on April 10th.

Edwin Flanders coached the farce "Thirty Minutes for Refreshments" in Charlestown recently. Mr. Flanders also coached and produced a three-act play in West Somerville.

The article of Forbes-Robertson recently published in the *Emerson Magazine* is to be published in the *New England Magazine*.

---

#### FRESHMEN.

Misses Bessie Pinsky, Esther DeWire and May Elliot marched under the students' flag in the suffragette parade, Saturday, May 2.

Misses Florence Bailey, Elizabeth Tack, Helen Reed, Hazel Watson, and Evelyn Morris were supernumerary members of "Bonnie Prince Charlie," the Senior play.

Esther DeWire and Ethel E. DeLaney gave a series of dialogues in child dialect at Beverly, Mass., during the week of April 20.

Fred Hubbard was a supernumerary member of "Midsummer Night's Dream" recently at the Castle Square Theatre.

At a meeting of the Freshman class on April 29 the following students were elected as the first *Sophomore* officers of the College: President, Dorothy Canaga; Vice-President, Nettie Hutchins; Treasurer, Fred Hubbard; Secretary, Dorothy Hopkins; Reporter, Lawrence Smith; Student Council Representatives; Freda Walker and Eleanor Jack.

Would that all pilgrimages would prove as eventful as the one made recently by Miss Eleanor Jack, Miss Helen McClanahan and Miss Margaret Longstreet. While endeavoring to fol-

low the trail of the arbutus over the hills about Big Sandy Lake, near Plymouth, these Emersonians were overtaken by a sudden spring shower. Losing their way in the wilds they sought shelter at an unassuming farm house. They found themselves invading the retreat of a retired opera singer, who with ten incubators and a singing dog, was seeking to recover her lost notes. Inspired by such spirit in the midst of adversity, the bedraggled Emersonians arrayed their dampened selves before the astonished Prima Donna and plunged into the Emerson exercises with such vigor that the wind and rain was lulled in comparison. The recluse, swept in the wings of such enthusiasm, pledged her heart and hand to Emerson and sealed the vow with a dozen eggs. Hence from the missionary work will come a convert in the fall. The door of Emerson will be opened to welcome her.

---

### SORORITIES.

#### DELTA DELTA PHI.

We are glad to welcome as new members:—Vivian King, Dorothy Blakeley, Helen Libby, Ruth Merrill, Ida May Cook. The sorority gave a banquet at the Hotel Lenox in honor of the new members.

Catherine Tull and Mildred Cary were guests of Phi Gamma Delta during Junior week at Technology.

Alice Esmond was recently a guest of the sorority.

Gertrude Chapman, Margaret Emerson and Mildred Cary were entertained at a house party at Phillips Exeter Academy for the Cercle Français dance.

Gertrude Chapman gave a house party at her summer cottage on Lake Archer at the close of school.

Helen Leavitt read at the Woman's Club in Cambridge May 2d.

Lillian Aune gave an evening's program in West Newton recently.

The sorority gave a birthday tea Monday, May 4th.

**ZETA PHI ETA.**

We are glad to welcome as new members, Irene Dickson and Margaret Longstreet.

Zeta Phi Eta was at home to her friends on the afternoon of May 3d.

Mrs. Cogswell and son are here from California to attend the Commencement festivities.

Mrs. Curtis is visiting her daughter Laura during Commencement.

Marion John read recently at the Grace Baptist Church, Somerville. The occasion was the church banquet given in honor of the Mayor.

Marion Grant spent a week-end of April in Gloucester visiting friends.

Mrs. Graf is here from Iowa to attend the graduation of her daughter Zinita. Miss Graf is also entertaining, as a Commencement guest, Miss Shankland of Middletown, Conn.

Virginia Beraud read for the Tuesday Sorosis Club in Lawrence.

Zeta Phi Eta will entertain with a house party in Newburyport, the first week after Commencement.

Miss Bernie May Mathews, the delegate from Beta Chapter (Northwestern University) is the guest of the Chapter house during the Zeta Phi Eta Convention.

Miss Riddell entertained the Zeta girls at tea in her home in Cambridge.

The annual Zeta Phi Eta banquet was held at the Hemenway Hotel, on the evening of Friday, May 8th. Besides the regular Zeta girls and our faculty members, many of the alumni were also present.

Jean West sails for England with her mother and sister soon after graduation.

Zeta Phi Eta extends best wishes for a very pleasant vacation to all Emersonians.

---

**PHI MU GAMMA NOTES.**

Phi Mu Gamma announces the following as members: Marie Helm, Gwendolyn Theodate Sprague and Esther DeWire.

We take pleasure in announcing that Ethel DeLaney has been pledged to Phi Mu Gamma.

Florence Newbold read at Newton and Trinity Church, Boston, recently.

Mrs. Riddick and her niece, Miss King, are guests of Sue Riddick during Commencement.

Mrs. Stokes is the guest of her daughter Katurah over Commencement.

Miss Harriet Sleight and Miss Wright entertained Phi Mu Gamma at a delightful tea at the Hemenway, April 29th.

Phi Mu Gamma gave an informal dancing party Tuesday, May 5th.

Marguerite Albertson was a guest at the Chapter house during the month.

For the coming year Phi Mu Gamma will change its residence from 43 to 70 St. Stephen Street.

---

#### KAPPA GAMMA CHI.

Kappa Gamma Chi wishes all Emersonians a pleasant and restful vacation.

Rea Olin read at the Orphans' Home in Dorchester on the evening of April 28th.

Gertrude Conley spent several days at the Chapter house recently.

Mesdames Stevenson, Stiles, Scribner and Tarrant were the guests of their respective daughters during Commencement week.

Mildred Johnson played the leading part in "Cousin Kate" which was produced by the Beta Beta Gamma Sorority of Cambridge, April 17th.

Kappa entertained at tea on the afternoon of April 24th at the Chapter house.

Fern Stevenson and Beth Sturdivant gave readings and Genevieve MacGill rendered two solos at a concert given under the direction of Mrs. Whitney, at the Mitchell Military Boys School at Billerica, Mass.

Miss Alice Tarrant spent the week of Commencement as the guest of her sister, Madeleine.

Mr. Frederick Jette of Danielson, Conn., was a recent caller at the Chapter house.

Kappa gave a farewell party in the form of a Bungalow dance at Riverside on the evening of May 8th.

---

### FRATERNITY.

Albert Lovejoy gave a recital at Cambridge Y. M. C. A. on the evening of May 1st.

Arthur Winslow is planning to attend the Harvard and Emerson summer schools.

Messrs. Roy, Smith, and Lovejoy will be among the Emerson College entertainers at Lake Placid Club in the Adirondacks, this summer.

The annual banquet of Alpha Chapter took place at Young's Hotel during Commencement week. John Roy, as President, acted as Toastmaster. An excellent dinner and general good time were enjoyed by all the members present. Mr. Tripp gave an interesting and instructive talk on "The Ideals of the Fraternity."

---

### PROGRAM FOR COMMENCEMENT.

#### SUNDAY, MAY 3:

10.30 A. M.—BACCALAUREATE SERVICE, Union Congregational Church,  
Rev. Asher Anderson.  
CLASS DAY EXERCISES.

#### MONDAY, MAY 4:

Salutatory,	Mildred E. Johnson
History,	Jean E. West
Class Poem,	Meta Bennett
Oration,	Arthur Winslow
Class Odes,	Elsie Gordon, Meta Bennett

#### SENIOR RECITAL.

MAY 4th, 8.00 P. M.

- |                           |                    |
|---------------------------|--------------------|
| I. The Blue Bird,         | <i>Maeterlinck</i> |
|                           | Louise West        |
| II. Kathleen ni Hoolihan, | <i>W. B. Yeats</i> |
|                           | M. Ruth Timmerman  |

III.	(a) Gunga Din (b) Danny Deever (c) Tommy Atkins	John Roy	Rudyard Kipling
IV.	Henry V (Act V, Scene II)	Virginia Beraud	Shakespeare
V.	Looking for "Marse" Willie	Judith Hampton Lyndon	Martha S. Gielow
VI.	The Piper (Act III)	Elizabeth May Davis	Josephine Preston Peabody
VII.	Monsieur Beaucaire (arranged)	Mary Morgan Brown	Booth Tarkington

## SENIOR RECITAL.

MAY 5—9.30.

I.	In the Vanguard	Madeline Tarrant	Katrina Trask
II.	Everywoman (Act IV)	Fern Stevenson	Walter Brown
III.	'Op O' Me Thumb	Meta E. Bennett	Robert Brice
IV.	Medea (translated by Gilbert Murray)	Ida Mae Somers	Euripides
V.	Disraeli (Act III)	Belle McMichael	Louis N. Parker
VI.	The Sin of David (Act III)	Zinita Graf	Stephen Phillips

## POST-GRADUATE RECITAL.

Huntington Chambers Hall  
Thursday, May 7, 1914

I.	The End of the Bridge, (Act III, Scene II)	Florence Lincoln
	Florence Southward Hinckley	
II.	A Phantom Vanished (A translation from the French)	Sherwin Laurence Cook
	Myrtie May Hutchinson	
III.	Margaret Ogilvie	J. M. Barrie
	Jessie MacKenzie Matheson	
IV.	Mary Magdalene (Act III)	Maeterlinck
	Caroline Wood Ferris	
V.	Peg O' My Heart	J. Hartley Manners
	Olga Newton	
VI.	Les Miserables (Arranged)	Victor Hugo
	Amelia Myrl Green	

## SENIOR PLAY.

*Thursday Evening, May 7th, 1914.**Class of 1914.**Jordan Hall**"FOR BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE"*

Adapted from the French of Francois Coppee

By J. I. C. Clarke

*Cast*

Charles Edward, the Young Pretender		Marion Grant
Marquis d'Eperon		Katurah Gertrude Stokes
Lord Clanmorris		Amy Loyola La Vigne
Cameron of Lochiel }     Scottish chiefs		Melrose Joseph Jones
Gordon MacLaren }		Florence Churchill Stiles
Angus, a blind patriot		Theresa Zaidee Cogswell
MacDuff }		Mattie Faith Lyon
Duncan }		Laura Blanche Curtis
Old Enoch }	Clansmen	Katherine MacDonald MacKay
Malcolm }		Stasia J. Scribner
Donald }		Marion Jeannette Mentzinger
Hamish, a grave-digger		Willie Leonora Ferguson
Joe		Mary Florence Bean
Sergeant		Florence Lukens Newbold
Corporal		Mattie Faith Lyon
Lady Clanmorris		Frances Marion John
Lady Murray		Marie Reed Towne
Mary, a beggar maid		Mattie Riseley
Jessie		Elizabeth Putnam Moir

Clansmen and Women, Rrummers, English Soldiers.

Scene: Scotland, 1745-6. In four acts and five scenes.

## PHYSICAL CULTURE DRILL, DEBATE, PANTOMINE.

Jordan Hall, May 6, 1914.

*Aesthetic Physical Culture.*

- (a) Entrance March
- (b) Emerson Exercises
- (c) Temple Drill

A. Lorraine Bailey, Octa L. Bassett, Virginia Beraud, Mary Morgan Brown, Isabel Burton, Mollie C. Chase, Elizabeth May Davis, Hazel A. Jones, Mary V. Langford, Ruby Loughran, Bessie Belle McMichaei, Frances Folsom Simons, Ida Mae Somers, Esther Winnifred Smart, Fern Stevenson, Elizabeth Sullivan, Ruth Madeleine Tarrant, M. Ruth Timmerman, Louise West, Jennie Ella Windsor, Dorothy M. Wolstad.

## DEBATE.

**Resolved:** That the present unrest of women will prove a detriment to the race.

(It has been agreed by both sides that the question of suffrage shall not enter this debate.)

Affirmative: Alice May Kent, Hilda M. Harris. Negative: Sara E. Dahl, Margaret A. Strickland. Presiding Officer: Mildred E. Johnson. Timekeeper: Jean West.

### PANTOMIME

#### *The Magic Weather-Vane*

An Idle Fancy by Maud Gatchell Hicks

The Farmer	Hazel Alexander Tanner
His Wife	Anna Leah Thornton
His Daughter	Alice Frances Brown
A Farm-hand	Mary Isabel Tobin
The House-maid	Beulah Bachelor
A Milk-maid	Elizabeth Putnam Moir
A Boatman	Mattie Faith Lyon
A Boy	Sue Wingfield Riddick
The Burgomaster	Edna Mildred Mix
His Wife	Minnie Kepler Henderson
A Peddler	Joseph Stanley Newton
The Magic Weather-Vane	Frieda Michel
North-wind	Gertrude Craig Chapman
East-wind	Ethel Vienna Bailey
South-wind	Doris Cushing Sparrell
West-wind	Marie Vivian Dietrich
Rain-drops:	Misses Fishel, McClanahan, Loughran, West, Igo.
Leaves:	Misses Relyea, O'Connell, Riddick, Beard
Butter-market women:	Misses Graf, MacKay, Ferguson
Scene:	A Dutch Garden

#### Pantomime.

#### *Argument.*

The chimes of Middelburg arouse the sleepy farm-hand; he unlocks the garden gate and admits the bellman who is going on his daily rounds. It is a morning of variable winds. The west and north winds bluster about the garden. The house-maid scrubs down the steps and sidewalk. She discovers a stork upon the housetop and shows it to the milk-maid. They are convinced that something unusual is about to happen. The farmer's daughter, accompanied by the south-wind, gathers flowers which she sells to the flower boat-man.

A peddler enters with the magic vane. The farmer's wife is superstitious and fears to purchase a vane that can command the winds, but the farmer yields to the pleadings of his daughter and buys it. The butter-market women stop to see it installed upon the garden wall. The mischievous vane makes his installation difficult. When, at last, he is secured, the delighted peasants dance.

The vane commands first the west, and then the east wind to blow,

to snarl the yarn of the farmer's wife. On their way to market the women spread the news about the magic vane and a boy enters to say that the burgomaster and his wife are curious to see it. Presently they arrive. The burgomaster scoffs at the idea of magic and speaks of the balmy south-wind now blowing. The vane, angered, commands the north and the east winds; a storm breaks and the burgomaster and wife seek shelter in the cottage, leaving the rain-drops to dance in the garden. As the storm passes the burgomaster and his wife depart. The vane, still revengeful, causes great discomfort to them. As night falls the storm subsides and the winds possess the garden. The farmer's daughter, sleeping, dreams that the south-wind calls her into the garden. She fears the burgomaster may destroy her magic vane. She dreams that she climbs upon the wall and prevails upon the vane to come down into the garden with her. Then she hides him where the burgomaster may not find him. The winds and leaves dance together. As the dawn breaks, the little maid enters, puzzled by her dream, but relieved and happy to find the vane is still upon the wall.

## GRADUATE PLAY.

*Jordan Hall, Wednesday Evening, May 6, 1914, 8 o'clock*

"THE WINTER'S TALE"

By William Shakespeare

## Cast

Leontes, King of Sicilia	Rose Johnson Willis
Mamilius, his son	Maude Leonore Relyea
Camillo	Esther Winnifred Smart
Antigonus	Jessie MacKenzie Matheson
Cleomenes	Marie Reed Towne
Dion	Mary Violet Langford
Phocian	Lenella Baker McKown
Polixenes, King of Bohemia	Myrtle Mae Hutchinson
Florizel, his son	Olga Newton
Archidamus, a Bohemian Lord	Mary Francesca Blanchet
Officer	Amy Loyola La Vigne
A Mariner	Josephine Wood Whitaker
An Old Shepherd	Lillian Marie Brown
A Clown, his son	Inez Washburn Bassett
Autolycus, a rogue	Dacia Dodd
A Jailer	Josephine Wood Whitaker
Hermione, Queen to Leontes	Lillian Marie Aune
Perdita, daughter to Leontes and Hermione	Amelia Myrl Green
Pauline, wife to Antigonus	Ida Leslie
Emilia, a lady attending on the Queen	Ellene Marie Sullivan
Lamia, a lady-in-waiting	Florence Hinckley
Mopsa	Mary Violet Langford
Dorcas	Florence Hinckley
Shepherdesses	

Lords, Ladies, Gentlemen and Attendants, Shepherds and Shepherdesses. Scene: Sometimes in Sicilia, sometimes in Bohemia. In five acts and eight scenes.

## COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES, 1914.

*Friday, May 8, 1914, 9.30 o'clock.*

PRAYER

Rev. Benjamin D. Scott

ADDRESS

Dillon Bronson, D. D.

PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS

President Henry Lawrence Southwick

*Professional and Teacher's Diploma*

Lillian Marie Aune  
 Inez Washburn Bassett  
 Laura Elizabeth Bell  
 Mary Francesca Blanchet  
 Lillian Marie Brown  
 Docia Dodd  
 Caroline Wood Ferris  
 Amelia Myrl Green  
 Florence Southward Hinckley  
 Myrtie May Hutchinson

Amy Loyola LaVigne  
 Ida Matilda Leslie  
 Lenella Baker McKown  
 Jessie Mackenzie Matheson  
 Olive Olga Newton  
 John James Roy  
 Esther Winnifred Smart  
 Ellene Marie Sulivan  
 Josephine Wood Whitaker  
 Rose Johnson Willis

*Diploma of Graduation*

Ethel Vienna Bailey  
 Octa Laurie Bassett  
 Beulah Batchelor  
 Mary Florence Bean  
 Ethel Iola Beard  
 Meta Evelyn Bennett  
 Virginia Beraud  
 Alice Frances Brown  
 Mary Morgan Brown  
 Isabel Burton  
 Romaine Beach Carpenter  
 Gertrude Craig Chapman  
 Mollie Chase  
 Theresa Z. Cogswell  
 Margaret Brown Conway  
 Laura Blanche Curtis  
 Sara Eliza Dahl  
 Elizabeth May Davis  
 Dorothea Deming  
 Marie Vivian Dietrich  
 Drusilla Dodson  
 Willie Leonora Ferguson  
 Pearl Williams Fishel  
 Emma Belle Gallagher  
 Elsie Mae Gordon  
 Zinita Barbara Graf  
 Marion Grant  
 Hilda M. Harris  
 Minnie Kepler Henderson  
 Adelaide Veronica Igo  
 Frances Marion John  
 Mildred Eleanor Johnson

Hazel Alta Jones  
 Melrose Joseph Jones  
 Alice May Kent  
 Mary Violet Langford  
 Ruby Shelton Loughran  
 Judith Hampton Lyndon  
 Mattie Faith Lyon  
 Helen Louise McClanahan  
 Bertha Ellen McDonough  
 Katharine MacDonald MacKay  
 Bessie Belle McMichael  
 Marion Jeannette Mentzinger  
 Frieda Michel  
 Edna Mildred Mix  
 Elizabeth Putnam Moir  
 Florence Lukens Newbold  
 Joseph Stanley Newton  
 Sadie Regina O'Connell  
 Maude Leonore Relyea  
 Lucile DeNevers Reynolds  
 Sue Wingfield Riddick  
 Mattie Riseley  
 Lucie Roberts  
 Helen Schroeder  
 Anastasia J. Scribner  
 Frances Folsom Simons  
 Ida Mae Somers  
 Doris Cushing Sparrell  
 Fern Stevenson  
 Florence Churchill Stiles  
 Katurah G. Stokes  
 Margaret Alice Strickland

Margaret Elizabeth Sullivan  
Hazel Alexander Tanner  
Ruth Madeleine Tarrant  
Anna Leah Thornton  
M. Ruth Timmerman  
Mary Isabel Tobin

Marie Reed Towne  
Jean Edith West  
Louise West  
Jennie Ella Windsor  
Arthur Francis Winslow  
Dorothy Mellen Woldstad

---

### SOUTHERN CLUB.

On Thursday morning, April 23, the Southern Club entertained the College and its friends by giving a reproduction of the different phases of the negro's life in the South. The efforts of the members were received so enthusiastically that a precedent has been established for the Emerson Southern Club of the future.

The following program was rendered:

- |                                 |   |
|---------------------------------|---|
| 1. The Old Piano,               | Mary Morgan Brown—Ala.                              |
| 2. Plantation Dance,            | Judith Lyndon—Ga.                                   |
| 3. Original Monologue (Dialect) | Hazel Tanner—Ky.                                    |
| 4. August Protracted Meetin'    | Lucy Roberts—Ga.                                    |
| 5. Southern Melodies.           | Preacher—Judith Lyndon<br>Congregation—Club Members |
- 

### CANADIAN CLUB.

At the last meeting of the Canadian Club there took place the annual election of officers for the next year. Vera Bradley was elected President.

We are saying farewell to many of the girls, but we are all going home resolved to send at least one new student to our Alma Mater.

Mary Cody spent a week end in Peterborough, N. H., and while there showed her friends that she was a true Canadian fisherman. She caught fourteen trout.

Isabel MacGregor, '13, former President of the Canadian Club, is visiting her many friends in Boston. During the past year she has been doing recital work in Nova Scotia.

Beth Moir spent a very pleasant week end at a house party.

Kathryn MacKay went to New York to meet the committee of the Women's Missionary Union in reference to its work in India. Miss MacKay will sail for Comporé in August next where she will be engaged in mission work.

*Ten Quatrains from  
THE RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM.*

Rise! For the Sun, the Gard'ner of On-High,  
Gathers the star-flowers from morning sky,  
And from their beds the Dawnlight joyous springs,  
As Day is born with Night-time's farewell sigh.

Aye, Rise! And greet the Day in gray-white gown  
Towards Sultan's palace softly floating down,  
Until dew-diamond fingers touch the dome  
And leave it sparkling like the Sultan's crown.

Oh, Haste! And ere the dome hath cease to shine  
Make the Watchman give thee what is thine.

He should not nodding go about his task  
When all the idol-lovers crave their wine.

Spring waves her willow wands with fairy skill,  
And lo! O'er ev'ry misty vale and hill  
Earth buds anew;—And listen, listen, love!  
To laughter in the murmur'ring rill.

The gentle breezes from the South now sow  
Their buds, as through the laughing world they go;—  
Ah, white as Moses' hand the Lilies bloom,  
And sweet with Jesus' breath the Roses blow.

Fair Roses, climbing o'er the garden wall,  
Your petals too, alas, will lightly fall,  
Your lives be lived,—your lovely beauty fade  
As when sweet earth-born maidens were you all.

Was I not plac'd here, all my plans to choose?  
And if so, can I not my privilege use,  
And in the wine-cup gaily toss my fears,  
To gain a life,—or my poor nothing lose?

The cup of wine—what destinies it tells  
To those who worship that which therein dwells,  
What hopes and fears it constant bubbles o'er,—  
What future Heavens, and on-coming Hells.

Ah, Loved One—could you and I design  
Life's plan in this great world of yours and mine,  
Would we not shape it for our own intent  
Nor think of those who with us share Life's wine.

And, Loved One, when at Eve the cups you fill,  
Forget not him asleep 'neath yonder hill,  
But when the guests are sped,—oh, softly steal,  
And o'er his moonlit couch the red wine spill.

*Jean Edith West, '14.*



## PRESIDENT SOUTHWICK'S ADDRESS TO THE ALUMNI AT BANQUET AT HOTEL VENDOME, MAY 5.

*Mr. Toastmaster and Comrades in the love and faith and works of Emerson:—*

It is a joy to greet you tonight. Nor can I deceive myself with the notion that the painful anticipation of having to make a speech has dulled my relish of this excellent dinner. You know the young man, who, when his wife made him promise that in case she should happen to die first he would ride at the funeral in the carriage with his mother-in-law, said: "I suppose I shall have to do it, but it will completely spoil the day for me!" No, the thought of speaking to you always quickens my appetite. And then there is something in being used to it, you know. Indeed, I have spoken so often this winter that I am somewhat in the condition of the congressman from "the rural deestriets" whose wife said of him: "Si has been on the go every minute since he has been in Washington. He has eaten so many banquets that he says it seems to him that he hasn't had his knife out of his mouth for three months."

I believe it is a traditional thing at annual alumni dinners for presidents of colleges to review the work of the past year, and to point out the needs of the institution, and to suggest how loyal alumni may help the Alma Mater. But I feel I must be excused from any extended discussion of these needs tonight. I will merely say that the year just closed has shown some small gain in the enrollment—especially significant, perhaps, in view of the prevailing condition of business depression—that the esprit de corps of students and faculty has been excellent, and the general progress of the year most

satisfactory. And as for the needs, there are two—one general and familiar, and one special and immediate. The general need is an endowment that will carry with it the right to grant such degrees as are appropriate to the literary and oratoric training which the College gives, and which will place the institution upon the bed-rock of permanency. Emerson has demonstrated herself for thirty-four years. The practical efficiency of her training in its application to life has proven her claim to permanence.<sup>1</sup> The men who now direct the destinies of Emerson are jealous of her honor, loyal to her standards, eager for her advance.<sup>2</sup> They are pledged to their task, and, I may justly say, they are consecrated to it, and will bear the banner as long as strength permits. But that period is at most a limited one. For the College to end with them would be deplorable.<sup>3</sup> For you as Alumni, with all your precious memories of Emerson, and all your pride in her history, to awake some day to find that the institution had closed her doors, that you are graduates of a college that does not exist would be a catastrophe.<sup>4</sup> However, while it may not come for years,—I see no escape from such humiliation save through an adequate endowment. Some may hesitate to aid because they fear their help must be so small that it would not be worth while.<sup>5</sup> But the enduring wall is made of single bricks.<sup>6</sup> If you have the will to give from an abundance, give generously. But if your means are but small, your modest aid will help, and you will be of that blessed band, of one of whom the Master said: "She has done what she could."<sup>7</sup> And if you have abundance and cannot give now, you may provide in a will what you cannot give at once. And if you cannot give large sum or small, but are loyal and eager that the College which has meant so much to your life shall enrich lives to come, you may interest those who can help and who probably would help if they could be brought to know the beneficence of our College work. Nor should you look first to those who have been long associated with endowments to colleges, I think, for their habits and methods of giving are fixed and limited to the fields in which they are already interested. It is rather the men, and they are many, and not far to seek, whose names are not associated with college activities or perhaps with public activities of

any sort, but who have accumulated abundance, have all they need and more, and do not wish it wasted in empty ostentation or in the corruption of children who know not its worth. Many a man would gladly do something to make the world he is soon to leave really brighter and better.<sup>1</sup> He would help what he knows to be worth while. If you are loyal you will, when opportunity affords, help such men to a knowledge of the thirty-four years of Emerson's history. That is the general need.

To the immediate specific need, probably each one at this table can give help. We have raised Emerson to the rank of four year colleges, as we told you a year ago—a gain in height, breadth, and substance—an enhancement to the value of every diploma to be issued and a new advance of Emerson in the eyes of every other college. To sustain this new step we need a big Freshman Class next autumn. Next year will be a crucial one, not in the stability of the College, but in the success of this new advance, of which every alumnus and student who has expressed himself to us has given most cordial endorsement. We must take no backward course, but hold firmly every inch gained. And you want us to do this. The students' slogan for this year is: "One hundred Freshmen for next September!" With the alumni's aid they will get them. What will *you* do? I am sure the absent alumni would gladly aid did they but know also. I feel we have the re-enforcement of their spirit—of the Emersonian spirit. I can see their eager faces.

When I speak to you each year I see a multitude of faces—your own, as they are, and your own as they were when you came to Emerson. And as I looked around tonight at these different Emersonians I saw beside their faces many others not present—class-mates and associates—some of them shadowy and uncertain, some as clear as a mountain's purple imprint against an evening sky. Some of these faces move inward to me across long years, and some look downward from above shining and transfigured. Some of the faces are so near and clear it seems I can reach out to touch them. It may be long years since I have looked into their eyes, but the lost are often the nearest to us, those closest farthest away.<sup>2</sup> It is the meaningful that alone is permanent, the content of an hour

often times outweighs in significance years of casual association. That which has real meaning to our lives, whether it be near or far, alone lives on in an immortal present.

All that really was is yet. I see the faces of great teachers of our work who in a hundred fields bear aloft proud and unstained the banners of Emerson. I see faces of the children of Emerson who are preachers, some who have attained distinction at the bar and some who are upon the stage. I see authors, lecturers, honorable and successful men of business. I see the faces of the hundreds of noble mothers whose glory is in their wifehood and their motherhood, transmitting and fostering the vision and the love which were awakened or kindled into flame during their years at Emerson, uniting themselves to their God-given opportunity like perfect music unto noble words. And tonight we of this inner circle clasp hands in the presence of all these witnesses around us in the name of the Alma Mater and in the gracious memories of her associations and her manifold voices. We blend in love and gratitude for what it has all meant to us, and the meaning becomes clearer in the lengthening perspective of the years. We learned much, and some of it—most of it, perhaps—we have forgotten, but that is not important. We attained self-realization, and that is all important. We awakened to the meaning of our own lives, to the ideals which are the pillar of cloud and pillar of fire which alone can lead us through this world of distraction and temptation, and non-significance to the Land of the Worth While. We saw our possibilities for unfoldment, our opportunities for contribution, our chance to grow up. We entered to speak a piece, we emerged to interpret literature; we came in to learn to perform, we went forth to serve; we saw first the laurel of ambition, and finally the crown of consecration. We believed we were to study rules and acquire execution, and we found we were dealing with the great phases of life in morals, art, service. We saw that we were weaving the garment of education, not embroidering its fringes, learning to do, but, chiefly, to be. And all the while we robed our deepest dreams and clearest vision in all the dramatic beauty and vitality of life, and voiced in the very poetry we were interpreting our own highest thought. Blessed be the Alma Mater which has done

these things to us and in us and through us in these thirty-four creative, mind-awakening, soul-awakening years. In gratitude to her, in love to all the witnesses absent in the flesh but who are with us in the spirit and in the faith of Emerson, in nearness and love to one another, we clasp hands tonight—we clasp hands.

---

TWO GREAT SCANDINAVIAN DRAMATISTS.  
BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSEN AND HENRIK IBSEN.  
(PROFESSOR JOSEPH RICHARD TAYLOR, A. M.)

In speaking of the Norwegian dramatists the one name which instantly springs to the lips of an American is Henrik Ibsen. And yet an admirer might adduce cogent reasons for claiming for Björnson if not the proud position of absolute primacy, at least the rank of *primus inter pares*. In the matter of time, it is true, Ibsen preceded his rival, but it was a matter of only four years. Ibsen was born in 1828; Björnson in 1832. Two things seem surprising to those who approach for the first time the study of Ibsen; the first is that although Ibsen was born somewhat earlier than Björnson and has at last completely overshadowed his rival, yet Björnson was a literary power throughout cultivated Europe, while the name of Ibsen was still unknown. The second is that granting as we fairly may to Ibsen the supreme praise of being a *world's* poet, we may claim for Björnson the distinguished, though doubtless minor position, of being the embodiment of the *national* spirit of Norway. All the virtues, all the faults, of the Norwegian character, are represented in Björnson. When Björnson's wrote a song, before a year had passed this song had become part of the daily life of the Norwegian people. When Björnson spoke, his voice was the voice of the Norwegian people. George Brandes puts it pungently and accurately when he says: "He has never, indeed, been unanimously accepted by the whole Norwegian nation—at first because his style was so new, afterwards because his ideas were so defiantly daring,—but yet he has his whole nation with him and at his back, as no other living poet has, except perhaps Victor Hugo. And Hugo is not so French as Björnson is Norwegian."

*to name the name of Björnson is like hoisting the Norwegian flag.* In his merits and his faults he is as distinctly national as Voltaire or Schiller."

Those who wonder why this primacy as a national poet should be assigned to Björnson rather than to Ibsen need only to read Ibsen's "Enemy of the People" to find the reason. To Ibsen an idea or a belief which is held by a majority is *ipso facto* erroneous. For the "Compact Majority" he has nothing but fierce contempt. "The strongest man is he who stands alone" is his creed. This creed may be true or it may be false.—men have fought bitterly over this dogma, but it is evident that a man who loudly, even offensively, assigns the right to a minority of one can rarely if ever re-echo the views of his nation as a whole. Björnson's creed was the exact antithesis of that of Ibsen. Björnson ever fought in the name of that "compact majority" which was an object of such loathing to Ibsen. Independent though Björnson undoubtedly was, he ever felt himself the mouthpiece of his country, its past, its present, its future aspirations. It is precisely because he speaks in the name of the "great majority" that his nation considers Björnson its *national* representative, while feeling great pride in the position which Henrik Ibsen has fairly won as an *international* representative of their race.

The critical writings on Ibsen are very extensive and are still growing. The student of Björnson finds at his disposal a surprisingly small amount of material. One reason for this is found in the fact that the works of Björnson do not violently thrust forward so many social and ethical problems which demand a solution. Another reason is that by the very fact of the international position which Ibsen has acquired, writers of all the cultivated nations of Europe have devoted much attention to Ibsen and to the problems which he presents. It is true, as we have said, that the continental fame of Björnson preceded that of Ibsen, but the works by which he first became known did not call forth acrid controversy or a flood of critical literature.

Possibly we could not more clearly show the difference between these two great Norwegians than by placing them side by side and noting some of the salient characteristics of each.

We can scarcely imagine a greater contrast than that which these two men present. Ibsen, the solitary, to whom it was extremely offensive when any political party claimed him as their own; Björnson, from the very beginning of his career the leader of a political party. Ibsen, the bitter satirist, who often concealed his real thought under merely suggestive language; Björnson, the genial. Ibsen, the man who regarded friends as a too costly luxury; Björnson constantly surrounded by a swarm of friends. Ibsen, the taciturn; Björnson, the popular orator. Ibsen, the man of poverty, struggling in his youth for the very means of existence; Björnson never knowing what it means to want for the necessities of life. Ibsen, struggling for years to win recognition as a poet; Björnson, from the beginning of his literary career a recognized force. Ibsen, aside from a small number of lyrical poems, and some critical writings, exclusively a dramatist; Björnson, a lyric poet, a dramatist, a writer of stories, a political pamphleteer, a popular orator, equally facile in any branch of literature.

In the following characteristics they resemble each other: Both are champions of the ideal; both are champions of the truth; both are uncompromising foes of falsehood and hypocrisy.

The publishers of Everyman's Library have made accessible in an adequate translation and at a small price three of Björnson's typical plays,—“The Newly Married Couple,” “Leonarda” and “A Gauntlet.” A brief critique of these plays will throw some light upon his dramatic method.

In “The Newly Married Couple” we find ourselves confronted by a simple young bride who thinks that even after marriage she owes supreme allegiance to her father and mother. Her husband is but a lackey for the trivial needs and fancies of the mother. The bride and her husband must decline an invitation to a ball given in their honor because “mother coughed twice last night.” The parents fully endorse this stand of their daughter. The son has a fine business opportunity which will require him to take his bride to town, and, consequently, away from the home of her parents. “Impossible!” “I suppose you are their daughter in the first place, and my wife only in the second?” “Well, that is only natural.” The father

suspects that his son-in-law's digestion is impaired. He remembers when he ate lobster for the first time! The mother-in-law tells him that he "has broken in upon a good and loving family only to bring misfortune on it." But the son-in-law and husband is tenacious, and by an almost startling reversal of view-point the father-in-law quotes approvingly the Scriptural passage: "A man shall forsake his father and his mother and cleave only unto his wife." This sudden reversal is made with no previous warning to the reader of the play, and we must "motivate" as best we can this change of attitude. But this surprise on the part of the reader is mild compared with another which instantly confronts him. In the house of these four people is residing a young woman, Mathilde by name, ostensibly a friend of the young bride. We are not told what she is doing in the house,—evidently she has come for something more than a visit. We might let this pass, however, as a matter of no special moment, although we should welcome a satisfactory answer to this question. If our surprise at the sudden reversal of attitude of the father is great, it is mild beside the sudden announcement of "Mathilde" that she will accompany the bride and groom to their new town residence. "You Jesuit! I shall go with her! I shall watch over her." The task of "motivating" this dramatic action will tax the best energies of the theorist. It is impossible to make the average reader believe that when a groom had fought a desperate fight to wrest his bride away from all her friends and relatives to a new home, he would allow another woman to accompany them as a professed watchman. What she intended to watch we can scarcely surmise, as the young husband is pictured with all the ordinary masculine virtues. This Mathilde writes an anonymous book, in which she pictures the danger of a young wife who pouts in a new home away from her parents, although her husband shows her all loving attentions and is solely devoted to her. No wonder the young bride says: "It is almost our own story, word for word. I would give anything to know who has written it."

The ruse succeeds; the bride comes to see the folly of her conduct, and the imminent danger that her husband may become tired of trying to win her and may become alienated.

The couple become fully reconciled, and Mathilde is courteously invited to "go and travel abroad." A very proper suggestion, but the reader cannot help feeling that the proper time to make the suggestion was when she invited herself to go and "watch" the young groom. But if she had gone at that time we should have had no play! Somehow we cannot help feeling that a question of great moment,—the relative rights of a husband and the parents of a bride, is not settled in a way that makes the play an abiding creation. There happened to be a Mathilde who wrote a book which reconciled two jarring hearts. But suppose there had been no Mathilde, and such Mathildes,—Mathildes who invite themselves where they are not wanted and write incredibly pat books,—are very rare outside of Norway at least. What would the couple have done in the absence of Mathilde? Are we to conclude that the solution of this problem, if it be solved, is to be settled by an accident? Or shall we conclude that Mathilde or an equivalent will always come to the rescue? Such critical doubts will rise in the reader's mind.

The second play,—"Leonarda," a longer and more important play, raises the burning question,—what shall be the social status of a divorced woman "who does not go to church, or show any signs of repentance of the approved character?" It is the old story. She is ostracized by polite society. A certain General Rosen, a man of known dissolute habits, is seen coming away from the divorced woman's house "at most unseemly hours." "I will have nothing to do with women of that sort" says the good bishop, and this sentence finishes the social career of the divorced woman. "What about men of that sort?" asks a man who is present when the bishop pronounces his sentence of social death. "That is quite another matter" replies the bishop. Here we have a hint of the theme which is to loom up so portentously in the next play,—"The Gauntlet." This divorced woman, "Leonarda," we shall henceforth call her, has a young girl ward to whom she has slavishly devoted herself for eight years. This young girl falls in love with a young man,—a young man who had scattered the most shameful insinuations concerning the character of Leonarda. The discovery of the identity of the lover of her ward

is a terrible shock to Leonarda, but her shock is mild compared with that which we feel when we discover that the young man has lightly transferred his affections to his betrothed's foster mother, Leonarda; shock number two comes when we learn that Leonarda reciprocates the passion! She fights against it, and at the end of the play she withdraws, leaving her lover to marry the girl to whom he was at first betrothed. All this seems strange enough, but the supreme shock comes to the reader when we discover that Leonarda leaves for her ward a note in which she gives as the reason for her withdrawal the confession that she loves the young man! The young lady had already come to suspect the true state of affairs between her affianced and her foster mother, but she had forced herself to conclude that she was mistaken and she is radiantly happy in the thought of her coming marriage. The reader cries out in revolt against the preposterous cruelty of Leonarda in nullifying her really great sacrifice, by poisoning the happiness of her ward by such a confession. We expected and we had a right to expect that when Leonarda made up her mind to sacrifice herself for the ward for whom she had already given up so many years of her own comfort and desires she would maintain the sacrifice on the plane of nobility where it began. As the play ends, nobody is happy. Leonarda and her lover will never meet again, and the young bride enters upon her married life knowing that her husband loves another woman! And so needless an ending! Leonarda had simply to keep her lips closed for a few moments longer. We should have thought of her as one of the heroines who lay down their lives for their friends. As it is, we can never forget that Parthian arrow, and a cruelly poisoned arrow it was.

The third play, "A Gauntlet," boldly raises the question of a double standard. Has a woman a right to demand of the man whom she marries a past as spotless as that which the man demands of the woman whom he marries? The young woman of the play reiterates her inflexible intention of demanding the single standard of her lover. One young man she has dismissed because he could not meet her requirements. Now she is engaged again. She has made one mis-

take in judging men; she feels sure that she can never repeat her error in reading character. But she discovers again that she is again mistaken. Sinister reports regarding the past life of her betrothed reach her. Charged with this past life he confesses and defends himself. "A woman owes a man both her past and her future; a man owes a woman only his future." In a transport of anger the girl, Svava, flings her glove into the face of her lover. This glove is "the gauntlet" which Svava flings down before society as represented by her lover and his defenders. Thus far Svava has fought a good fight; she has declared her principle, and she has shown herself inflexible in maintaining her determination. Her lover comes to bid her farewell. What will the reader of this article say when he is told that at the critical moment, as her lover goes through the door, never to return, Svava weakens, and utters words which indicate that after a due season of repentance he may come back? It would seem by all the rules of the dramatic art that Svava had made it absolutely impossible to take back her lover, unless it was the bitterly satirical intention of the author to teach us that a woman's principles, however emphatically expressed, waver and weaken when she is confronted with the danger of losing the man she loves. When Svava announced so emphatically her insistence upon the single standard of morality, she felt safe, because she was absolutely certain that her lover met the conditions. Nearly every reader of this play feels disappointed and even outraged at the amazing termination. It has been pointed out, however, that Svava had been overwhelmed by the discovery that her own father, in whom she had been entirely wrapped up as an ideal character, also had a past. The enraged parents of her lover are careful to inform Svava that her own father is no better than their son whom she has turned away. To protect her own father, to save him as well as herself from the scornful ridicule which would confront them both when the news spread that she was demanding from her lover a standard higher than her own father could maintain, Svava in despair and without lowering a particle her ideal demands, consented to receive her lover at some more or less distant future time. The reader of the play will

take this explanation for what it is worth. It has at least the merit of rescuing Björnson from the heavy charge of committing dramatic suicide in the construction of this play.

We have pointed out, in no supercilious or cavilling spirit, what seems a glaring fault in each of the three plays thus reviewed. The admirer of Ibsen cannot help recalling the masterly construction of the plays of that great dramatist. Admire Björnson as we may, we cannot put him into the class of his great rival and fellow craftsman.

To pass from Björnson to Strindberg is like a sudden plunge from a sunny room into a dank, dark cellar. Björnson the pre-eminently sane and optimistic; Strindberg the bitter pessimist, ever hovering on the border of the dread land of errant and unbalanced minds.

August Strindberg, the Swedish dramatist, is one of the master writers of this new century. Indeed, critics do not hesitate to call him the greatest literary force of the age. Ten years ago his name had not reached the ordinary reading public of America. Today, thanks to the efforts of several American publishers, his works are well known, and nearly every month sees an addition to the volume of his translated works. A goodly collection indeed in the original Swedish. One hundred and fifteen plays, novels, collections of stories, essays and poems. An astonishing thing about Strindberg is that a large proportion of these writings poured forth from his prolific pen at a time when men were confidently saying that the days of the author were numbered and that his mind had forever lost its critical poise.

The keynote of the life of this strange genius was misunderstanding and isolation. He was an unwelcome child. His antecedents were not of a promising character. His father a bankrupt shopkeeper; his mother a barmaid, whose life before her marriage showed unmistakable traces of the moral dangers to which her unnatural calling subjected her. After her marriage, at least, the mother shows marked traces of a devout religious life, a religious life which indeed became so absorbed in its devotions that it found no time for the cultivation of the love of the hungry little soul that was brooding in the house. As for the father, he too was absorbed, but his

absorption was of a more earthly kind; he was engaged in a desperate struggle to repair his shattered fortunes. To a certain extent he succeeded, after a time, but it was a terrible struggle while it lasted, and for a period we find the large and ever increasing family, at a time when it numbered ten persons, living in three rooms.

If ever a boy craved love and affection it was August Strindberg; if ever a man failed to find what he sought it was this same August Strindberg; his own mother was too absorbed in her religious exercises to concern herself with earthly things; his step-mother, whom he made a really desperate effort to love, showed herself deaf to all his yearning appeals. The resultant strained relations with his stepmother caused an unhappy tension between himself and his father. As for his longing for a home of which he should be the head, the story of his three hapless marriages with the three divorces is heartrending. Never a man who craved more hungrily a home with wife and children. Never has the history of literature presented a more harrowing picture than that of the Strindberg of his last days, living alone, mortally ill, without the cheering influence of his children. When the news was flashed across the cable a year or two ago that Strindberg had succumbed to the excruciating malady which for months had been making life something more than a living death, more than one admirer of the great but eccentric Swede felt something akin to relief at the thought that at last the struggle,—physical and mental,—had ceased, that after life's fitful fever he slept well.

We have said that the keynote of his character was misunderstanding and isolation. The isolation we have already sufficiently described. From a boy he was misunderstood, or at least he so considered himself. He himself tells us that at the age of eight he was unjustly accused of misconduct, was chastised, and to save himself greater punishment allowed himself to be forced into a confession although he was in reality guiltless. The shame and the injustice of that confession never left him. All through his works we find in his bitter comments upon society the indelible impression which

this incident of his infancy had left upon him. His word had been doubted!

We have spoken of the improved financial prospects of his family. At the time when young Strindberg left for the University conditions had apparently not yet improved to any marked extent. At any rate at parting his father gave him a handful of cigars with the benevolent advice to "take care of himself." This advice, with a dozen cigars, would not go far toward paying the railroad fare to Upsala, the seat of the University. Fortunately the young man had earned about twenty dollars by tutoring, and with this sum he bravely started on his new life. A life of grinding poverty it was. No wood, no books, sometimes no food. It is the story of Ibsen's own university days. In despair, as well as in disgust with the educational methods pursued at the university, Strindberg left the university, and went into teaching. How well he liked his new occupation is sufficiently indicated by his bitter comment that he had exchanged "one hell for another." This iurid language is characteristic of Strindberg. He lived in the superlative mood. As one critic aptly puts it: "He was a specialist in the jars of existence. He magnified even the smallest worries until they assumed mountainous proportions. He was the kind of man who, if something went wrong with the kitchen boiler, felt that the devil and all his angels had been loosed upon him, as upon the righteous Job, with at least the acquiescence of Heaven. He seems to have regarded the unsatisfactoriness of a servant as a scarcely less tremendous evil than the infidelity of a wife." After making proper deduction for the quizzical exaggerations of this indictment, the student of Strindberg feels that it contains an essential truth. The apologists of the gifted dramatist, however, can always fall back upon the undeniable assertion that his mental condition was such that what other men call trivialities seized tenaciously his feverish brain. Indeed, the annals of literature contain the record of few men who came as near the borders of actual insanity as did Strindberg while retaining the full consciousness of their threatened doom. In some of his books, notably in his "*Inferno*," we find a record of harrowing mental and spiritual

experiences which scarcely has a parallel in the literature of the world.

Strindberg was rather long in finding his true vocation. He was undoubtedly a man of varied gifts, though we can scarcely call him a man of varied graces. He taught, he wrote for newspapers, he tried acting, he worked in a library, he studied Chinese and wrote so good an article on an abstruse Oriental theme that his article was read before the French Academy. He studied or rather practised painting, and made progress which was considered notable in one who had never had any technical training. He studied medicine. Above all he busied himself with Natural Science and especially with Chemistry; he was haunted by the dream of the old alchemists,—the discovery of a method of turning the baser metals into gold. A friendly critic, speaking of the scientific treatises of Strindberg, which are still utterly unknown in this country and practically ignored in his native land, says that some day the scientific world will appraise these obscure writings at their full, and will be astonished at the anticipations of modern discoveries which are there recorded. In his amateur work as a painter we find an interesting similarity to the youthful artistic efforts of Ibsen. As for his scientific works, every student of literature will be reminded of the similar studies of Goethe, and the many large volumes which record Goethe's scientific "discoveries." Personally we are not sanguine that the scientific world will ever come to a conviction that Strindberg's scientific works are of real value. It is abstractly possible, of course, that they are of as great value as the author imagined them to be, but we have before us the shining example of Goethe, who took more pride in his "Farbenlehre" than in his "Faust." The volumes recording his scientific discoveries and experiments repose peacefully upon the shelves of the larger libraries. As for his boasted "Farbenlehre" it would indeed be interesting could we ascertain how many scientists today could tell us what Goethe's "Theory of Colors" really is.

It was during his absence from the university that he made the rapturous discovery that he could really write. He had come to doubt it, his family had always doubted it. They

called him the "ne'er-do-well." But he could write! As soon as he felt his wings he essayed a full flight. He fell to earth time and time again, but he could fly! One of the plays of those first ecstatic days, "Hermione," is still brought out occasionally at the Royal Theater in Stockholm.

It would obviously be impossible to consider all or even a large portion of the works of Strindberg. We shall confine ourselves to a single play,—a play which accurately represents his craftsmanship and presents in a vivid light one of his most marked characteristics, his attitude toward women. The play to which we refer is "The Link," written in 1897 when the author was at the mature age of 48. It is a gruesome play,—but it would be hard to find a play by this grim author which is not gloomy and depressing. No criticism of Strindberg is more frequent than that "he leaves a bitter taste in the mouth." Be it noted in passing that a play, like a drug, that leaves a bitter taste in the mouth, is not necessarily noxious. The question is whether the drug, pharmaceutical or literary, purifies the system. Many people will stoutly deny that the plays of Strindberg have any purifying effect. Indeed Strindberg is quoted both by admirers and detractors as a glaring contradiction or refutation of the famous dictum of Aristotle that it is the function of tragedy to purify the emotions of pity and fear. That the tragedies of Strindberg excite in abundance the emotions of pity and fear must be admitted; many earnest students of Strindberg testify that in reading his tragedies they feel no "purification" of these emotions.

"The Link" discusses in dramatic form the question "Ought a married couple who have a child secure a divorce under any circumstances?" In this play the divorce is granted, and the child is taken from both parents and placed in the hands of poor and ignorant but pious strangers to be trained and educated. The horror of the play lies in the thought that the people who are to have charge of the child are really unfitted to bring him up, although no exception can be taken to their character. But their outlook on life is of the most limited nature. As the agonized father exclaims: "Your son is going to be brought up by two peasants whose ignorance and

rude habits will kill the child by slow tortures; he is going to be forced down into their narrow sphere; his intelligence is going to be smothered by religious superstition; he is going to be taught contempt for his father and mother." The mother's cry, equally poignant, is along the more practical line of the filth and squalor in the house where their boy is doomed to live.

We have cited this play because it is a chapter out of the life of the author himself. He too had known the horrors of divorce and the agony of separation from his children. We need not pry too closely into this terrible chapter of the private life of the author. In his biographical works he discusses the causes of his divorces with all the pitiless truth which was one of the most striking characteristics of this strange man. We have nothing from the side of the three wives,—we shall, in all probability, never have anything from them. Could they speak and tell the truth with the pitiless frankness of the husband, their books would be one of the landmarks of literature.

In conclusion, the references of Strindberg to women, as found in "The Link" and in many other plays, call for at least brief comment. His theories seem startling in these days of the emancipation of women. He believed that women are incapable of advancing beyond a certain degree of intelligence. He believed that "emancipated" women are a baneful influence in society. This "emancipation" is opposed to the laws of nature as well as to the best interests of society. To the end of his life he believed, as Björkman well puts it in the introduction to his translation of "The Link," that women are an intermediary biological form, standing between the man and the child. If we seek to discover the source of this amazingly reactionary attitude toward women we must find it, if we find it at all, in his own unhappy experiences with women. But, as his critics point out, to condemn all women *per se* because he had been unhappy with certain individual women is to confound the species with the genus. Of course an author can only record life as he sees it, but surely the notorious example of Euripides, the supposed "woman hater," who, like Strindberg, had unhappy marital experiences,

should warn an author against the danger of generalizing and uttering universal conclusions after an acquaintance with but two or three individuals of the race.

To those who wish to learn more of the personality of this amazingly brilliant writer we recommend three of his auto-biographical works: "The Bondwoman's Son"; "To Damascus"; "The Inferno." Several English translations of his plays are now available, and additions to the list are frequently announced. The translations of Edwin Björkman, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, are accurate and sympathetic, and the introductions by the translator contain much valuable biographical material.

Boston University.

---

AUGUST—DECEMBER

TEN LECTURE COURSES

*on*

THE ELIMINATION OF SPEECH DISORDERS.

Anatomy, Technique of Examination, Diagnosis, Treatment.  
For Teachers and Physicians.

Consisting of the Enclosed Program of Lecture Courses and Clinics  
with Practical Work in the Voice Clinic, Psychopathic Hospital,

*By WALTER B. SWIFT, M. D.*

In charge Voice Clinic, Psychopathic Hospital, Boston, Mass.

(Copyrighted, 1914, by Albert F. Smith)

ELEMENTARY: COURSE I.

ANATOMY AND TESTS OF THE ORGANS OF SPEECH.

1. Gross Anatomy of Vocal Organs.
2. Nerve Supply of Expression.
3. "So-called" Brain Centers in Speech.
4. Methods of Examination.
5. Mental Tests for Cortical Speech Areas.
6. Function of Centers, Nerves and Agents.

*Scope:* This course gives the anatomical knowledge of the mouth, throat, and skull; the nerve relationships that control these parts; the brain anatomy and location of areas concerned in speech; methods of examination, and data for diagnosis that may be gathered by such knowledge and investigation; practical clinic illustrations.

Gives working foundation for use in advanced courses.

Honorarium \$25.00.

*Time:* 2 weeks, 1 hour three times a week.

#### ELEMENTARY: COURSE II.

##### ADULT PHONETICS.

1. Outline: definition; scope, books.
2. Function of cavities and cords.
3. Vowels: Forms, varieties.
4. Consonants: Classes; mechanism.
5. Intensity and emphasis in execution.
6. Minor Phonetic Disorders.

*Scope:* Gives the use to which external agents of speech are normally put; also methods of correcting phonetic disorders, and certain habit defects. Clinic cases.

Especially for teachers needing phonetics for speech improvement classes in school work.

Honorarium \$25.00.

*Time:* 2 weeks, 1 hour three times a week.

#### ELEMENTARY: COURSE III.

##### VOCAL EVOLUTION OR INFANTILE VOICE.

1. First utterances.
2. Training; method.
3. Delayed development.
4. Absent speech.
5. Defective speech.
6. Simple speech.

*Scope:* Traces early formations of speech in childhood giving foundations for causes of adult defects.

For those who care to go into first causes of mental defects as a means of a better understanding.

Honorarium \$25.00.

*Time:* 2 weeks, 1 hour three times a week.

#### ADVANCED: COURSE IV.

##### SPEECH DEFECTS: FUNCTIONAL AND ORGANIC.

1. Introductory: Outline of the Lectures.
2. From Cause to Complex in Stuttering.
3. The Forms and Theory of Stutter Treatment.
4. An Illustration of the Triple Stutter Treatment.
5. The Theory Amplified, especially the Triple Method.
6. Application of the Triple Method of Treatment.
7. After Treatment of Stuttering.
8. Minor Speech Defects Hindering Education.

9. Organic Speech Defects, External Obstructions, etc.
10. Organic Speech Defects, Internal,—G. P., D. P., Aphasia, etc.
11. Organic Speech Defects, Nerve Involvement.
12. Feeble-Minded Cases; odd and rare cases.

*Scope:* Exhaustive analytical study of stuttering and its treatment; also other functional speech troubles and their treatment; also all phases of organic speech defects and their diagnosis and treatment. Following each lecture two hours of clinical demonstrations illustrating the subject of the lecture.

For those who desire a rather exhaustive understanding of speech disorder and its treatment.

Honorarium \$100.00.

*Time:* 1 month, 3 hours three times a week.

#### EXTENSION: COURSE V.

##### PSYCHOANALYSIS IN SPEECH DISORDERS.

1. Psychopathology: scope; outline; books.
2. General Pathology of the Mind.
3. Association and Dissociation.
4. Methods of Psychoanalysis.
5. Interpretation of Data.
6. Methods of Synthesis (treatment)
7. Hysteria: Different Theories.
8. Literary Illustrative Case.
9. Stuttering: Its Psychopathological Etiology.
10. Everyday Use of Psychopathology.

*Scope:* Brief Analytical and didactic review of the whole field of psychopathology aimed toward an understanding and practical application of psychoanalysis in general and its limited application to work in speech disorders.

Honorarium \$50.00.

*Time:* 10-12 lectures 1 month. 1 hour three times a week.

#### EXTENSION: COURSE VI.

##### THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE VOICE.

1. The Vocal Norm.
2. The norm varied by emotion.
3. Changes of the norm in intellect and will.
4. Illustrative cases.
5. Extent and limits of vocal perceptions.
6. Vocal percepts a key to ethical culture.

*Scope:* A scientific study of mental elements reported in vocal expression; the basis and possible variation of the same; illustrations from the clinic.

Gives an introduction to the following course.

Honorarium \$25.00.

Time: 2 weeks, 1 hour three times a week.

**EXTENSION: COURSE VII.  
TRAINING IN READING THE HUMAN VOICE.**

1. The study of the norm.
2. Usual variations.
3. Pathological variations.
4. Illustrative cases.
5. The influence of the voice.
6. As a means of character building.

*Scope:* On the basis of the psychology and the physiology of vocal expression as studied in previous courses—a practical consideration of methods of reading mental concepts in the human voice with numerous and exhaustive cases.

Gives practical training in ability to read the human voice and interpret within limits the mental attitudes of those read.

Honorarium \$25.00.

Time: 2 weeks, 1 hour lecture three times weekly; 3 hours clinical instruction.

**EXTENSION COURSE VIII.  
THE HYGIENE OF THE HUMAN VOICE.**

1. The Reactions of General Health.
2. Prophylaxis.
3. Evolution of Vocal Powers.
4. Mental Hygiene.
5. Preparation before Public Speaking.
6. Conversation.

*Scope:* Brief consideration of physical and mental hygiene in their relation to vocal excellence.

Gives a good outline for the care of the Speech apparatus.

Honorarium \$25.00.

Time: 2 weeks, 1 hour three times a week.

**RESEARCH EXTENSION: COURSE IX**

Subjects to be announced to course members alone.

*Scope:* A series of readings on the latest researches in the field of Speech Defects.

Honorarium: None.

Time: At the close of the courses at the invitation of the instructor.

**SPECIALISTS COURSE: COURSE X.**

Six Month's Work in the Voice Clinic Including All the Above Lectures and Three Hours Personal Instruction Three Afternoons a Week.

*Scope:* Thorough didactic course on all phases of speech defect

including all the above lectures, six months personal instruction, four hours three times weekly for half a year.

Gives complete knowledge of diagnosis and treatment of speech disorder with experience in the clinic.

Hororarium \$300.00, or as assistant in clinic, no charge.

*Time:* 6 months, 4 hours daily; three days weekly.

#### DETAILS OF MANAGEMENT AND PAYMENT.

Subjects may be divided between August and December, between two summers, or all taken in one month. The middle course is recommended. The instructor reserves the right to withdraw a subject or refuse an applicant.

The courses open at 1 P. M. the first of August and upon the first day of December.

Individual needs will be met as far as possible.

Combinations of several courses given at reduced rates.

Payment will be as follows:

- (1) Upon application for a course by mail, \$10.00.
- (2) At the close of first lecture, *half payment*.
- (3) At the close of half the lectures *final payment*.

Address applications and requests for further information to

DR. WALTER B. SWIFT, 110 Bay State Road, Boston, Mass.

---

#### EMERSON COLLEGE CLUB OF BOSTON.

On Tuesday evening, April 14, was held the regular meeting of the club at the College Room, when "Op 'O Me Thumb" was finely presented by members of the club; Miss Bertha Whitmore taking the leading parts, most ably assisted by Mrs. Anna Mills Phillips, Mrs. Ellen Atwater Gandey, Mrs. Edith Jackson Waite, Miss Agnes Baker and Mr. Joseph Crosby. An especially delightful social hour followed.

---

#### EMERSON COLLEGE CLUB OF NEW YORK.

The E. C. O. Club of New York had an entertaining program for April. Mmes. Purdy, Hansen, Nally and Bennett gave "Place Aux Dames." There was a very clever sketch by Mr. and Mrs. Quaife (Elsie West), Mr. W. Palmer Smith, Mmes. Donnelly, Avidson, Carmody, Noyes, Rabbite, and others appeared in tableaux vivants of Dickens's characters. Mrs. Southwick was present at the meeting.

**EMERSON COLLEGE CLUB OF ATLANTA (GA.)**

Some of the members of the E. C. O. Club of Atlanta are establishing in Atlanta a Junior Training School for social workers. They offer this spring a course which will be helpful in playground work, pantomime, story-telling, plays, pageants, etc. In this effort they have the co-operation of the Associated Charities, Parent-Teachers Association, Club Women and others. It is hoped to be able to extend this work to other parts of Georgia.

Following is a program of the Club:

Thursday, 7.30 p. m. Informal Reception in the Studios.

8.30 p. m. Coburn Players in "The Canterbury Pilgrims," at Brenau Lake.

Friday, 9.30 a. m. Regular Session.

2.00 p. m. Regular Session.

3.00 p. m. Coburn Players in "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

8.30 p. m. Coburn Players in "Jeanne d'Arc."

Saturday, 9.00 a. m. Regular Session.

---

**ALUMNI NOTES.**

**'86-'87.** "A Midsummer Night's Dream" was recently presented at the Metropolitan Theatre in Seattle, Wash., under the direction of Mrs. Harriet Colburn Saunderson.

**'92-'93-'94'** The Rev. Cecil Harper died at his home in Hingham, Mass., on Tuesday, April 21. Born in Kingston, Ontario, Canada on August 31, 1850, Mr. Harper was graduated from Queen's College, Toronto, in 1868, and ordained clergyman of the Methodist Church. Bereaved of his young wife in 1881, Mr. Harper went with his two sons to Philadelphia, where he became a teacher in the Shoemaker School of Expression. His broad and sympathetic outlook on life led him into varied fields of activity, and in 1887 he affiliated with the Congregational Church and ministered to a parish of that denomination at Wolfborough, New Hampshire. For three years he taught at the Hartford Theological Seminary, making his home in Boston, Mass. It was then that he was graduated from the Emerson College of Oratory. In 1907 he carried the Emerson principles, enriched by his own wide experience, to a

school of his own, The Harper School of Oratory. Here, his high idealism and enthusiasm for his noble art drew to him many friends, who have carried his influence to all parts of the country. For the past twenty-five years Mr. Harper had been pastor of Pope Memorial Church, North Cohasset. His death leaves a great void, such a void as is felt in the cessation of a full and godly life.

**'95.** Elsie Powers Corwin, for several years on the Emerson Faculty, was a visitor at College during Commencement week. Mrs. Corwin has created the departments of Voice Culture, Dramatics, and Literature in the Y. W. C. A., of Lowell. She is a member of the faculty of Rogers Hall, a finishing school for girls, in Lowell.

Mrs. Corwin has large classes in the Woman's Club of Melrose. Besides teaching, she has become very prominent as a lecture-reader. A few of Mrs. Corwin's lecture-recitals are as follows: "Women of Tennyson," "An hour with Tennyson in Poetry and Song," a Vesper Service, "Story of the Psalms, with illustrative readings," Jean Webster's "Daddy Long-Legs," a "Colonial Program," and others.

Elizabeth Randall has been teaching at Dean Academy, Franklin (Mass.), during the past year.

**'98.** "Titania's Garden," a one-act fairy play, written and staged by Mabelle Fearnley, was produced in Los Angeles recently with great success.

**'02-'03.** From the "Wakefield Evening Mail":

"The North Reading Dramatic Club scored another fine success, both financially and socially, last evening when they presented the three-act comedy drama, "Bar Haven," in Flint Memorial Hall, North Reading. The drama was given under the personal direction of Mrs. Annie C. Burditt and the North Reading Dramatic Club are indeed fortunate in having such a valuable member. The parts were well taken and the play ran very smoothly, showing the excellent coaching given by Mrs. Burditt."

**'03.** There is an interesting air of romance surrounding the marriage of Miss Mabel Skilton to Dr. Pinneo. Miss Skilton was until recently a very successful missionary sent by the

Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions to Bombay, India. During a vacation she met Dr. Pinneo and later refused to marry him unless she could be released by the Presbyterian Board. She had already sailed from New York to return to India when the physician succeeded in obtaining her release and she returned from England to become his wife.

Clara Bancroft Woolson writes an interesting account of her work at Atlanta University (Ga.) and tells of the recent production of "The Cricket on the Hearth," "Macbeth," and "Comedy of Errors."

**'03-'04.** Ibsen's "Little Eyolf" was produced by the "Socks and Buskin" Society of the University of North Dakota, under the direction of Frederick H. Koch. The same organization is to present an original pageant of North Dakota history, to be staged out of doors on the Campus, of which affair Mr. Koch will also take charge.

**'06-'07.** A Tacoma paper contains the following account of a recital in which Mr. Lambert recently appeared:

"The audience room of the Tacoma hotel was the scene last evening of one of the most artistic of the month's musical offerings in benefit of the Club House association. Members of the association, friends of the club house movement and music lovers attended the concert in large numbers, resulting in a charming evening for all. The artists on the program are well known to Tacoma audiences, and their appearance together was the basis of much interest. Prof. Bernard Lambert of the College of Puget Sound formed a pleasing variation in the musical program by giving two series of readings. He read excerpts from Shakespeare and Riley and later gave some humorous readings, which were delightfully received.

**'06.** The following is an extract from an account given in the *San Antonio Express*:

"That 'Los Pastoris,' the ancient mystery play that was undoubtedly the first play to be acted on this continent, still has power to charm by its simple beauty, visualizing as it does the story of the shepherds and the Christ child, was demonstrated before two audiences at the Grand Opera House yesterday afternoon and last night, when it was given what is perhaps the most ambitious production in English it has received in modern times. For an amateur performance the presentation

given 'Los Pastoris' is nothing short of wonderful. Every member of the company does creditable work. On the whole, the committee is to be complimented on the success of this undertaking, and the performance offered deserves the fullest support from the public. The company presenting it was organized and rehearsed under the direction of Lena Budd Powers, and it gives an unusually smooth and graceful performance.

From every standpoint it is a San Antonio production, and one of which the city might justly be proud. When it is considered that this is the first big production that this ancient play, so closely associated with the colonial history of Spanish-America, has received in this city in English, and that it is planned to make its presentation an annual custom, the performances at the Grand are of more than ordinary significance.

"The final performance of 'Los Pastores' will be given tonight. It will probably be repeated later at one of the old missions for the purpose of moving picture reproduction."

Mrs. Power's pupils are soon to appear in productions of "Twelfth Night" and "Mice and Men."

'07. Adeline Stallings recently assisted in directing the operetta "The Egyptian Princess" at the Industrial Institute and College, of Columbus, Miss.

'08. The pupils of Kathryn E. Reagan, Mansfield State Normal, apeared in a unique recital recently.

'09. Mr. and Mrs. William Marshall Plant announce the birth of a little daughter. Mrs. Plant will be remembered by her classmates as Elsie Thomas.

'12. Emily Maps has been doing studio work and concert work in Long Branch, N. J.

Ione Velma Stevens, teacher of Expression and Dramatic Art in the Detroit College of Music, recently gave a recital in the College Hall before the Mu Sigma Sorority and their friends. The program consisted of the following numbers: "Jack, the Giant Killer," by J. W. Riley; "Somebody Did," by James Foley; Act III of "The Piper," by Josephine Preston Peabody; and "The Heart of Old Hickory," by Will Allen

Drumgoole. Miss Stevens reports a very successful year in local concert work, and a pleasant year at the College of Music.

'13. Leila Harris reports a very pleasant year as teacher of English and Expression in the High School in Harvey, Ill.

Sylvia A. Leland has been teaching Expression and some classes in Stenography in the Bar Harbor High School, Bar Harbor, Maine, since Christmas.

---

#### REST AND WORK.

Where is rest? In what isles of the summer-glad seas?  
In what gardens of balm? 'Neath what sleep-dropping trees?  
By what still-flowing waters, what lily-fringed streams?  
In what meadows of silence, what valley of dreams?  
'Neath what thunderless skies, by what hillside of sleep,  
On what moon-lighted mountain or star-lighted deep?  
Yes, where on the earth's or the ocean's wide breast  
Is the home of release and the harbor of rest?

Why, here in the corn field—and take up your hoe  
Right here in the mill—make the paddle wheel go!  
Right here with your engine—up steam and away  
Right here with your sewing machine every day,  
Where there's work, there is rest, and its nowhere beside  
Though you travel all lands, and you sail every tide.  
Where is rest? Go to work and your spirit renew,  
For no man can rest who has nothing to do.

*Sam Walter Foss.*

### THE SONG OF THE PLODDER.

There's a road that winds over the hills to the sea,  
Not yet, ah, not yet has it summoned me!

Weary and long,  
I wait for the song  
Of the road that winds over the hills to the sea.

My dusty highways leads straight thro' the town,  
No hills, no meadows, no valleys, no downs.

Though my soul may sigh,  
I must hark to the cry  
Of the highway, and plod thro' the towns.

Not one song do I hear, but I listen, still  
And some morning, harkening, with a thrill,  
I'll hear a note  
From a blue-bird's throat—  
The cool call of the road that winds over the hill.

There's a road that winds over the hills to the sea  
And its glory, some day, will be shown to me.  
The gray of the hills  
The sunlight fills  
And sweeps me along that road to the sea.

*Meta Bennett, '14.*







